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MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES

Comedies.

VIZ.

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Vol. II.

WITH CORRECTIONS, ANNOTATIONS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.

LONDON:

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Felicia
Musarum
SHAKSPEARES
COMEDIES.
VOL. I.

THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boteſwaine.

Maſter.

BOte-ſwaine.

Boteſ. Heere Maſter: What cheere?

Maſt. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelues a ground, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boteſ. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-ſale: Tend to th'Maſters whiſtle: Blow till thou burſt thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boteſwaine haue care: where's the Maſter? Play the men.

Boteſ. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

Boteſ. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do aſsiſt the ſtorme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boteſ. When the Sea is: hence, what cares theſe roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; ſilence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboord.

Boteſ. None that I more loue then my ſelfe. You are a Counſellor, if you can command theſe Elements to ſilence, and worke the peace of the preſent, wee will not hand a rope more, vſe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd ſo long, and make your ſelfe readie in your Cabine for the miſchance of the houre, if it ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I ſay. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteſwaine.

Boteſ. Downe with the top-Maſt: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-courſe. A plague——

A cry within. Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to ſinke?

Sebaſ. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous incharitable Dog.

Boteſ. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent Noyſemaker, we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger then a Nutt-ſhell, and as leaky as an vnſtanched wench.

Boteſ. Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.

Boteſ. What muſt our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our caſe is as theirs.

Sebaſ. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou mightſt lye drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water ſweare againſt it,
And gape at widſt to glut him. *A confuſed noyſe within.*
Mercy on vs.
We ſplit, we ſplit, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

Anth. Let's all ſinke with' King

Seb Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thouſand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

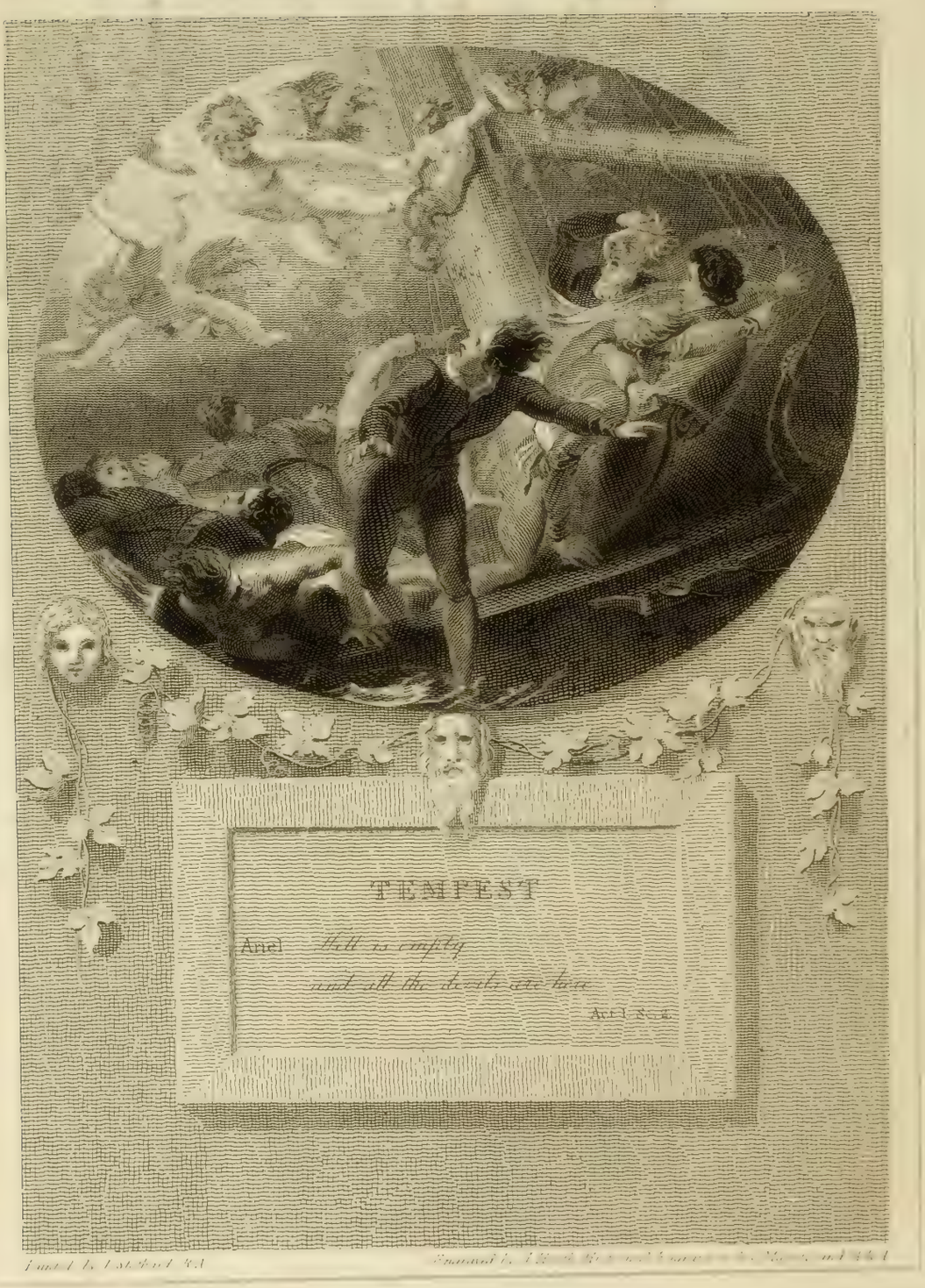
Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereſt father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it ſeemes would powre down ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I haue ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A braue veſſell

A (Who

(Who had no doubt ſome noble creature in her)
Daſh'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Againſt my very heart: poore ſoules, they periſh'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue ſuncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It ſhould the good Ship ſo haue ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.
Proſ. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.
Mira. O woe, the day.
Proſ. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
Proſ. 'Tis time
I ſhould informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull ſpectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compaſſion in thee:
I haue with ſuch prouiſion in mine Art
So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoule
No not ſo much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the veſſell
Which thou heardſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſinke: Sit [downe,
For thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt
And left me to a booteleſſe Inquiſition,
Concluding, ſtay: not yet.
Proſ. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiue. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canſt, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.
Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.
Proſ. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?
Proſ. Thou hadſt; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What ſeeſt thou els
In the dark-backward and Abiſme of Time?
Yf thou remembreſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou maiſt.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Proſ. Twelue yere ſince (*Miranda*) twelue yere ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power:
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Proſ. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire
And Princeſſe; no worſe Iſſued.
Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?
Proſ. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou ſaiſt) were we heau'd thence,
But bleſſedly holpe hither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, pleaſe you, farther;
Proſ. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Anthonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious: he, whom next thy ſelfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my ſtate, as at that time
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero*, the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; thoſe being all my ſtudie,
The Gouernment I caſt vpon my brother,
And to my State grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies, thy falſe vncle
(Do'ſt thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedefully.
Proſ. Being once perfected how to graunt ſuites,
how to deny them: who t'aduance, and who
To traſh for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, ſet all hearts i'th ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'ſt not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Proſ. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being ſo retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my falſe brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truſt
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my truſt was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſynner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subſtitution
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'ſtthou heare?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafeneſſe.
Proſ. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Abſolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(ſo drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. Oh the heauens:
Proſ. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good


TEMPEST
Ariel Hell is empty
and all the devils are here

Good wombes haue borne bad ſonnes.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkeneſſe
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelfe.
Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſſe
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were moſt impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre deſtroy vs?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that queſtion: Deare, they durſt not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor ſet
A marke ſo bloudy on the buſineſſe; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkaſſe of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſayle, nor maſt, the very rats
Inſtinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyſt vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to ſigh
To th' windes, whoſe pitty ſighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preſerue me; Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which raiſ'd in me
An vndergoing ſtomacke, to beare vp
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we a ſhore?
Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſigne) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince haue ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſſe
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furniſhd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But euer ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and heare the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaſter, made thee more profit
Then other Princeſſe can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.
Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my minde; your reaſon
For rayſing this Sea-ſtorme?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A moſt auſpitious ſtarre, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And giue it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Maſter, graue Sir, haile: I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clowds: to thy ſtrong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee.
Ar. To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, ſometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſpritt, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And ſight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to beſiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident ſhake.
Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was ſo firme, ſo conſtant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings ſonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-ſtaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the firſt man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nye ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a haire periſhd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher then before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I haue diſperſd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſonne haue I landed by himſelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with ſighes,
In an odde Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting
His armes in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Marriners, ſay how thou haſt diſpoſd,
And all the reſt o'th'Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ſhippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldſt me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their ſuffred labour
I haue left aſleep: and for the reſt o'th' Fleet

(Which I diſpers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Kings ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day?
Ar. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix & now
Muſt by vs both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y^u doſt giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee, e/1632
Remember I haue done thee worthy ſeruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full yeere.
Pro. Do'ſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'ſt: & thinkſt it much to tread e/y Ooze
Of the ſalt deepe;
To run vpon the ſharpe winde of the North,
To doe me buſineſſe in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: haſt thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? haſt thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt
Once in a moneth recount what thou haſt bin,
Which thou forgetſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For miſchiefes manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did
They would not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my ſlaue, (child,
As thou reportſt thy ſelfe, was then her ſeruant,
And for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Miniſters,
And in her moſt vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groanes
As faſt as Mill-wheeles ſtrike: Then was this Iſland
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her ſonne.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in ſeruice, thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breaſts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelue winters.
Ar. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command
And doe my ſpryting, gently.
Pro. Doe ſo: and after two daies
I will diſcharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Maſter:
What ſhall I doe? ſay what? what ſhall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy ſelfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea, to/32
Be ſubiect to no ſight but thine, and mine: inuiſible
To euery eye-ball elſe: goe take this ſhape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mir. The ſtrangenes of your ſtory, put
Heauineſſe in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde anſwere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſſe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: ſlaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: ſpeake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I ſay, there's other buſines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.* a/32
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poyſonous ſlaue, got by e/y diuell himſelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholeſome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweſt blow on yee,
And bliſter you all ore.
Pro. For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt haue cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may worke
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ſtinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner: e/32
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cam'ſt firſt
Thou ſtroakſt me, & made much of me: wouldſt giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſſe
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did ſo: All the Charmes I/32
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which firſt was min owne King: and here you ſty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The reſt o'th' Iſland.

Pro. Thou

Painted by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by J. Heath Historical Engraver to his Majesty and to his Royal Highness the Duke

TEMPEST.

Miranda. *What is't a spirit*
Lord how it looks about

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F. Hayman inv.
F. Gravelot sculp.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlaue,
Whom ſtripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didſt ſeeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didſt preuent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans.*
Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodneſſe wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took paines to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſeruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadſt
Deſerv'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Proſ. Hag-ſeed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt beſt
To anſwer other buſineſſe: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Cr amppes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos,*
And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuiſible playing & ſinging.
Ariel Song. *Come vnto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curtſied when you haue, and kiſt
the wilde waues whiſt:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and ſweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.
Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere*
cry cockadidle-dowe.
Fer. Where ſhold this Muſick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth'Iland, ſitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muſicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.
Ariell Song. *Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, & ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding-dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall buſines, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me ſir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, & hath ſuch ſenſes
As we haue: ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wracke: and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With greeſe (that's beauties canker) y^u^ might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoule prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend: Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeake this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee ſpeake of *Naples:* he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my ſelfe am *Naples,*
Who, with mine eyes (neuer ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue ſonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel,*
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your ſelfe ſome wrong: A word.
Mir. Why ſpeakes my father ſo vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw: the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples.*
Pro. Soft ſir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this ſwift buſines
I muſt vneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt heere vſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelfe
Vpon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If the ill-ſpirit haue ſo fayre a houſe,
Good things will ſtriue to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.

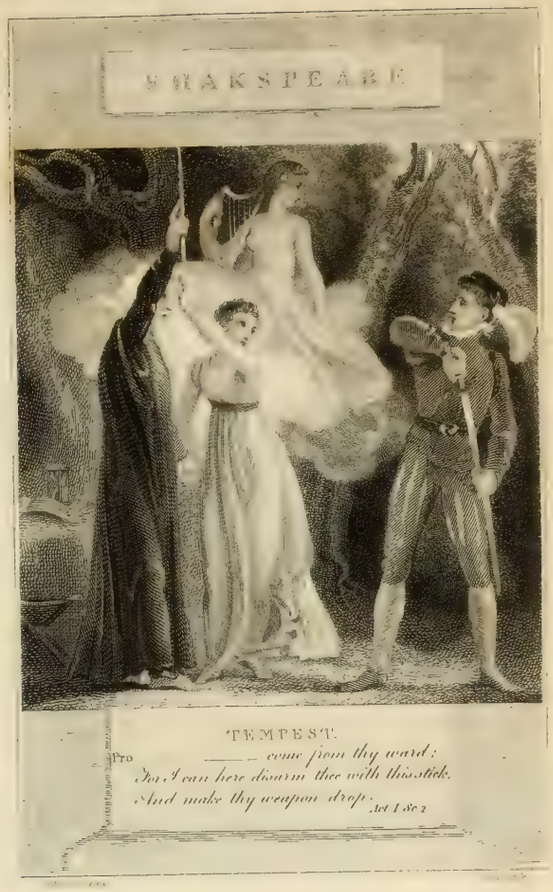
Proſ. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy neeke and feete together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drinke: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brooke Muſſels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
Proſ. What I ſay,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy ſword vp Traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere diſarme thee with this ſticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you Father.
Proſ. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his ſurety.
Proſ. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Hauing ſeene but him and *Caliban:*) Fooliſh wench,
To th'moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I haue no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Proſ. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſſe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am ſubdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elſe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vſe of: ſpace enough
Haue I in ſuch a priſon.
Proſ. It workes: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell:* follow me,
Harke what thou elſe ſhalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by ſpeech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
Proſ. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariell. To th'ſyllable.
Proſ. Come follow: ſpeake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cauſe,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, ſome Saylors wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iuſt our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preſeruation) few in millions
Can ſpeake like vs: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
Alonſ. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not giue him ore ſo.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One: Tell.
Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You haue taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee ſpare.
Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeeme to be deſert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So: you'r paid.
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not miſſe't.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliuer'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.
Ant. True, ſaue meanes to liue.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſſe lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'de then ſtain'd with ſalte water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeake, would it not ſay he lyes?
Seb. I, or very falſely pocket vp his report.

Gon.



TEMPEST.

Pro ——— come from thy ward:
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop. Act I Sc 2

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not ſince widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

Seb. What if had ſaid Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage?* *Gon.* I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſsible matter wil he make eaſy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and giue it his ſonne for an Apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Iſlands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeeme now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rareſt that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beſeech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I meane in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine eares, againſt the ſtomacke of my ſenſe: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My ſonne is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too, Who is ſo farre from *Italy* remoued, I ne're againe ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what ſtrange fiſh Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue, I ſaw him beate the ſurges vnder him, And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breſted The ſurge moſt ſwolne that met him: his bold head 'Boue the contentious waues he kept. and oared Himſelfe with his good armes in luſty ſtroke To th'ſhore; that ore his waue-worne baſis bowed As ſtooping to releeue him: I not doubt He came aliue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your ſelfe for this great loſſe, That would not bleſſe our Europe with your daughter, But rather looſe her to an Affrican, Where ſhe at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye, Who hath cauſe to wet the greeſe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwiſe By all of vs: and the faire ſoule her ſelfe Waigh'd betweene loathneſſe, and obedience, at Which end o'th'beame ſhould bow: we haue loſt your ſon, I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue Mo widdowes in them of this buſineſſe making, Then we bring men to comfort them: The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'ſt oth'loſſe.

Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*, The truth you ſpeake doth lacke ſome gentleneſſe, And time to ſpeake it in: you rub the ſore, When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Iſle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd ſow't vvith Nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what vvould I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries) Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke Would I admit: No name of Magiſtrate: Letters ſhould not be knowne: Riches, poverty, And vſe of ſeruice, none: Contract, Succeſsion, Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none: No vſe of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all: And Women too, but innocent and pure: No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce Without ſweat or endeuour: Treaſon, fellony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine Would I not haue: but Nature ſhould bring forth Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I vvould vvith ſuch perfection gouerne Sir: T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maieſty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me.

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou doſt talke nothing to

Gon. I do vvell beleeue your Highneſſe, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow vvas there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her ſpheare, if ſhe would continue in it fiue weekes vvithout changing.

Enter Ariell playing ſolemne Muſicke.

Seb. We vvould ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not aduenture my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go ſleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoone aſleepe? I wiſh mine eyes Would (with themſelues) ſhut vp my thoughts, I finde they are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you Sir, Do not omit the heauy offer of it: It ſildome viſits ſorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perſon,
While you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſines poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſinke? I finde
Not my ſelfe diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might
Worthy *Sebaſtian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſee's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me ſpeake?
Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleepe: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleepe
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, mouing:
And yet ſo faſt aſleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleepe: die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'ſt ſnore diſtinctly,
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious then my cuſtome: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in ſtripping it
You more inueſt it: ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or ſloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perſwaſion, onely
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſonne's aliue,
'Tis as impoſsible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that ſleepes heere, ſwims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way ſo high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt diſcouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?
Seb. Claribell.
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: ſhe that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: ſhe that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnleſſe the Sun were poſt:
The Man i'th Moone's too ſlow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt againe,
(And by that deſtiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's paſt is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuffe is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneceſſarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my ſelfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a ſleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderſtand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brother *Proſpero*.
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments ſit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers ſeruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boſome: 'Twentie conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molleſt: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient ſteele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morſell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courſe: for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any buſineſſe that
We ſay befits the houre.
Seb. Thy caſe, deere Friend
Shall be my preſident: As thou got'ſt *Millaine*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt,
And I the King ſhall loue thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.
Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muſicke and Song.

Ariel. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzalues eare.

While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie
His time doth take:

If

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be ſodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerue the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe, (Euen now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you? It ſtrooke mine eare moſt terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare; To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming, (And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me: I ſhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend, I ſaw their weapons drawne: there was a noyſe, That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand vpon our guard; Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further ſearch For my poore ſonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from theſe Beaſts: For he is ſure i'th Iſland.

Alo. Lead away. (done.

Ariell. *Proſpero* my Lord, ſhall know what I haue So (King) goe ſafely on to ſeeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood* (*a noyſe of Thunder heard.*)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne ſuckes vp From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him By ynch-meale a diſeaſe: his Spirits heare me, And yet I needes muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with Vrchyn-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire, Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke Out of my way, vnleſſe he bid 'em; but For euery trifle, are they ſet vpon me, Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me, And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues Doe hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo, *Enter* Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.* For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat, Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another ſtorme brewing, I heare it ſing ith' winde: yond ſame blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would ſhed his licquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or aliue? a fiſh, hee ſmels like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the neweſt poore-Iohn: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of ſiluer: there, would this Monſter, make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the ſtorme is come againe: my beſt way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellowes: I will here ſhrowd till the dregges of the ſtorme be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.*
This is a very ſcuruy tune to ſing at a mans Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

Sings. *The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boate-ſwaine & I;*
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the ſauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a ſcuruy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue not ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin ſaid; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell ſhould he learne our language? I will giue him ſome reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiſeſt; hee ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou do'ſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be,

But hee is drownd; and theſe are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule ſpeeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will powre ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monſter: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo.*

Ste. If thou bee'ſt *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the leſſer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-ſtrok; but art thou not drownd *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not drownd: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my ſtomacke is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'le ſweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: ſweare then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can ſwim like a Ducke i'le be ſworne.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Booke.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'ſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'ſea-ſide, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ſt thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue ſeene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miſtris ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come, ſweare to that: kiſſe the Booke: I will furniſh it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monſter:
The Man ith' Moone?
A moſt poore credulous Monſter:
Well drawne Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. Ile ſhew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Iſland: and I will kiſſe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's a ſleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiſſe thy foot. Ile ſweare my ſelfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and ſweare.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelfe to death at this puppi-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcuruie Monſter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poore Monſter's in drinke:
An abhominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ſerue;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt rediculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Iayes neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being drownd, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monſter; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them ſet off: Some kindes of baſeneſſe
Are nobly vndergon; and moſt poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtris which I ſerue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleaſures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſſe. I muſt remoue
Some thouſands of theſe Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a ſore iniunction; my ſweet Miſtris
Weepes when ſhe ſees me worke, & ſaies, ſuch baſenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts, doe euen refreſh my labours,
Moſt buſie leſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Proſpero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not ſo hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp thoſe Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray ſet it downe, and reſt you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt your ſelfe,

He's

TEMPEST.

Act II.

E. Edwards del. *W. Byrne sculp.*

Come on — down & Swear.

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TEMPEST
Act 3
Scene I

Hee's ſafe for theſe three houres.
Fer. O moſt deere Miſtris,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtriue to do.
Mir. If you'l ſit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my ſinewes, breake my backe,
Then you ſhould ſuch diſhonor vndergoe,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhewes it.
Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Miſtris, 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Cheefely, that I might ſet it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereſt to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for ſeuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd ſeuerall women, neuer any
VVith ſo full ſoule, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſſe, are created
Of euerie Creatures beſt.
Mir. I do not know
One of my ſexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glaſſe, mine owne: Nor haue I ſeene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſſe of; but by my modeſtie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a ſhape
Beſides your ſelfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince *(Miranda)* I do thinke a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This wodden ſlauerie, then to ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: heare my ſoule ſpeake.
The verie inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart flie to your ſeruice, there reſides
To make me ſlaue to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
Mir. Do you loue me?
Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this ſound,
And crowne what I profeſſe with kinde euent
If I ſpeake true: if hollowly, inuert
VVhat beſt is boaded me, to miſchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
Pro. Faire encounter
Of two moſt rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene'em.
Fer. VVherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine vnworthineſſe, that dare not offer
VVhat I deſire to giue; and much leſſe take
VVhat I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekes to hide it ſelfe,
The bigger bulke it ſhewes. Hence baſhfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your ſeruant
VVhether you will or no.
Fer. My Miſtris (deereſt)
And I thus humble euer.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are ſurpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere ſupper time, muſt I performe
Much buſineſſe appertaining. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monſter, drinke to me.
Trin. Seruant Monſter? the folly of this Iland, they ſay there's but fiue vpon this Iſle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.
Ste. Drinke ſeruant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eies are almoſt ſet in thy head.
Trin. VVhere ſhould they bee ſet elſe? hee were a braue Monſter indeede if they were ſet in his taile.
Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I ſwam ere I could recouer the ſhore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou ſhalt bee my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.
Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, hee's no ſtandard.
Ste. VVeel not run Monſieur Monſter.
Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.
Ste. Moone-calfe, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moone-calfe.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy ſhooe: Ile not ſerue him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to iuſtle a Conſtable: why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but halfe a Fiſh, and halfe a Monſter?
Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monſter's my ſubiect, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the ſuite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariell inuiſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubiect to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou icſting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee.
I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certaine.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ſerue thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee aſleepe,
Where thou maiſt knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcuruy patch:
I do beſeech thy Greatneſſe giue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He ſhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not ſhew him
Where the quicke Freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed?

Ariell. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that,
As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monſter, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him
I'th afternoone to ſleepe: there thou maiſt braine him,
Hauing firſt ſeiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſſe his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtenſils (for ſo he calles them)
Which when he ha's a houſe, hee'l decke withall.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himſelfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer ſaw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as farre ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt do's leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo braue a Laſſe?

Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, ſaue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelfe ſhall be Vice-royes:
Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am ſorry I beate thee:
But while thou liu'ſt keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be aſleepe,
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure,
Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will do reaſon,
Any reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs ſing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelfe in thy likenes:
If thou beeſt a diuell, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgiue me my ſinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes,
Sounds, and ſweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments
Will hum about mine eares; and ſometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleepe,
Will make me ſleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I ſhall haue my Muſicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by:
I remember the ſtorie.

Trin. The ſound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monſter,
Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee this Taborer,
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano.*

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes muſt reſt me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe attach'd with wearineſſe
To th'dulling of my ſpirits: Sit downe, and reſt:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
Whom thus we ſtray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolu'd t'effect.
Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſs'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.
Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inuiſible:) Enter ſeuerall ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.
Seb. I ſay to night: no more.
Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.
Gon. Marueilous ſweet Muſicke.
Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heauēs: what were theſe?
Seb. A liuing *Drolerie:* now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.
Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do's elſe want credit, come to me
And Ile beſworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlands;
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you ſhall finde
Many, nay almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent;
Are worſe then diuels.
Al. I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the vſe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.
Fr. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince (macks.
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue ſto-
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alo. Not I. (Boyes
Gon. Faith Sir, you needе not feare: when wee were
Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whoſe throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.
Al. I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.
Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vaniſhes.
Ar. You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer ſurfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men,
Being moſt vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with ſuch like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep, by ſtep attend
You, and your wayes, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-ſorrow,
And a cleere life enſuing.
He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſicke.) Enter the ſhapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.
Pro. Brauely the figure of this *Harpie*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſeruation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre;
And in theſe fits, I leaue them, while I viſit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.
Gon. I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?
Al. O, It is monſtrous: monſtrous:
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper:* it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*
Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the ſpirits: I doe beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler ioynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this extaſie
May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her of,
For thou ſhalt finde ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe
And make it halt, behinde her.
Fer. I doe beleeue it
Againſt an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine owne acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'ſt breake her Virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdaine, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch loue, as 'tis now the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongſt ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall neuer melt
Mine honor into luſt, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I ſhall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairely ſpoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, ſhe is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my induſtrious ſeruãt *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*
Ar. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laſt ſeruice
Did worthily performe: and I muſt vſe you
In ſuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I muſt
Beſtow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ar. Preſently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ar. Before you can ſay come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Maſter? no?
Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.
Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*
Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abſtenious,
Or elſe good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*
Ir. Ceres, moſt bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peaſe;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which ſpungie *Aprill*, at thy heſt betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chaſt crownes; & thy broome-groues;
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loues,
Being laſſe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge ſtirrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue theſe, & with her ſoueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place *deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Haile, many-coloured Meſſenger, that nere
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ſt crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnſhrubd downe,
Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this ſhort gras'd Greene?
Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bles'd Louers.
Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'ſt know,
Doe now attend the Queene? ſince they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes ſcandald company,
I haue forſworne.
Ir. Of her ſocietie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whoſe vowes are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marſes hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waſpiſh headed ſonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will ſhoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Higheſt Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? goe with me
To bleſſe this twaine, that they may proſperous be,
And honourd in their Iſſue. *They Sing.*
Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance, and encreaſing,
Hourely ioyes, be ſtill vpon you,
Iuno

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Mr. BADDELEY in the Character of **TRINCULO.**

Ay, but to loose our Bottles in the pool—

Iuno ſings her bleſſings on you.
Earths increaſe, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very end of Harueſt.
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt maieſticke viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wiſe
Makes this place Paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly,
There's ſomething elſe to doe: huſh, and be mute
Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd.

Iuno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on employment.*

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of y^e^ windring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crownes, and euer-harmeleſſe lookes,
Leaue your criſpe channels, and on this greene-Land
Anſwere your ſummons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſodainly and ſpeakes, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heauily vaniſh.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Calliban*, and his confederates
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, auoid: no more.

Fer. This is ſtrange: your fathers in ſome paſſion
That workes him ſtrongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my ſon) in a mou'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakeneſſe, my old braine is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe, a turne or two, Ile walke
To ſtill my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit: We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ar. I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leaue theſe varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they ſmote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kiſſing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noſes
As they ſmelt muſicke, ſo I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharpe firzes, pricking goſſe, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-ſtunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy ſhape inuiſible retaine thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, goe bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whoſe nature
Nurture can neuer ſticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, *loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monſter, your Fairy, w^ch^ you ſay is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which
My noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monſter: If I ſhould
Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour ſtil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this miſchance: therefore ſpeake ſoftly,
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to looſe our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonor in that
Monſter, but an infinite loſſe.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmleſſe Fairy, Monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſcheefe, which may make this Iſland
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but traſh.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monſter: wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano.*

 Ste. Put

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace ſhall haue it. (meane

Cal. The dropſie drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on ſuch luggage? let's alone And doe the murther firſt: if he awake, From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches, Make vs ſtrange ſtuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monſter) Miſtris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to loſe your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we ſteale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that ieſt; heer's a garment for't: Wit ſhall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent paſſe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come put ſome Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we ſhall looſe our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyſe of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in ſhape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, *Siluer*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convultions, ſhorten vp their ſinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-ſpotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me ſeruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Proſpero (*in his Magicke robes*) *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the ſixt hower, at which time, my Lord You ſaid our worke ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo, When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt: ſay my Spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together In the ſame faſhion, as you gaue in charge, Juſt as you left them; all priſoners Sir In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your releaſe: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted, And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefly Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From eaues of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Doſt thou thinke ſo, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine ſhall. Haſt thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelfe, One of their kinde, that relliſh all as ſharpely, Paſſion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Thogh with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reaſon, gainſt my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, releaſe them *Ariell*, My Charmes Ile breake, their ſences Ile reſtore, And they ſhall be themſelues. *Exit.*

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, ſtāding lakes & groues, And ye, that on the ſands with printleſſe foote Doe chaſe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-ſhine doe the greene ſowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whoſe paſtime Is to make midnight-Muſhrumps, that reioyce To heare the ſolemne Curfewe, by whoſe ayde (Weake Maſters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes, And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* ſtowt Oke With his owne Bolt: The ſtrong baſs'd promontorie Haue I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their ſleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my ſo potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heauenly Muſicke (which euen now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my ſtaffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummet ſound Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne muſicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before*: *Then* Alonſo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco: *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd: which* Proſpero *obſeruing, ſpeakes.*

A ſolemne Ayre, and the beſt comforter, To an vnſetled fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vſeleſſe) boile within thy skull: there ſtand For you are Spell-ſtopt. Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n ſociable to the ſhew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme diſſolues apace, And as the morning ſteales vpon the night (Melting the darkeneſſe) ſo their riſing ſences Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle Their cleerer reaſon. O good *Gonzallo* My true preſeruer, and a loyall Sir, To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Moſt cruelly

Didſt

Did thou *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian*. Fleſh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was ſometime *Millaine:* quickly Spirit,
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I liue now,
Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell:* I ſhall miſſe
Thee, but yet thou ſhalt haue freedome: ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the Kings ſhip, inuiſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou finde the Marriners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pre'thee.
Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: ſome heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.
Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alo. Where thou bee'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh, and blood: and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me: this muſt craue
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how ſhold *Proſpero*
Be liuing, and be heere?
Pro. Firſt, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.
Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſweare.
Pro. You doe yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o'th'Iſle, that will not let you
Beleeue things certaine: Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneſſe frowne vpon you
And iuſtifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
Seb. The Diuell ſpeakes in him:
Pro. No:
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.
Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preſeruation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wrackt vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand.*
Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.
Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.
Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſoueraigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.
Alo. You the like loſſe?
Pro. As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.
Alo. A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Beene iuſtled from your ſences, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome ſince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Proſpero diſcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheſſe.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No my deareſt loue,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,
Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould
And I would call it faire play.
Alo. If this proue
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cauſe.
Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about:
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.
Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has ſuch people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſeuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduiſe: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, ſo often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer ſaw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aske my childe forgiueneſſe?
Pro. There Sir ſtop,
Let vs not b urthen our remembrances, with
A heauineſſe that's gon.
Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or ſhould haue ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.
Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzallo.*
Gon. Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his Iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and ſet it downe
With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Iſle: and all of vs, our ſelues,
When no man was his owne.
Alo. Giue me your hands:
Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you ioy.
Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.
Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine amazedly following.
O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I propheſi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt Grace ore-boord, not an oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?
Bot. The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this ſeruice
Haue I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey Spirit.
Alo. Theſe are not naturall euents, they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange, to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtriue to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with ſtrange, and ſeuerall noyſes
Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuerſitie of ſounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: ſtraight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.
Alo. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infeſt your minde, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolue you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery
Theſe happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.
Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their ſtolne Apparell.
Ste. Euery man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for himſelfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter *Coraſio.*
Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine fiſh, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Marke but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
Theſe three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes, you
Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?
Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I haue bin in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I ſhall not feare fly-blowing.
Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o'the Iſle, Sirha?
Ste. I ſhould haue bin a ſore one then.
Alo. This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners
As in his ſhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handſomely.
Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wiſe hereafter,

And ſeeke for grace: what a thrice double Aſſe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highneſſe, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt, ſhall make it
Goe quicke away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to *Naples*,
Where I haue hope to ſee the nuptiall
Of theſe our deere-belou'd, ſolemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought ſhall be my graue.
Alo. I long
To heare the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the eare ſtrangely.
Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promiſe you calme Seas, auſpicious gales,
And ſaile, ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,

ſpoken by *Proſpero.*

NOw my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what ſtrength I haue's mine owne.
Which is moſt faint: now 'tis true
I muſt be heere confinde by you,
Or ſent to Naples, *Let me not*
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Iſland, by your Spell,
But releaſe me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muſt fill, or elſe my proiect failes,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is deſpaire,
Vnleſſe I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free. Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Iſland

Time ſix hours x

Names of the Actors.

Alonſo, K. of Naples:
Sebaſtian his Brother.
Proſpero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the vſurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honeſt old Councellor.
Adrian, & Franciſco, Lords.
Caliban, a ſaluage and deformed ſlaue.
Trinculo, a Iester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maſter of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Proſpero.
Ariell, an ayrie Spirit.

Iris
Ceres
Iuno } *Spirits.*
Nymphes
Reapers

x Time ſix hours] is an addition not from any Edition of the Plays

FINIS.

THE

THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and *Speed.*

Valentine.

CEase to perswade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping-youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadesman, *Valentine.*

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont.*

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shooes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the *Hellespont.*

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What? (grones:

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
Coy-looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapless gaine;
If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine.*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine.*

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou *Iulia* thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Make Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain.*

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter to *Iulia*?

Sp. I

Act I. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. *Sc. I.*

Fuseli del. *Bromley sculp.*

Julia. *Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:*

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Sp. I Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and ſhe (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were beſt ſticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray: 'twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, leſſe then a pound ſhall ſerue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You miſtooke Sir: I ſay ſhe did nod;
And you aske me if ſhe did nod, and I ſay I.

Pro. And that ſet together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I muſt be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how do you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what ſaid ſhe.

Sp. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceiue ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:
And being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare ſhe'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.
Giue her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteele.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?

Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy pains: (me;
To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue ceſtern'd
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your ſelfe; And ſo Sir, I'le commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſaue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot periſh hauing thee aboarde,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:
I muſt goe ſend ſome better Meſſenger,
I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiuing them from ſuch a worthleſſe poſt. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not vnheedfully.

Iul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen,
That euery day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt loue?

Lu. Pleaſe you repeat their names, ile ſhew my minde,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Iu. What thinkſt thou of the faire ſir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he neuer ſhould be mine.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himſelfe, ſo, ſo.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to ſee what folly raignes in vs.

Iu. How now? what meanes this paſſion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should cenſure thus on louely Gentlemen.

Iu. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beſt.

Iul. Your reaſon?

Lu. I haue no other but a womans reaſon:
I thinke him ſo, becauſe I thinke him ſo.

Iul. And would'ſt thou haue me caſt my loue on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your loue not caſt away.

Iul. Why he, of all the reſt, hath neuer mou'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I thinke beſt loues ye.

Iul. His little ſpeaking, ſhewes his loue but ſmall.

Lu. Fire that's cloſeſt kept, burnes moſt of all.

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not ſhew their loue.

Lu. Oh, they loue leaſt, that let men know their loue.

Iul. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruſe this paper Madam.

Iul. To *Iulia*: ſay, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will ſhew.

Iul. Say, ſay: who gaue it thee?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* page: & ſent I think from *Protheus*;
He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Iul. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper, and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe returne no more into my ſight.

Lu. To plead for loue, deſerues more fee, then hate.

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;
It were a ſhame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is ſhe, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modeſty, ſay no, to that,
Which they would haue the profferer conſtrue, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this fooliſh loue;
That (like a teſtie Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled kiſſe the Rod?
How churliſhly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly, I would haue had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to ſmile?
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
And aske remiſſion, for my folly paſt.
What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiſhip?

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomacke on your meat,

And

And not vpon your Maid.
Iu. What is't that you
Tooke vp ſo gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Iu. Why didſt thou ſtoope then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Iul. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Iul. Then let it lye, for thoſe that it concernes.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnleſſe it haue a falſe Interpreter.
Iul. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might ſing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiſhip can ſet
Iul. As little by ſuch toyes, as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue.*
Lu. It is too heauy for ſo light a tune.
Iu. Heauy? belike it hath ſome burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you ſing it,
Iu. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach ſo high.
Iu. Let's ſee your Song:
How now Minion?
Lu. Keepe tune there ſtill; ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
Iu. You doe not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too ſharpe.
Iu. You (Minion) are too ſaucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Iu. The meane is drownd with you, vnruly baſe.
Lu. Indeede I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*
Iu. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with proteſtation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it ſtrāge, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo angred with another Letter.
Iu. Nay, would I were ſo angred with the ſame:
Oh hatefall hands, to teare ſuch louing words;
Iniurious Waſpes, to feede on ſuch ſweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your ſtings;
Ile kiſſe each ſeuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia*,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruzing-ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdaine.
And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus.*
Poore wounded name: my boſome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſoueraigne kiſſe.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, ſome whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, paſſionate Protheus:
To the ſweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kiſſe, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father ſtaies.
Iu. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, ſhall theſe papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Iu. If you reſpect them; beſt to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.
Iu. I ſee you haue a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you iudge I winke.
Iu. Come, come, wilt pleaſe you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what ſad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordſhip
Would ſuffer him, to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men, of ſlender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to ſeeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcouer Iſlands farre away:
Some, to the ſtudious Vniuerſities;
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus*, your ſonne, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue conſider'd well, his loſſe of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whether were I beſt to ſend him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordſhip is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well. (thither.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordſhip ſent him
There ſhall he practiſe Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare ſweet diſcourſe, conuerſe with Noble-men,
And be in eye of euery Exerciſe
Worthy his youth, and nobleneſſe of birth.
Ant. I like thy counſaile: well haſt thou aduis'd:
And that thou maiſt perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make knowne;
Euen with the ſpeedieſt expedition,
I will diſpatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other Gentlemen of good eſteeme
Are iournying, to ſalute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their ſeruice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Loue, ſweet lines, ſweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paine;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To ſeale our happineſſe with their conſents.
Pro. Oh heauenly *Iulia.*
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me ſee what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhips will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am reſolu'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readineſſe, to goe,
Excuſe it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be ſo ſoone prouided,
Pleaſe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'ſt ſhalbe ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay: to morrow thou muſt goe;
Come on *Panthino*; you ſhall be imployd,
To haſten on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haue I ſhund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to ſhew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Leaſt he ſhould take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my loue.
Oh, how this ſpring of loue reſembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now ſhewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in haſt, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwer's no.

Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus ſecundus: Scœna Prima.

Milan – an apartment in Dukes Palace

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha? Let me ſee: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah *Siluia*, *Siluia.*
Speed. Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia.*
Val. How now Sirha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip ſir, or elſe I miſtooke.
Val. Well: you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Goe to, ſir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that your worſhip loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?
Speed. Marry by theſe ſpeciall markes: firſt, you haue learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to relliſh a Loue-ſong, like a *Robin*-red-breaſt: to walke alone like one that had the peſtilence: to ſigh, like a Schoole-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to faſt, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to ſpeake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Maſſe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner: when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miſtris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Maſter.
Val. Are all theſe things perceiu'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſician to comment on your Malady.
Val. But tell me: do'ſt thou know my Lady *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?
Val. Haſt thou obſeru'd that? euen ſhe I meane.
Speed. Why ſir, I know her not.
Val. Do'ſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?
Speed. Is ſhe not hard-fauour'd, ſir?
Val. Not ſo faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What doſt thou know?
Speed. That ſhee is not ſo faire, as (of you) well-fauourd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her fauour infinite.
Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry ſir, ſo painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.
Val. How long hath ſhe beene deform'd?
Speed. Euer ſince you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her euer ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautifull.
Speed. If you loue her, you cannot ſee her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Becauſe Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vngarter'd.
Val. What ſhould I ſee then?
Speed. Your owne preſent folly, and her paſſing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, beeing in loue, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.
Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for laſt morning
You could not ſee to wipe my ſhooes.
Speed. True ſir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke you, you ſwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.
Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.
Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.
Val. Laſt night ſhe enioyn'd me,
To write ſome lines to one ſhe loues.
Speed. And haue you?
Val. I haue.
Speed. Are they not lamely writt?
Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.
Speed. O excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.
Val. Madam & Miſtres, a thouſand good-morrows.
Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: heer's a million of manners.
Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and ſeruant, to you two thouſand.
Speed. He ſhould giue her intereſt: & ſhe giues it him.
Val. As you inioyn'd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the ſecret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiſhip. (done.
Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly-
Val. Now truſt me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?
Val. No (Madam) ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much:
And yet ———
Sil. A pretty period: well: I gheſſe the ſequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.
Val. What meanes your Ladiſhip?
Doe you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (ſince vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Silu. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my requeſt,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile write your Ladiſhip another.
Sil. And when it's writ: for my ſake read it ouer,
And if it pleaſe you, ſo: if not: why ſo:
Val. If it pleaſe me, (Madam?) what then?
Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*
Speed. Oh Ieſt vnſeene: inſcrutible: inuiſible,
As a noſe on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a ſteeple:
My Maſter ſues to her: and ſhe hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuiſe, was there euer heard a better?
That my maſter being ſcribe,
To himſelfe ſhould write the Letter?
Val. How now Sir?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelfe?
Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you ỹ haue the reaſon.
Val. To doe what?
Speed. To be a Spokeſ-man from Madam *Siluia*.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To your ſelfe: why, ſhe woes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay.
Val. Why ſhe hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhee hath made you write to your ſelfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the ieſt?
Val. No, beleeue me.
Speed. No beleeuing you indeed ſir:
But did you perceiue her earneſt?
Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why ſhe hath giuen you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And ỹ letter hath ſhe deliuer'd, & there an end.
Val. I would it were no worſe.
Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els ſome meſſēger, ỹ might her mind diſcouer
Her ſelf hath taught her Loue himſelf, to write vnto her
All this I ſpeak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why muſe you ſir, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I haue dyn'd.
Speed. I, but hearken ſir: though the Cameleon Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like your Miſtreſſe, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

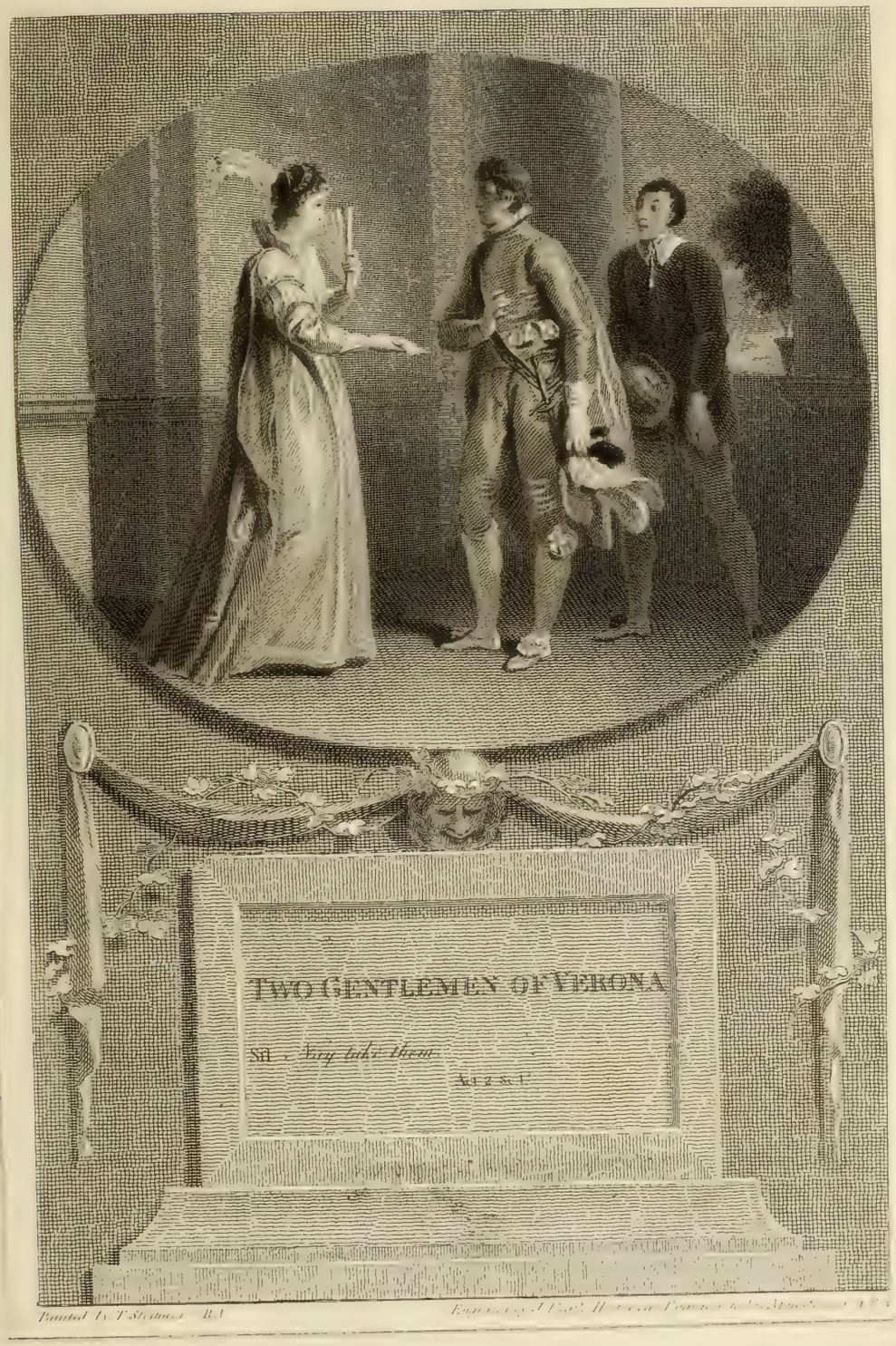
Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:
Iul. I muſt where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will returne.
Iul. If you turne not: you will return the ſooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* ſake.
Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Iul. And ſeale the bargaine with a holy kiſſe.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true conſtancie:
And when that howre ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Iulia*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing howre, ſome foule miſchance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulneſſe:
My father ſtaies my comming: anſwere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will ſtay me longer then I ſhould,
Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, ſo true loue ſhould doe: it cannot ſpeake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.
Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poore Louers dumbe.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſonne,


TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
SIL. Very like, these

SHAKSPEARE

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the ſowreſt natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Siſter crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre ſhedde one teare: he is a ſtone, a very pibble ſtone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue ſeene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her ſelfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile ſhew you the manner of it. This ſhooe is my father: no, this left ſhooe is my father; no, no, this left ſhooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee ſo neyther: yes; it is ſo, it is ſo: it hath the worſer ſole: this ſhooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now ſir, this ſtaffe is my ſiſter: for, looke you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himſelfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my ſelfe: I; ſo, ſo: now come I to my Father; Father, your bleſſing: now ſhould not the ſhooe ſpeake a word for weeping: now ſhould I kiſſe my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that ſhe could ſpeake now, like a would-woman: well, I kiſſe her, why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe. Now come I to my ſiſter; marke the moane ſhe makes: now the dogge all this while ſheds not a teare: nor ſpeakes a word: but ſee how I lay the duſt with my teares.

Panth. Launce, away, away: a Boord: thy Maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou man? away aſſe, you'l looſe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loſt, for it is the vnkindeſt Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindeſt tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt looſe the flood, and in looſing the flood, looſe thy voyage, and in looſing thy voyage, looſe thy Maſter, and in looſing thy Maſter, looſe thy ſeruice, and in looſing thy ſeruice:———why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou ſhouldſt looſe thy tongue.

Panth. Where ſhould I looſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pauth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Looſe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Maſter, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my ſighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was ſent to call thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Miſtris.

Spee. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Miſtreſſe then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeeme ſo.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What ſeeme I that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoat you my folly?

Val. I quoat it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion.*

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue ſaid Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it wel ſir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly ſhot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your ſelfe (ſweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiſhips lookes, And ſpends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

Val. I know it well ſir: you haue an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treaſure to giue your followers: For it appeares by their bare Liueries That they liue by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beſet. Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health, What ſay you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull, To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation, And not without deſert ſo well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deſerues The honor, and regard of ſuch a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my ſelfe: for from our Infancie We haue conuerſt, and ſpent our howres together, And though my ſelfe haue beene an idle Trewant, Omitting the ſweet benefit of time To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection: Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name) Made vſe, and faire aduantage of his daies: His yeares but yong, but his experience old: His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe; And in a word (for far behinde his worth Comes all the praiſes that I now beſtow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me ſir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empreſſe loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to ſpend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I haue wiſh'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Siluia, I ſpeake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will ſend him hither to you preſently.
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiſhip
Had come along with me, but that his Miſtreſſe
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chriſtall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon ſome other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay ſure, I thinke ſhe holds them priſoners ſtil.
Sil. Nay then he ſhould be blind, and being blind
How could he ſee his way to ſeeke out you?
Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They ſay that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch Louers, *Thurio*, as your ſelfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.
Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes ỹ gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Miſtris, I beſeech you
Confirme his welcome, with ſome ſpeciall fauor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wiſh'd to heare from.
Val. Miſtris, it is: ſweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-ſeruant to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. Too low a Miſtres for ſo high a ſeruant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady, but too meane a ſeruant
To haue a looke of ſuch a worthy a Miſtreſſe.
Val. Leaue off diſcourſe of diſabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.
Pro. My dutie will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthleſſe Miſtreſſe.
Pro. Ile die on him that ſaies ſo but your ſelfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſſe. (you.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold ſpeak with
Sil. I wait vpon his pleaſure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiſhip.
Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & haue thē much cōmended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-diſcourſe.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whoſe high emperious thoughts haue puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-ſore ſighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd ſleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſſe
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no ſuch ioy on earth:
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Euen She; and is ſhe not a heauenly Saint?
Pro. No; But ſhe is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praiſes. praiſ
Pro. When I was ſick, you gaue me bitter pils,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Miſtreſſe.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my Loue.
Pro. Haue I not reaſon to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee ſhall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteale a kiſſe,
And of ſo great a fauor growing proud,
Diſdaine to roote the Sommer-ſwelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlaſtingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadiſme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whoſe worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, ſhe is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing ſuch a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their ſand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doate vpon my loue:
My fooliſh Riuall that her Father likes
(Onely for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge)
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after,
For Loue (thou know'ſt is full of iealouſie.)
Pro. But ſhe loues you? (howre,
Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I muſt climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happineſſe.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In theſe affaires to aid me with thy counſaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt vnto the Road, to diſ-embarque
Some neceſſaries, that I needs muſt vſe,
And then Ile preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte? *Exit.*
Pro. I will.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by ſtrength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praiſe? ✕
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion?
That makes me reaſonleſſe, to reaſon thus?
Shee is faire: and ſo is *Iulia* that I loue,

✕ Is it mine then, or Valentine's praise? 32 (That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Beares no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reaſon I loue him ſo little.
How ſhall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reaſons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compaſſe her Ile vſe my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honeſty welcome to ~~Padua~~ Milan.

Laun. Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of fiue pence, thou ſhalt haue fiue thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia*?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in carneſt, they parted very fairely in ieſt.

Spee. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

Spee. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Spee. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus, when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Spee. What an aſſe art thou, I vnderſtand thee not.

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaffe vnderſtands me?

Spee. What thou ſaiſt?

Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe vnderſtands me.

Spee. It ſtands vnder thee indeed.

Lau. Why, ſtand-vnder: and vnder-ſtand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he ſay I, it will: if hee ſay no, it will: if hee ſhake his taile, and ſay nothing, it will.

Spee. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt neuer get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſaiſt thou that that my maſter is become a notable Louer?

Lau. I neuer knew him otherwiſe.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Maſter.

Spee. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Louer:

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himſelfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-houſe: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Spee. Why?

Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy ſeruice.

Exeunt.

Scœna Sexta.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leaue my *Iulia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To loue faire *Siluia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me firſt my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad mee ſweare, and Loue bids me for-ſweare;
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Loue, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubiect) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worſhip a celeſtiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolued will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſoueraignty ſo oft thou haſt preferd,
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I ſhould loue.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keepe them, I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe:
If I looſe them, thus finde I by their loſſe,
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe: for *Iulia*, *Siluia*.
I to my ſelfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe,
And *Siluia* (witneſſe heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now proue conſtant to my ſelfe,
Without ſome treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtiall *Siluia's* chamber window,
My ſelfe in counſaile his competitor.
Now preſently Ile giue her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickely croſſe
By ſome ſlie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift
As thou haſt lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scœna ſeptima.

Enter Iulia *and* Lucetta.

Iul. Counſaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle aſſiſt me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearifome and long.
Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To meaſure Kingdomes with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſſe ſhall ſhe that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one ſo deere,
Of ſuch diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.
Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.
Iul. Oh, know'ſt ⁿ/ᵧ not, his looks are my ſoules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldſt as ſoone goe kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.
Luc. I doe not ſeeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Leſt it ſhould burne aboue the bounds of reaſon.
Iul. The more thou dam'ſt it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'ſt) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſicke with th'enameld ſtones,
Giuing a gentle kiſſe to euery ſedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And ſo by many winding nookes he ſtraies
With willing ſport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courſe:
Ile be as patient as a gentle ſtreame,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile reſt, as after much turmoile
A bleſſed ſoule doth in *Elizium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The looſe encounters of laſciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weedes
As may beſeeme ſome well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiſhip muſt cut your haire.
Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in ſilken ſtrings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantaſtique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I ſhall ſhew to be. (ches?
Luc. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your bree-
Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compaſſe will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta*.)
Luc. You muſt needs haue thē with a cod-peece (Ma-
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd. (dam)
Luc. A round hoſe (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnleſſe you haue a cod-peece to ſtick pins on.
Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'ſt me let me haue
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking ſo vnſtaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Iul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.
Iul. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thouſand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And inſtances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All theſe are ſeruants to deceitfull men.
Iul. Baſe men, that vſe them to ſo baſe effect;
But truer ſtarres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure meſſengers, ſent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.
Luc. Pray heau'n he proue ſo when you come to him.
Iul. Now, as thou lou'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deſerue my loue, by louing him,
And preſently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me vpon my longing iourney:
All that is mine I leaue at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come; anſwere not: but to it preſently,
I am impatient of my t arriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue ſome ſecrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold diſcouer,
The Law of friendſhip bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vndeſerued as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteale away your daughter:
My ſelfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties ſake) I rather choſe
To croſſe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrowes, which would preſſe you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timeleſſe graue.
Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my ſelfe haue often ſeene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me faſt aſleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing leſt my iealous ayme might erre,
And ſo (vnworthily) diſgrace the man
(A raſhneſſe that I euer yet haue ſhun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy ſelfe haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou maiſt perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoone ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my ſelfe haue euer kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently.
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it ſo cunningly
That my diſcouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he ſhall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Nay then no matter: ſtay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of ſome affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and ſure the Match
Were rich and honourable: beſides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk. No, truſt me, She is peeuiſh, ſullen, froward,
Prowd, diſobedient, ſtubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that ſhe is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cheriſh'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full reſolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere *Milan*
Whom I affect: but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And naught eſteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Beſides the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beſtow my ſelfe
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their ſilent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duk. But ſhe did ſcorne a preſent that I ſent her,

Val. A woman ſometime ſcorns what beſt cõtents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For ſcorne at firſt, makes after-loue the more.
If ſhe doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If ſhe doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, what euer ſhe doth ſay,
For, get you gon, ſhe doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extoll their graces:
Though neere ſo blacke, ſay they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But ſhe I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeuerely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſſe by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To caſt vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ſerue to ſcale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduiſe me, where I may haue ſuch a Ladder.

Val. When would you vſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeauen a clock, ile get you ſuch a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ſerue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me ſee thy cloake,
Ile get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why any cloake will ſerue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How ſhall I faſhion mé to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this ſame? what's here? to *Siluia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be ſo bold to breake the ſeale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia *nightly,*
And ſlaues they are to me, that ſend them flying.
Oh, could their Maſter come, and goe as lightly,
Himſelfe would lodge, where (ſenceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure boſome reſt-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelfe doe want my ſeruants fortune.
I curſe my ſelfe, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord ſhould be.

What's here? *Siluia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee.*
'Tis ſo: and heere's the Ladder for the purpoſe.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* ſonne)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heauenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?

Goe baſe Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy deſert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue beſtowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then ſwifteſt expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath ſhall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy ſelfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuſe,
But as thou lou'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be baniſht from my ſelfe,
And *Siluia* is my ſelfe: baniſh'd from her
Is ſelfe from ſelfe. A deadly baniſhment:
What light, is light, if *Siluia* be not ſeene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Siluia* be not by?
Vnleſſe it be to thinke that ſhe is by
And feed vpon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Siluia* in the night,
There is no muſicke in the Nightingale.
Vnleſſe I looke on *Siluia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my eſſence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.
Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and ſeeke him out.
Lau. So-hough, Soa hough———
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine*.
Pro. *Valentine*?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Lau. Can nothing ſpeake? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Who wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Lau. Nothing.
Pro. Villaine, forbeare.
Lau. Why Sir, Ile ſtrike nothing: I pray you.
Pro. Sirha, I ſay forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My eares are ſtopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumbe ſilence will I bury mine,
For they are harſh, vn-tuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Siluia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for ſacred *Siluia*,
Hath ſhe forſworne me?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Siluia* haue forſworne me.
What is your newes?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, y^t^ you are vaniſhed.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Siluia*, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now exceſſe of it will make me ſurfet.
Doth *Siluia* know that I am baniſh'd?
Pro. I, I: and ſhe hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerſt ſtands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which ſome call teares;
Thoſe at her fathers churliſh feete ſhe tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble ſelfe,
Wringing her hands, whoſe whitenes ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad ſighes, deepe grones, nor ſiluer-ſhedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeale was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Haue ſome malignant power vpon my life:
If ſo: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endleſſe dolor.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not helpe,
And ſtudy helpe for that which thou lament'ſt,
Time is the Nurſe, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy loue:
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers ſtaffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, againſt deſpairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white boſome of thy Loue.
The time now ſerues not to expoſtulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'ſt *Siluia* (though not for thy ſelfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my Boy
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Goe ſirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.
Val. Oh my deere *Siluia*; hapleſſe *Valentine*.
Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Maſter is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of horſe ſhall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my ſelfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for ſhee hath had Goſſips: yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her Maſters maid, and ſerues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Chriſtian: Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inprimis.* Shee can fetch and carry: why a horſe can doe no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is ſhee better then a Iade. *Item.* She can milke, looke you, a ſweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.
Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Maſterſhip?
La. With my Maſterſhip? why, it is at Sea:
Sp. Well, your old vice ſtill: miſtake the word: what newes then in your paper?
La. The black'ſt newes that euer thou heard'ſt.
Sp. Why man? how blacke?
La. Why, as blacke as Inke.
Sp. Let me read them?
La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canſt not read.
Sp. Thou lyeſt: I can.
La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?
Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the ſonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canſt not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed.

Sp. Inprimis ſhe can milke.

La. I that ſhe can.

Sp. Item, ſhe brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo?*)

Sp. Item ſhe can knit.

La. What neede a man care for a ſtock with a wench, When ſhe can knit him a ſtocke?

Sp. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcoure.

La. A ſpeciall vertue: for then ſhee neede not be waſh'd, and ſcowr'd.

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheeles, when ſhe can ſpin for her liuing.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſſe vertues.

La. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Cloſe at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, ſhee is not to be faſting in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her ſoure breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talke in her ſleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhee ſleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that ſet this downe among her vices; To be ſlow in words, is a womans onely vertue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud.

La. Out with that too: It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: becauſe I loue cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ downe ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe, ſhee ſhall not, for that ile keepe ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, ſhee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt Article: rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the ſalt, hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the leſſe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monſtrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the *North gate.*

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I goe to him?

La. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerue the turne.

Sp. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly ſlaue, that will thruſt himſelfe into ſecrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctiō. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that ſhe will loue you Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Th. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt, Forſworne my company, and rail'd at me, That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impreſſe of Loue, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate Diſſolues to water, and doth looſe his forme. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthleſſe *Valentine* ſhall be forgot. How now ſir *Protheus*, is your countriman (According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuouſly?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeue: but *Thurio* thinkes not ſo: *Protheus*, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou haſt ſhowne ſome ſigne of good deſert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace, Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect The match betweene ſir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And alſo, I thinke, thou art not ignorant How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and peruerſly, ſhe perſeuers ſo: What might we doe to make the girle forget The loue of *Valentine*, and loue ſir *Thurio*?

Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*, With falſehood, cowardize, and poore diſcent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but ſhe'll thinke, that it is ſpoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it. Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you muſt vndertake to ſlander him.

Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your ſlander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue loue to him:
But ſay this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that ſhe will loue ſir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Leaſt it ſhould rauell, and be good to none,
You muſt prouide to bottome it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you, in worth diſpraiſe, ſir *Valentine*.
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot ſoone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you haue acceſſe,
Where you, with *Siluia*, may conferre at large.
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heauy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends ſake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough:
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By walefull Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes
Should be full fraught with ſeruiceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poeſie.
Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moiſt it againe: and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcouer ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forſake vnſounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With ſome ſweet Conſort; To their Inſtruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grieuance:
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This diſcipline, ſhowes thou haſt bin in loue.
Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practiſe:
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City preſently
To ſort ſome Gentlemen, well skil'd in Muſicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will ſerue the turne
To giue the on-ſet to thy good aduiſe.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.
1.*Out-l.* Fellowes, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2.*Out.* If there be ten, ſhrinke not, but down with 'em.
3.*Out.* Stand ſir, and throw vs that you haue about'ye.
If not: we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir we are vndone; theſe are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare ſo much.
Val. My friends.
1.*Out.* That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.
2.*Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.
3.*Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to looſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with aduerſitie:
My riches, are theſe poore habiliments,
Of which, if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I haue.
2.*Out.* Whether trauell you?
Val. To *Verona*.
1.*Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine*.
3.*Out.* Haue you long ſoiourn'd there? (ſtaid,
Val. Some ſixteene moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1.*Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2.*Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe;
I kil'd a man, whoſe death I much repent,
But yet I ſlew him manfully, in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1.*Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done ſo;
But were you baniſht for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.
2.*Out.* Haue you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had beene often miſerable.
3.*Out.* By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1.*Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.
Val. Peace villaine.
2.*Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3.*Out.* Know then, that ſome of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awfull men.
My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.
2.*Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I ſtab'd vnto the heart.
1.*Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſſe liues;
And partly ſeeing you are beautifide
With goodly ſhape; and by your owne report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2.*Out.* Indeede becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, aboue the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of neceſſity,
And liue as we doe in this wilderneſſe?
3.*Out.* What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.
1.*Out.*

Act Two GENTLEMEN of VERONA, Scene

Mr VERNON in the Character of THURIO.

Then to Sylvia let us Sing,
That Sylvia is excelling.

1.*Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt.
2.*Out.* Thou ſhalt not liue, to brag what we haue of-
Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd.
Prouided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.
3.*Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhow thee all the Treaſure we haue got;
Which, with our ſelues, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Hoſt, Muſitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as vniuſt to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue acceſſe my owne loue to prefer.
But *Siluia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſſe guifts;
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forſworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
And notwithſtanding all her ſodaine quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a louers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her ſtill;
But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her window,
And giue ſome euening Muſique to her eare.
Th. How now, ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
Will creepe in ſeruice, where it cannot goe.
Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or elſe I would be hence.
Th. Who, *Siluia*?
Pro. I, *Siluia*, for your ſake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and to o it luſtily a while.
Ho. Now, my yong gueſt; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it?
Iu. Marry (mine *Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where
you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.
Iu. But ſhall I heare him ſpeake.
Ho. I that you ſhall.
Iu. That will be Muſique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Iu. Is he among theſe?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm

Song. Who is Siluia? what is ſhe?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe,
The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?
For beauty liues with kindneſſe:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindneſſe:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Siluia, let vs ſing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you ſadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.
Iu. You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies falſe (father.).
Ho. How, out of tune on the ſtrings.
Iu. Not ſo: but yet
So falſe that he grieues my very heart-ſtrings.
Ho. You haue a quicke eare. (heart.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a ſlow
Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Muſique.
Iu. Not a whit, when it iars ſo.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Muſique.
Iu. I: that change is the ſpight.
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But Hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often reſort vnto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to ſeeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Maſters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his
Lady.
Iu. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will ſo pleade,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I thanke you for your Muſique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that ſpake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compaſſe yours.
Sil. You haue your wiſh: my will is euen this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed:
Thou ſubtile, periur'd, falſe, diſloyall man:
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd ſo many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I ſweare)
I am ſo farre from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongfull ſuite;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,
Euen for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (ſweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.
Iu. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say that ſhe be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy ſelfe art witneſſe)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewiſe heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in her graue
Aſſure thy ſelfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the leaſt, in hers, ſepulcher thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be ſo obdurate:
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile ſpeake, to that ile ſigh and weepe:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelfe
Is elſe deuoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow, will I make true loue.
Iul. If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceiue it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadowes, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
Iul. *Hoſt*, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*
Ho. Marry, at my houſe:
Truſt me, I thinke 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo: but it hath bin the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heauieſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who cals?
Eg. Your ſeruant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelfe:
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſeruice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I ſweare I doe not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the baniſh'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very ſoule abhor'd.)
Thy ſelfe haſt lou'd, and I haue heard thee ſay
No griefe did euer come ſo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whoſe Graue thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie:
Sir *Eglamoure*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;
And for the waies are dangerous to paſſe,
I doe deſire thy worthy company,
Vpon whoſe faith and honor, I repoſe.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the iuſtice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moſt vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues.
I doe deſire thee, euen from a heart
As full of ſorrowes, as the Sea of ſands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I haue ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grieuances,
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I giue conſent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This euening comming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meete you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confeſſion.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiſhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans ſeruant ſhall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I ſau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog) I was ſent to deliuer him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Siluia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteales her Capons-leg: O, tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himſelfe in all companies: I would haue (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: ſure as I liue he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall iudge: Hee thruſts me himſelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (bleſſe the marke) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: out with the dog (ſaies one) what cur is that (ſaies another) whip him out (ſaies the third) hang him vp (ſaies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Maſters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be ſworne I haue ſat in the ſtockes, for puddings he hath ſtolne, otherwiſe he had bin executed: I haue ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe he had ſufferd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you ſeru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Siluia*: did not

Act 4. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. Scene 3d

Rhamberg del.t Grignion sculp.t

Mr. QUICK in LAUNCE.

here I have brought him back again.

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not I bid thee ſtill marke me, and doe as I do; when did'ſt thou ſee me heaue vp my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'ſt thou euer ſee me doe ſuch a tricke?

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſeruice preſently.

Iu. In what you pleaſe, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-ſon pezant,
Where haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Siluia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell?

La. Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur, and tels you curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiu'd my dog?

La. No indeede did ſhe not:
Here haue I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here;
A Slaue, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame: *Exit/32*
Sebaſtian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue neede of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe:
For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt;
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witneſſe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliuer it to Madam *Siluia*;
She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.

Iul. It ſeemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:
She is dead belike?

Pro. Not ſo: I thinke ſhe liues.

Iul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?

Iul. I cannot chooſe but pitty her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her?

Iul. Becauſe, methinkes that ſhe lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Siluia*:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pitty Loue, ſhould be ſo contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithal
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promiſe for her heauenly Picture:
Your meſſage done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie. *Exit/32*

Iul. How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loues her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I loue him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (vnhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would haue diſprais'd.
I am my Maſters true confirmed Loue;
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed. *Enter Silvia/32*
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Siluia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Iul. If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Iul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?

Iul. I, Madam.

Sil. *Vrſula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Iul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliuer'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines:
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As eaſily as I doe teare his paper.

Iul. Madam, he ſends your Ladiſhip this Ring.

Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure:
Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong.

Iul. She thankes you.

Sil. What ſai'ſt thou?

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'ſt thou know her?

Iul. Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt
That I haue wept a hundred ſeuerall times.

Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her?

Iul. I thinke ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing faire?

Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is,
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſſe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The ayre had ſtaru'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Iul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
Which ſerued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſus* periury, and vniuſt flight ;
Which I ſo liuely acted with my teares :
That my poore Miſtris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly : and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) deſolate, and left ;
I weepe my ſelfe to thinke vpon thy words :
Here youth : there is my purſe ; I giue thee this (well.
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lou'ſt her. Fare-
Iul. And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Maſters ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris loue ſo much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it ſelfe :
Here is her Picture : let me ſee, I thinke
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers ;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow* ;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me ſuch a coulour'd Perrywig :
Her eyes are grey as glaſſe, and ſo are mine :
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high :
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe ?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall : O thou ſenceleſſe forme,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lou'd, and ador'd ;
And were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile vſe thee kindly, for thy Miſtris ſake
That vs'd me ſo : or elſe by *Ioue*, I vow,
I ſhould haue ſcratch'd out your vnſeeing eyes,
To make my Maſter out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the weſterne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Siluia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell ſhould meet me,
She will not faile ; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time,
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes : Lady a happy euening.
Sil. Amen, Amen : goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall ;
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.
Egl. Feare not : the Forreſt is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what ſaies *Siluia* to my ſuit ?
Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What ? that my leg is too long ?
Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.
Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat roun-
Pro. But loue will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my face ?
Pro. She ſaies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes : my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire ; and the old ſaying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe ?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of loue and peace.
Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my valour ?
Pro. Oh Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Iul. She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my birth ?
Pro. That you are well deriu'd.
Iul. True : from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions ?
Pro. Oh, I : and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Iul. That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Iul. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now ſir *Protheus* ; how now *Thurio* ?
Which of you ſaw *Eglamoure* of late ?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter ?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled vnto that pezant, *Valentine* ;
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company :
'Tis true : for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreſt :
Him he knew well : and gueſd that it was ſhe,
But being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence ;
Therefore I pray you ſtand, not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled :
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuiſh Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her :
Ile after ; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-leſſe *Siluia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Siluias* loue
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
Iul. And I will follow, more to croſſe that loue
Then hate for *Siluia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Siluia, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient :

We

SHAKSPEARE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
SIL. an evn good Eglamour
Cal at the postern by the abbey wall
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not the forest is not three leagues off
Act V. Sc 2

London Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand July 20 1786.

...ſt bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2*Out.* Come, bring her away.
1*Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3*Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the Weſt end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beſet, he cannot ſcape.
1*Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captains caue.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.
Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.
Val. How vſe doth breed a habit in a man?
This ſhadowy deſart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flouriſhing peopled Townes:
Here can I ſit alone, vnſeene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breſt,
Leaue not the Manſion ſo long Tenant-leſſe,
Leſt growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy preſence, *Siluia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cheriſh thy for-lorne ſwaine.
What hallowing, and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue ſome vnhappy paſſenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?
Pro. Madam, this ſeruice I haue done for you
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſeruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchſafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A ſmaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And leſſe then this, I am ſure you cannot giue.)
Val. How like a dreame is this? I ſee, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while.
Sil. O miſerable, vnhappy that I am.
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I haue made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt vnhappy.
Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your preſence.
Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-faſt to the Beaſt,
Rather then haue falſe *Protheus* reskue me: *reskew/32*
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteſt falſe periur'd *Protheus*.
Therefore be gone, ſollicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curſe in Loue, and ſtill approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy firſt beſt Loue)
For whoſe deare ſake, thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oathes; and all thoſe oathes,
Deſcended into periury, to loue me, *Deuice /32*
Thou haſt no faith left now, vnleſſe thou'dſt two,
And that's farre worſe then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Loue,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end, *moue /32*
And loue you 'gainſt the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.
Pro. *Valentine.*
Val. Thou cõmon friend, that's without faith or loue, *Thou /32*
For ſuch is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perſwaded me: now I dare not ſay
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldſt diſproue me: *now /32*
Who ſhould be truſted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the boſome? *Protheus*
I am ſorry I muſt neuer truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake:
The priuate wound is deepeſt: oh time, moſt accurſt:
'Mongſt all foes that a friend ſhould be the worſt?
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely ſuffer,
As ere I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honeſt;
Who by Repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Siluia*, I giue thee.
Iul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: ſpeak.
Iul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam *Siluia*: which (out of my neglect) was neuer done. *which /32*
Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me ſee.
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.
Iul. Oh, cry your mercy ſir, I haue miſtooke:
This is the ring you ſent to *Siluia*.
Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.
Iul. and *Iulia* her ſelfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her ſelfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Iulia*?
Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft haſt thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh.

Be thou aſham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame liue
In a diſguiſe of loue?
It is the leſſer blot modeſty findes,
Women to change their ſhapes, then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'ſins;
Inconſtancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Siluia's* face, but I may ſpie
More freſh in *Iulia's*, with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe:
'Twere pitty two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wiſh for euer.
Iul. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I ſay: It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Siluia*: and *Siluia's* mine.
Val. Thurio giue backe; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath:
Doe not name *Siluia* thine: if once againe,
Verona ſhall not hold thee: heere ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her, with a Touch.
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:
I claime her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou
To make ſuch meanes for her, as thou haſt done,
And leaue her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Anceſtry,
I doe applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreſſe loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greeſes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new ſtate in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou haſt deſeru'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, y^e^ gift hath made me happy:
I now beſeech you (for your daughters ſake)
To grant one Boone that I ſhall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haſt preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou knowſt their deſerts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe, to make your Grace to ſmile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile tell you, as we paſſe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The ſtory of your Loues diſcouered.
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One Feaſt, one houſe, one mutuall happineſſe. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia.
Valentine. } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }
Anthonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio: a fooliſh riuall to Valentine.
Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her eſcape.
Hoſt: where Iulia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a clowniſh ſeruant to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: ſeruant to Antonio.
Iulia: beloued of Protheus.
Siluia: beloued of Valentine.
Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THE

Printed for Tho.s Macklin

Engraved for Mr.s Macklin's

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Published Sept.r 2nd, 1791, for the Proprietors, by Macklin's Poets Gallery, Fleet Street & New Bond Street.

SPECIMENS of FANS.

from the Drawings of Titian & Cesare Vecellio
as referred to in the Notes on the Merry Wives of Windsor.

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Dec.r 25.th 1786.

THE
Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Euans, *Maſter* Page, Falſtoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, *Miſtreſſe* Ford, *Miſtreſſe* Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIr *Hugh*, perſwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtoffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter*, Iuſtice of Peace and

Shal. I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum*.

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh, is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtris Anne Page? ſhe has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs ſee honeſt M^r *Page*: is *Falſtaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M^r. *Page*. What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

M^r. Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, and heere yong Maſter *Slender*: that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M^r. Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better, it was ill killd: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page?* and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſall*.

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

Euan. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Maſter *Page*.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (M.*Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith he is wronged.

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwere it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca:* Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) & there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

Ma.Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being ſap, ſir, was (asthey ſay) caſheerd: and ſo concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuons minde.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*.

Mr.Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

Mr.Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Veniſon paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but vnderſtand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (M*r*. *Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Euan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *An Page*.

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore preciſely, cā you carry your good wil to y^e^ maid?

Sh. Coſen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will do as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (ſweet Coz): what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreaſe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occaſion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely diſſolued, and diſſolutely.

Eu. It

Eu. It is a fery diſcetion-anſwere; ſaue the fall is in the'ord, diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my Coſen meant well.

Sl. I, or elſe I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your worſhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Miſtris *Anne*.)

Eu. Od's pleſſed-wil: I wil not be abſēce at the grace.

An. Wil't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forſooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Coſen *Shallow*: a Iuſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worſhip: they will not ſit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate ſince. Why do your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt: But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe firſt: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome: you doe your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintāce with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Ceſar*, *Keiſer* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap; ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.

Ho. I haue ſpoke: let him follow: let me ſee thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapſter* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd: I will thriue.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight: wilt thy the ſpigot wield.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cōceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.

Piſt. Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the wight: he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*: (Indeede I am in the waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhee diſcourſes: ſhee carues: ſhe giues the leere of inuitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, & the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falſtafs*.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with moſt iudicious illiads: ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch me vp like a burning-glaſſe : here's another letter to her : She beares the Purſe too : She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both , and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee : they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both : Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*: we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no baſe humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge ; plod away ith'hoofe : ſeeke ſhelter, packe :
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age ,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *Page.*

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts : for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I :
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford.*

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue ; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humour ſhall not coole: I will incenſe *Ford* to deale with poyſon : I will poſſeſſe him with yallow-neſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous : that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents :* I ſecond thee : troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* comming : if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe ; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire : An honeſt, willing, kinde fellow, as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall : and I warrant you' no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate : his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer ; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way : but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No forſooth : he hath but a little wee-face ; with a little yellow Beard : a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth : but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head : he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you : oh, I ſhould remember him : do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune : Tell Maſter Parſon *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter : *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh—

Ru. Out alas : here comes my Maſter.

Qu. We ſhall all be ſhent : Run in here, good young man : goe into this Cloſſet : he will not ſtay long : what *Iohn Rugby*? *Iohn* : what *Iohn* I ſay? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home : (*and downe, downe, adowne'a.&c.*

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des-toyes : pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſet, vnboyteene verd ; a Box, a greene-a-Box : do intend vat I ſpeake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you :
I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

Ca. Fe,fe,fe,fe, mai foy, il fait for ehando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, aad you are *Iacke Rugby* : Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot : I tarry too long : od's-me : *que aye ie oublie* : dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable*, *Diable* : vat is in my Cloſſet?
Villanie, La-roone : *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet : dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke : heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſon *Hugh.*

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth : to deſire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue : ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la : but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, ballow mee ſome paper : tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I

Painted by R. Smirke. *Engrav'd by A. Smith.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

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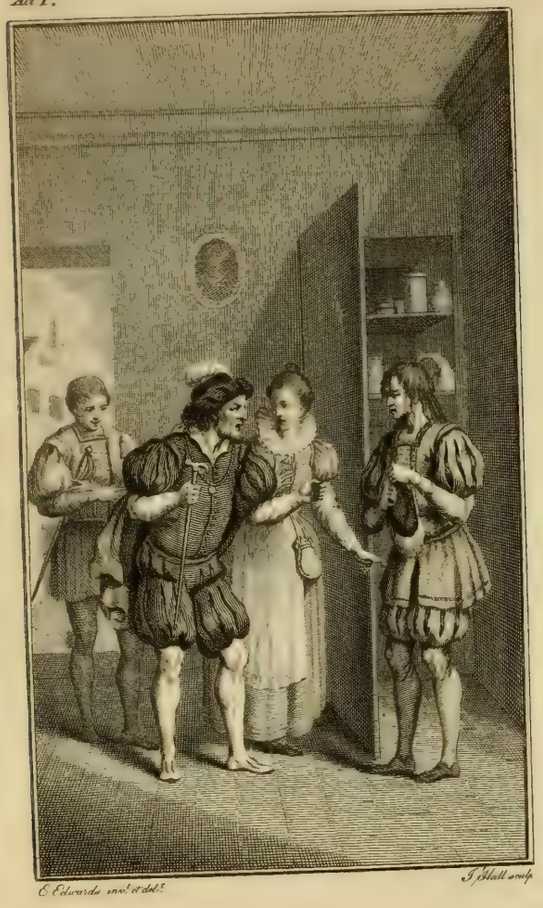
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act I. Scene X.



C. Edwards invt. et del.t J. Hall sculp.

——What shall de honest Man do in my Closet? dere is no honest Man dat shall come in my Closet.

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Qui. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly: but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe yoe your Maſter what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, ỹ French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcowre, dreſſe meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o'that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne Page*: but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack 'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcuruy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make:——you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two ſtones: by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iack-Prieſt: and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon: by gar, I wil my ſelfe haue *Anne Page.*

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well: We muſt giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby.*

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windſor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the houſe I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkſt thou? ſhall I not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſworne on a booke ſhee loues you: haue not your Worſhip a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I ſhall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) ſhee is giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing: but for you——well—goe too——

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me.——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip: truely an honeſt Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not: for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, *Miſtris* Ford, *Maſter* Page, *Maſter* Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Miſt. Page. What, haue ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee?

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his precijian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo do I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt, (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that he dares In this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men? how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ Page. And truſt me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeee that; I haue to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſome counſaile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mi. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? diſpence with trifles: what is it?

Mi. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or ſo: I could be knighted.

Mi. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mi. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I ſhall thinke the worſe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not ſweare:

praiſe

praiſe womens modeſty: and gaue ſuch orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelineſſe, that I would haue ſworne his diſpoſition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Pſalms to the tune of Greenſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a' ſhoare at Windſor? How ſhall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

Miſ.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine neuer ſhall: I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſure more): and theſe are of the ſecond edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Gianteſſe, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

Miſ.Ford. Why this is the very ſame: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Miſ. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty: Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtraine in mee, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Mi.Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile bee ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

Mi.Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mi.Ford. Nay, I wil conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not fully the charineſſe of our honeſty: oh that my husband ſaw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his iealouſie.

Miſ.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ.Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ.Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires:
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Piſt. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farewell:
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*:
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in ſome humors: I ſhould haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a ſword: and it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie: he loues your wife; There's the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I ſpeak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falſtaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe*.

Page. I neuer heard ſuch a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o' th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſt.Page. Whether goe you (*George?*) harke you.

Miſ.Ford. How now (ſweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe.

Miſ.Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ.Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner *George?* Looke who comes yonder: ſhee ſhall bee our Meſſenger to this paltrie Knight.

Miſ.Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhee'll fit it.

Miſ.Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne*?

Miſ.Page. Go in with vs and ſee: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang 'em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men: very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him; and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow: Good cuen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*.) Maſter *Page*, wil you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter: a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Caualeire?

Shal. None, I proteſt: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut ſir: I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere: ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*; if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labor: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon: thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch:* goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor preciſe: I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my ſelfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caius:*

Fal. Well, on; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true: I pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray———.

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*: come, Miſtreſſe *Ford.*

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſaies ſhee to mee? be briefe my good ſhee-*Mercurie.*

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhe giues you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford* her huſband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well: But I haue another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, ſhee's as fartuous a ciuill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere bee the other: and ſhee bade me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman ſo doate vpon a man; ſurely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a ieſt indeed: they haue not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Miſtris *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectiō to the little Page: and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man: neuer a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's: doe what ſhee will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will: and truly ſhe deſerues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one: you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qu. Nay, but doe ſo then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any caſe haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderſtand any thing; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diſtracts me.

Piſt. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more ſailes, purſue: vp with your fights:
Giue fire: ſhe is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes ſuch liquor: ah ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, haue I encompaſs'd you? goe to, *via.*

Ford. 'Bleſſe you ſir.

Fal. And you ſir: would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much, my name is *Broome.*

Fal. Good Maſter *Broome*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I ſue for yours: not to charge you, for I muſt let you vnderſtand, I thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath ſomething emboldned me to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you ſir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer ſo good means as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcouer a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that I may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her: followed her with a doating obſeruance: Ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly giue mee ſight of her: not only bought many preſents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what ſhee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue purſu'd her, as Loue hath purſued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occaſions: but whatſoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am ſure I haue receiued none, vnleſſe Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to ſay this,

" *Loue like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Loue purſues,*
" *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that I haue loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe haue you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some ſay, that though ſhe appeare honeſt to mee, yet in other places ſhee enlargeth her mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more; ſpend all I haue, onely

giue

giue me ſo much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife: vſe your Art of wooing; win her to conſent to you: if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my drift: ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe: ſhee is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me: what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none: I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealious-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They ſay the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well fauourd: I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I wil ſtare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night: *Ford*'s a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile: thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a falſe woman: my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* ſounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbaſon*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theeſe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee ruminates, then ſhee deuiſes: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie: eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack.*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wiſe Sir: hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? haBully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld: He is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king-Vrinall: *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that me haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (M. Docto) rhe is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions: is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (M. *Page.*)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow.*

Shal. It wil be found ſo, (M. *Page*:) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am ſworn of the peace: you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman: you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoſt. Par-

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman: ſcuruy-Iack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoſt. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, & eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a Iack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt wooe her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

Sim. I will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls: melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow:* 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: — When as I ſat in Pabilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſics. To ſhallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe falls*: Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as you would deſires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons: keepe them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parſon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable: Iack Rugby: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*: haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter*.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I.

Mr. Henderson in the Character of Falstaff.

Sometimes she kindly viewed my goodly legs
sometimes my portly belly.

Act III. Sc. 1.

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Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay: heare mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo: Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue: Come, lay their ſwords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-ſot of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this ſame ſcall-ſcuruy-cogging-companion the Hoſt of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promiſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceiue me too.

Euan. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: pay you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Miſt.Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Euans, Caius.

Miſt.Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſters heeles?

*Rob.*I had rather (forſooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

*M.Pa.*O you are a flattering boy, now I ſee you'l be a

*Ford.*Well met miſtris *Page*, whether go you.

*M.Pa.*Truly Sir, to ſee your wife, is ſhe at home?

*Ford.*I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M.Pa. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M.Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name

*Rob.*Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*. (ſirrah?

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

*M.Pa.*He,he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is ſuch a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at

*Ford.*Indeed ſhe is. (home indeed?

*M.Pa.*By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

*Ford.*Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, he hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as eaſie, as a Canon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, & *Falſtaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo-ſeeming Miſt. *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page,&c. Well met Mr *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Mr *Ford*.

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Pag. You haue Mr *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to yong Mr *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, hee ſpeakes holliday, he ſmels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply: the wealth I haue waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe home with me to dinner: beſides your cheere you ſhall haue ſport, I will ſhew you a monſter: Mr Doctor, you ſhal go, ſo ſhall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall haue the freer woing at Mr *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter M.Ford, M.Page,Seruants,Robin,Falſtaffe, Ford,Page,Caius,Euans.

Miſt. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M,Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket——

Miſ.Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay.

Miſ.Page. Come, come, come.

Miſt.Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

*M.Pag.*Giue your men the charge, we muſt be briefe,

M.Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*Iohn* & *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houſe, & when I ſodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this basket on your ſhoulders: ỹ done, trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

M.Page. You will do it? (direction.

M.Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M.Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſt.Ford. How now my Eyas-Muſket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore (Miſt.*Ford*, and requeſts your company.

M.Page. You litle Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be ſworne: my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſt.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſeerecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhal make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Mi.Ford. Do ſo: go tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſtris *Page*, remember you your 2*u*.

Miſt.Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſt.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed houre.

Miſt.Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſt. *Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſt.Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance. *the 4to and modern Ed- have arched Bent*

Miſt.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*:
My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt.Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee. Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-manie of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M.Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I fear you loue M.*Page.*

Fal. Thou mightſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ.Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt.Ford: Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that minde. *within /32*

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*: heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

M.Ford. Pray you do ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt.Page. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done?
You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M.Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page?*

M.Page. O weladay, miſt.*Ford*, hauing an honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M.Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

M.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am I miſtooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that he ſayes is heere now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence: you are vndone. *4to Speak Louder /32*

M.Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counſell, Ile in.

M.Page. What Sir *Iohn Faiſtaffe*? Are theſe your Letters, Knight? *old 4to and none but letter /32*

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer—

M.Page. Helpe to couer your maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt.*Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Go, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt, I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of ye Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:

Follow

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London, July n.th 1785.

FALSTAFF. I'll love thee, and none but thee.

LONDON PUBLISHED BY JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY, JAN 1 1810.

F. Hayman inv.

N. Gravelot sculpt.

Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and iealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France: It is not iealous in France. Exeunt/32

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſt.Page Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſt. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn.*

Miſt.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Miſt.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ.Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punihment?

Mist.Page. We will do it: let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends. Enter All/32

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M.*Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do ſo.

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.

Mi.Page. You do your ſelfe mighty wrong (M.*Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt beare it.

Eu. If there be any pody in the houſe, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heauen forgiue my ſins at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M.*Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I wold not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for y^e^ welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M.*Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi.*Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Eu. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-theturd.×

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page.*

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Eua. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fen: I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.
No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come, Fen./32
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne:*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtampes in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeeke my Father's loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.

Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M.*Slender* would ſpeak a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father (M.*An*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him: pray you Vncle tel Miſt. *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maiſter *Shallow* let him woo for himſelfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

× 'o'the modern Editors have admitted a dirty addition to this dirty allusion under the name of a restoration" Dr. Heawood

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what wold you with me?
Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, ſo; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.
Page. Now Mr *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Mr *Fenter* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe.
I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.
Fen. Nay Mr *Page*, be not impatient.
Miſt.Page. Good M. *Fenton*.come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fen. Sir, will you heare me?
Page. No, good M. *Fenton*.
Come M. *Shallow*: Come ſonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)
Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Page*.
Fen. Good Miſt. *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.
An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
Miſt.Page. I meane it not, I ſeeke you a better huſband.
Qui. That's my maſter, M.Doctor.
An. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
Miſt.Page. Come, trouble not your ſelfe good M. *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loues you,
And as I finde her, ſo am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris: farewell *Nan*.
Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, ſaide I, will you caſt away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſitian:
Looke on M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.
Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.
Qui. Now heauen ſend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for ſuch a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maiſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would M.*Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would M.*Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I haue promiſd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for M. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.
Fal. Bardolfe I ſay.
Bar. Heere Sir.
*Fal.*Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toſt in't.
Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames?Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the riuer with as little remorſe, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I ſhold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſheluy and ſhallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould I haue beene, when I had beene ſwel'd? I ſhould haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.
Bar. Here's M.*Quickly* Sir to ſpeake with you.
*Fal.*Come, let me poure in ſome Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnowballs, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.
Bar. Come in woman.
Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?
Giue your worſhip good morrow.
Fal. Take away theſe Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.
Bard. With Egges, Sir?
Fal. Simple of it ſelfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperſme in my brewage. How now?
*Qui.*Marry Sir, I come to your worſhip from M.*Ford*.
Fal.Miſt.Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.
Qui. Alas the day, (good heart) that was not her fault: ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtooke their erection.
Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a fooliſh Womans promiſe.
Qui. Well, ſhe laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it: her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickely, ſhe'll make you amends I warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo: and bidde her thinke what a-man is: Let her conſider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.
Qui. I will tell her.
Fal. Do ſo. Betweene nine and ten ſaiſt thou?
Qui. Eight and nine Sir.
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſſe her.
Qui. Peace be with you Sir.
Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr *Broome*: he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere he comes.
Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.
*Fal.*Now M. *Broome*, you come to know
What hath paſt betweene me, and *Fords* wife.
Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my buſineſſe.
Fal. M.Broome I will not lye to you,
I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.
*Ford.*And ſped you Sir?
Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome*.
Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?
*Fal.*No(M.*Broome*)but the peaking Curnuto her husband(M.*Broome*)dwelling in a continual larum of ielouſie, coms me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, & (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſerch his houſe for his wiues Loue.
Ford. What? While you were there?
Fal. While I was there.
For. And did he ſearch for you, & could not find you?
Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

Engraved by T. Holloway.

Painted by R. Smirke.

MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, William, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Publish'd Dec.r 31st. 1790. by J. & J. Boydell, at the Shakspeare Gallery Pall Mall & Cheapside.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what I haue ſufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their ſhoulders: met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Baſket? I quak'd for feare leaſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: But Fate (ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a ſearch, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeuerall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greaſe: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as ſubiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a Dutch-diſh) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that ſerge like a Horſe-ſhoo; thinke of that; hiſſing hot: thinke of that (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you haue ſufferd all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambaſſie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeede: and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enioying her: adiew: you ſhall haue her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford.*

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreame? doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*: there's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Linnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my houſe: hee cannot ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible hee ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But leaſt the Diuell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

Miſt.Pag. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be preſently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

Miſt.Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſt.Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Miſt.Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William?*

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, ſure.

Eua. You are a very ſimplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William?*

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William?*)

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic hæc, hoc.*

Eua. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius:* Well: what is your *Accuſatiue-caſe?*

Will. Accuſatiuo hinc.

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accuſatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue caſe* (*William?*)

Will. O, Vocatiuo, O.

Eua. Remember *William*, *Focatiue*, is *caret.*

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbeare.

Miſt.Pag. Peace.

Eua: What is your *Genitiue caſe plurall* (*William?*)

Will. Genitiue caſe?

Eua. I.

Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum.

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Eua. For ſhame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Eua. 'Oman

Euans. O' man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M.Pag. He is a better ſcholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis.Page.*

Miſ.Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtoffe, Miſt.Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. Mi. Ford, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſt. *Ford,* in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ.Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ.Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*: what hoa.

Miſ.Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ.Page. How now (ſweete heart) whoſe at home beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ.Page. Indeed?

Miſ.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Miſt. Pag. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no body here.

Miſt.Ford. Why?

Miſ.Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankinde; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffettes himſelfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ciuility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Miſt.Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſt.Page. Of none but him, and ſweares he was caried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, in a Basket: Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he ſhall ſee his owne foolerie.

Miſt.Ford. How neere is he Miſtris *Page?*

Miſt.Pag. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he wil be here anon.

Miſt.Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Miſt.Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt.Ford. Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Miſt.Page. Alas: three of Mr.*Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What ſhall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſt.Ford. There they alwaies vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist.Ford. He will ſeeke there on my word: Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſt. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mist.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuiſe ſomething: any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſt. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

Miſt. Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn.*

Miſt.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtriſs Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſt.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſt.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſt.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſt.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſt.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is he, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt.Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: let's go dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Miſt.Ford. Ile firſt direct direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not acte that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if hee bid you ſet it downe, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr. *Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt me: Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt

neſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes M. *Ford*: you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. *Ford*, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the iealious foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt.Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure he is: my Intelligence is true, my iealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miſt.Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Mr *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands do's ſhe? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſt.Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him ſtrike the old woman. *Enter 2 ol/32*

Miſt.Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you. *Exit 2 ol/32*

Miſt.Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſt.Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow: ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen.

Miſt.Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſt.Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not: he beate him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſt.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſt.Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

M.Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will ſtill bee the miniſters.

Miſt.Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt.Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh? *3 Folio. Them*

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you. *3 Folio. Them*

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a week at commaund: I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt.Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y^u^ wilt: I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor ſtand

(In

(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.
Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.
Eu. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come: Me-thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall haue no deſires.
Page. So thinke I too.
M.Ford. Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him whē he comes,
And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thether.
Miſ.Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (ſometime a keeper heere in Windſor Forreſt)
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?
Miſt.Ford. Marry this is our deuiſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meete with vs.*
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?
Miſt.Pa. That likewiſe haue we thoght vpon: & thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Vpon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſſe will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him, ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.
Miſt.Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all preſent our ſelues; diſ-horne the ſpirit,
And mocke him home to Windſor.
Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.
Eua. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I will be like a Iacke-an-Apes alſo, to burne the Knight with my Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.
Miſt.Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That ſilke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M.*Slender* ſteale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.
Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpoſe: ſure hee'l come.
Miſt.Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.
Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaueries.
Miſ.Page. Go *Miſt.Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page:*
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he ſhall haue her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Hoſt. What wouldſt thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick skin) ſpeake, breathe, diſcuſſe: breefe, ſhort, quicke, ſnap.
Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from M. *Slender*.
Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: go, knock and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee: Knocke I ſay.
Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come downe: I come to ſpeake with her indeed.
Hoſt. Ha? a fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn:* ſpeake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.
Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?
Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy? Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.
Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford?*
Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?
Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.
Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.
Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.
Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her

* The old 4to has an additional line "Disguised like Herne with huge Horns on his head"

Act 4. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Scene 6.

Rhodes del. Grignion Sculp.

Mr HENDERSON in FALSTAFF.

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ner ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hoſt. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fauſtaſſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Euan. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoſt. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene waſhd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer proſper'd, ſince I forſwore my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed; I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more then the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpecioufly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Conſtable had ſet me ith'Stocks, ith'common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerue heauen well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then yourloſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer)
Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat *Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt
Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*:)
To night at *Hernes Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Faerie-Queene*:
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
VVhile other Ieſts are ſomething ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir,
Her Mother (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She ſhall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they muſt all be maſk'd, and vizarded)

That

That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, Ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Falſtoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prattling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. *Broome?* Maſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as you ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maſter *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that ſame knaue (*Ford* hir huſband) hath the fineſt mad diuell of iealouſie in him (Maſter *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frenſie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of Man (Maſter *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, becauſe I know alſo, life is a Shuttle) I am in haſt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*:) ſince I pluckt Geeſe, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtraunge things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exennt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſon *Slender*, my daughter p32

Slen. I forſooth, I haue ſpoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we ſhal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two muſt go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Miſt. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſt. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne? misprint for Hugh p32

Miſt. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſt. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſt. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſt. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

Miſt. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods aſſiſt me: Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſom other, a Man a beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ALAS! WHAT NOISE?

omnipotent Loue, how neere the God drew to the complexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M.Ford. Sir *Iohn?* Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

M. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M.Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M.Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M.Ford.M.Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd, Leaſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

2ui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night. You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes. Cricket, to Windſor-chimnies ſhalt thou leape; Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muſt eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid, Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie, Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie, But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins, Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, & ſhins.

2u. About, about: Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out. Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome, That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome, In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre, Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Creſt, With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt. And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring, Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it be, Mote fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee: And *Hony Soit 2ui Mal-y-Pence*, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie, Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee; Fairies vſe Flowres for their characterie. Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke, Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the Oke Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. (ſet:

Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your ſelues in order And twenty glow-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree. But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy, Leaſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.

Piſt. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

2u. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end: If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart, It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.

Piſt. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

2ui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire. About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime, And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinnefull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie:
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher. Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues? See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whoſe a Cuckold now? M^r *Broome, Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome*: And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to M^r *Broome*, his horſes are arreſted for it, M^r *Broome*.

M.Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies: I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, droue the groſſeneſſe of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

Euant. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerue Got, and leaue your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh*.

Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will neuer miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toaſted Cheeſe.

Eu. Seeſe is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seeſe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of Engliſh? This is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſt.Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſt.Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is a plummet ore me, vſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windſor to one Mr *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction. ✕

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, wher I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſt.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſterſhire know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue ſwing'd him, or hee ſhould haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What needs you tell me that? I think ſo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and ſhe cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy.

Mist.Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M.Page. VVhy? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgiues me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.
How now Mr *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Miſtris:
How chance you went not with Mr *Slender*?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolue vs:
Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit looſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.

Miſt Page. Well, I will muſe no further: Mr *Fenton*,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Maſter *Broome*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

✕ The old 4tos have two ſpeeches which are not in this Ed. - Wor in 32/
Mrs Ford] Nay husband, let that go, to make amends:
Forgiue that ſum and ſo wee'll all be friends
Ford] Well, here's my hand: all's forgiven at laſt

MEASVRE,

For Meaſure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, Lords.

Duke.
Scalus.
Eſc. My Lord.
Duk. Of Gouernment, the properties to vn-(fold,
Would ſeeme in me t'affect ſpeech & diſcourſe,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the liſts of all aduice
My ſtrength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Inſtitutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iuſtice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practiſe, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commiſſion,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I ſay, bid come before vs *Angelo:*
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you muſt know, we haue with ſpeciall ſoule
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?
Eſc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe ſuch ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.
Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obſeruer, doth thy hiſtory
Fully vnfold: Thy ſelfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themſelues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely tonch'd
But to fine iſſues: nor nature neuer lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſſe, ſhe determines
Her ſelfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vſe; but I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him aduertiſe;
Hold therefore *Angelo:*
In our remoue, be thou at full, our ſelfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Eſcalus*
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.
Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be ſome more teſt, made of my mettle,
Before ſo noble, and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp't vpon it.
Duk. No more euaſion:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quicke condition,
That it prefers it ſelfe, and leaues vnqueſtion'd
Matters of needfull value: We ſhall write to you
As time, and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th'hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commiſſions.
Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.
Duk. My haſte may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your ſoule ſeemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relliſh well
Their lowd applauſe, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of ſafe diſcretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.
Ang. The heauens giue ſafety to your purpoſes.
Eſc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi-neſſe. *Exit.*
Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.
Eſc. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free ſpeech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what ſtrength and nature,
I am not yet inſtructed.
Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may ſoone our ſatisfaction haue
Touching that point.
Eſc. Ile wait vpon your honor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1.*Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2.*Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'ſt like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to ſea with the ten Commandements, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2.*Gent.* Thou ſhalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1.*Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the reſt from their functions: they put forth to ſteale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thankſ-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2.*Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier diſlike it.

Luc. I beleeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was ſaid.

2.*Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1.*Gent.* What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1.*Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of all controuerſie: as for example; Thou thy ſelfe art a wicked villaine, deſpight of all Grace.

1.*Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of ſheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Liſts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Liſt.

1.*Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as liefe be a Lyſt of an Engliſh Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I ſpeake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'ſt: and indeed with moſt painfull feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine owne confeſſion, learne to begin thy health; but, whilſt I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1.*Gen.* I think I haue done my ſelfe wrong, haue I not?

2.*Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I haue purchaſ'd as many diſeaſes vnder her Roofe,
As come to

2.*Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2.*Gent.* To three thouſand Dollours a yeare.

1.*Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1.*Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error, I am ſound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would ſay) healthy: but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

1.*Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth fiue thouſand of you all.

2.*Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1.*Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted: ſaw him carried away: and which is more, within theſe three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with childe.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres ſince, and he was euer preciſe in promiſe keeping.

2.*Gent.* Beſides you know, it drawes ſomthing neere to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1.*Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamatiō. *Exit.* Exeunt

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the ſweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Cuſtom-ſhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne.*

Clo. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howſes in the Suburbs of *Vienna* muſt bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the Citie?

Clow. They ſhall ſtand for feed: they had gon down to, but that a wiſe Burger put in for them. 50 92

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Miſtris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what ſhall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counſellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapſter ſtill; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almoſt out in the ſeruice, you will bee conſidered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapſter? let's withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouoſt to priſon: and there's Madam *Iuliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouoſt, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2.Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'ſt thou ſhow me thus to th'world?
Beare me to priſon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill diſpoſition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by ſpeciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (ſoe) yet ſtill 'tis iuſt. (ſtraint.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this re-

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As ſurfet is the father of much faſt,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vſe
Turnes to reſtraint: Our Natures doe purſue

Like

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirſty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could ſpeake ſo wiſely vnder an arreſt, I would ſend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?* *Morality /modern Ed- /32*

Cla. What (but to ſpeake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it ſo.

Pro. Away, Sir, you muſt goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:
Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* ſo look'd after?

Cla. Thus ſtands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Iulietas* bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The ſtealth of our moſt mutuall entertainment
With Character too groſſe, is writ on *Iuliet.* *on/32*

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappely, euen ſo.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newnes, *or /32*
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horſe whereon the Gouernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it ſtrait feele the ſpur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I ſtagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-ſcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that ninteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milke-maid, if ſhe be in loue, may ſigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I haue done ſo, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde ſeruice:
This day, my ſiſter ſhould the Cloyſter enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputie: bid her ſelfe aſſay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſſe dialect,
Such as moue men: beſide, ſhe hath proſperous Art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſwade.

Luc. I pray ſhee may; aſwell for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand vnder greeuous impoſition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould bee thus foolithly loſt, at a game of ticke-tacke: Ile to her. */32*

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio.*

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat boſome: why, I deſire thee
To giue me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, witleſſe brauery keepes. *and /32*
I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firme abſtinence)
My abſolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me trauaild to *Poland*,
(For ſo I haue ſtrewd it in the common eare) *Fear /32*
And ſo it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headſtrong weedes,) *for /32*
Which for this foureteene yeares, we haue let ſlip, *Sleep Theobald /32*
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to ſticke it in their childrens ſight,
For terror, not to vſe: in time the rod *errour /32*
More mock'd, then fear'd: ſo our Decrees, *becomes /32*
Dead to infliction, to themſelues are dead, *Pope*
And libertie, plucks Iuſtice by the noſe;
The Baby beates the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To vnlooſe this tyde-vp Iuſtice, when you pleaſ'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue ſeem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo.*

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tirrany to ſtrike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permiſſiue paſſe,
And not the puniſhment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight *Fight "Pope and not Ed I prefer to adopt the conflict with opposites" H. Sherwin*
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reaſons for this action
At our more leyſure, ſhall I render you; *your /32*
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee
If power change purpoſe: what our Seemers be. *Exit.* *Exeunt /32*

* "Theobald very properly wrote Steeds instead of weeds, which has been adopted" */32*
H. Sherwin

Scena Quinta.

Enter Iſabell and Franciſca a Nun.

Iſa. And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſa. Yes truely; I ſpeake not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Vpon the Siſterſtood, the Votariſts of St. *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Iſa. Who's that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Iſabella*
Turne you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnſworne:
When you haue vowd, you muſt not ſpeake with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;
Then if you ſpeake, you muſt not ſhow your face;
Or if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeake:
He cals againe: I pray you anſwere him.
Iſa. Peace and proſperitie: who is't that cals?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheeke-Roſes
Proclaime you are no leſſe: can you ſo ſteed me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Siſter
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio*?
Iſa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his Siſter.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.
Iſa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my ſelfe might be his Iudge,
He ſhould receiue his puniſhment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.
Iſa. Sir, make me not your ſtorie.
Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeeme the Lapwing, and to ieſt
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and ſainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall ſpirit
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.
Iſa. You doe blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleeue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;
As thoſe that feed, grow full: as bloſſoming Time
That from the ſeednes, the bare fallow brings
To teemiug foyſon: euen ſo her plenteous wombe
Expreſſeth his full Tilth, and husbandry.
Iſa. Some one with childe by him? my coſen *Iuliet*?
Luc. Is ſhe your coſen?
Iſa. Adoptedly, as ſchoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Iſa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my ſelfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By thoſe that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſigne: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton ſtings, and motions of the ſence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and faſt
He (to giue feare to vſe, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whoſe heauy ſence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arreſts him on it,
And followes cloſe the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnleſſe you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To ſoften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of buſineſſe
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
Iſa. Doth he ſo,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has cenſur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Iſa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Aſſay the powre you haue.
Iſa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs looſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens ſue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themſelues would owe them.
Iſa. Ile ſee what I can doe.
Luc. But ſpeedily.
Iſa. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoone at night
Ile ſend him certaine word of my ſucceſſe.
Luc. I take my leaue of you.
Iſa. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, and ſeruants, Iuſtice.

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one ſhape, till cuſtome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Eſc. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this Gentleman
Whom I would ſaue, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeue to be moſt ſtrait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time cohcard with Place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of our blood
Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And puld the Law vpon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Eſcalus*)

Another

Mrs YATES in the Character of ISABELLA.

Another thing to fall : I not deny
The Iury paſſing on the Priſoners life
May in the ſworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try ; what's open made to Iuſtice,
That Iuſtice ceizes ; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do paſſe on theeues ? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we ſtoope, and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it ; but what we doe not ſee,
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I haue had ſuch faults ; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he muſt dye.

Enter Prouoſt.

Eſc. Be it as your wiſedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Prouoſt* ?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmoſt of his pilgrimage.

Eſc. Well : heauen forgiue him ; and forgiue vs all :
Some riſe by ſinne, and ſome by vertue fall :
Some run from brakes of Ice, and anſwere none,
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if theſe be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law : bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name ? And what's the matter ?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poore Dukes Conſtable, and my name is *Elbow* ; I doe leane vpon Iuſtice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors ? Well : What Benefactors are they ? Are they not Malefactors ?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are : But preciſe villaines they are, that I am ſure of, and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to haue.

Eſc. This comes off well : here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Goe to : What quality are they of ? *Elbow* is your name ?
Why do'ſt thou not ſpeake *Elbow* ?

Clo. He cannot Sir : he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir ?

Elb. He Sir : a Tapſter Sir : parcell Baud : one that ſerues a bad woman : whoſe houſe Sir was (as they ſay) pluckt downe in the Suborbs : and now ſhee profeſſes a hot-houſe ; which, I thinke is a very ill houſe too.

Eſc. How know you that ?

Elb. My wife Sir ? whom I deteſt before heauen, and your honour.

Eſc. How ? thy wife ?

Elb. I Sir : whom I thanke heauen is an honeſt woman.

Eſc. Do'ſt thou deteſt her therefore ?

Elb. I ſay ſir, I will deteſt my ſelfe alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a Bauds houſe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſc. How do'ſt thou know that, Conſtable ?

Elb. Marry ſir, by my wife, who, if ſhe had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlineſſe there.

Eſc. By the womans meanes ?

Elb. I ſir, by Miſtris *Ouer-dons* meanes : but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honor, this is not ſo.

Elb. Proue it before theſe varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Eſc. Doe you heare how he miſplaces ?

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with childe : and longing (ſauing your honors reuerence) for ſtewd prewyns ; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were in a fruit diſh (a diſh of ſome three pence ; your honours haue ſeene ſuch diſhes) they are not China-diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſc. Go too : go too : no matter for the diſh ſir.

Clo. No indeede ſir not of a pin ; you are therein in the right : but, to the point : As I ſay, this Miſtris *Elbow*, being (as I ſay) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I ſaid) for prewyns : and hauing but two in the diſh (as I ſaid) Maſter *Froth* here, this very man, hauing eaten the reſt (as I ſaid) & (as I ſay) paying for them very honeſtly : for, as you know Maſter *Froth*, I could not giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well : you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewyns.

Fro. I, ſo I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well : I telling you then (if you be remembred) that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, vnleſſe they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Eſc. Come : you are a tedious foole : to the purpoſe : what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cauſe to complaine of ? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Eſc. No ſir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honours leaue : And I beſeech you, looke into Maſter *Froth* here ſir, a man of foure-ſcore pound a yeare ; whoſe father died at *Hallowmas* : Was't not at *Hallowmas* Maſter *Froth* ?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well : I hope here be truthes : he Sir, ſitting (as I ſay) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to ſit, haue you not ?

Fro. I haue ſo, becauſe it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then : I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſsia*
When nights are longeſt there : Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cauſe ;
Hoping youle finde good cauſe to whip them all. *Exit.*

Eſc. I thinke no leſſe : good morrow to your Lordſhip. Now Sir, come on : What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more ?

Clo. Once Sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honor, aske me.

Eſc. Well ſir, what did this Gentleman to her ?

Clo. I beſeech you ſir, looke in this Gentlemans face : good Maſter *Froth* looke vpon his honor ; 'tis for a good purpoſe : doth your honor marke his face ?

Eſc. I ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you marke it well.

Eſc. Well, I doe ſo.

Clo. Doth your honor ſee any harme in his face?

Eſc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be ſuppoſd vpon a booke, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then: if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter *Froth* doe the Conſtables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Eſc. He's in the right (Conſtable) what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, and it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his Miſtris is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon then any of vs all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyeſt; thou lyeſt wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that ſhee was euer reſpected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him, before he married with her.

Eſc. Which is the wiſer here; *Iuſtice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe! O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Eſc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worſhip for it: what is't your Worſhips pleaſure I ſhall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Eſc. Truly Officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcouer, if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou knowſt what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worſhip for it: Thou ſeeſt thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Eſc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſc. Are you of foureſcore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you ſir.

Eſc. So: what trade are you of, ſir?

Clo. A Tapſter, a poore widdowes Tapſter.

Eſc. Your Miſtris name?

Clo. Miſtris *Ouer-don.*

Eſc. Hath ſhe had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, ſir: *Ouer-don* by the laſt.

Eſc. Nine? come hether to me, Maſter *Froth*; Maſter *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapſters; they will draw you Maſter *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worſhip: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-houſe, but I am drawne in.

Eſc. Well: no more of it Maſter *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapſter: what's your name Mr. Tapſter?

Clo. Pompey.

Eſc. What elſe?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Eſc. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that in the beaſtlieſt ſence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoeuer you colour it in being a Tapſter, are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly ſir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Eſc. How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, ſir.

Eſc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worſhip meane to geld and ſplay all the youth of the City?

Eſc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Eſc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the faireſt houſe in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to ſee this come to paſſe, ſay *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your propheſie, harke you: I aduiſe you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatſoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your Tent, and proue a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I ſhall haue you whipt; ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worſhip for your good counſell; but I ſhall follow it as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Eſc. Come hether to me, Maſter *Elbow*: come hither Maſter Conſtable: how long haue you bin in this place of Conſtable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe ſir.

Eſc. I thought by the readineſſe in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeauen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe ſir.

Eſc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you ſo oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward ſufficient to ſerue it?

Elb. 'Faith ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I do it for ſome peece of money, and goe through with all.

Eſc. Looke you bring mee in the names of ſome ſixe or ſeuen, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhips houſe ſir?

Eſc. To my houſe: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iuſt. Eleuen, Sir.

Eſc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iuſt. I humbly thanke you.

Eſc. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie:

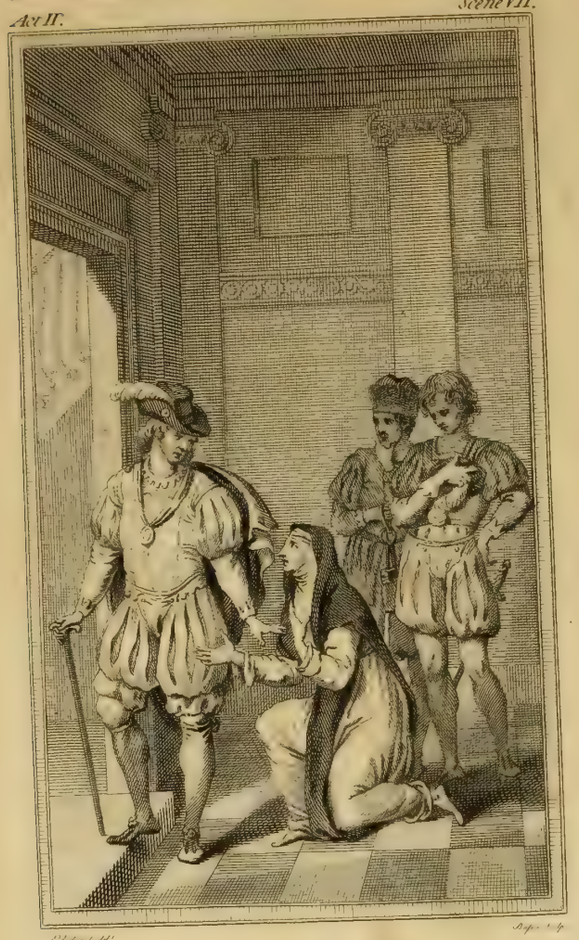
Iuſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſeuere.

Eſc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it ſelfe, that oft lookes ſo,
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna

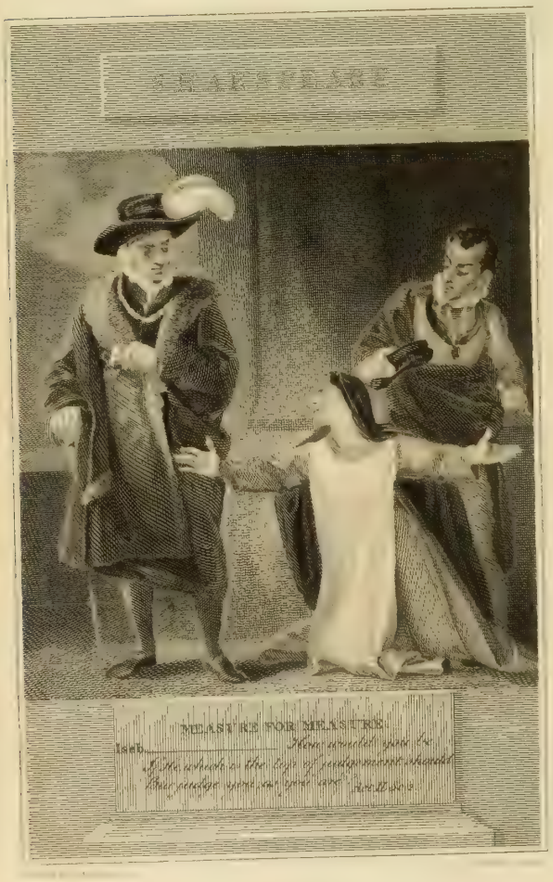
MEASURE for MEASURE.

Act II. *Scene VII.*



Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
and you but waste your Words.

Published according to Act of Parliament, May 28. 1773. by J. Bell in the Strand



Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight,
I'le tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleaſure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages ſmack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Prouoſt*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* ſhall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why do'ſt thou aske againe?

Pro. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Vnder your good correction, I haue ſeene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What ſhall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Ser. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſſe to you.

Ang. Hath he a Siſter?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be ſhortlie of a Siſter-hood,
If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatreſſe be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauiſh meanes,
There ſhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Iſabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour. (will?

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Iſab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Pleaſe but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your ſuite.

Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I doe abhorre,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of Iuſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Iſab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let goe by the Actor:

Iſab. Oh iuſt, but ſeuere Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue 't not ore ſo: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Iſab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Iſab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Iſab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's ſentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold. *Yo art* /32

Iſab. Too late? why no: I that doe ſpeak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this *backe* /32
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe ſo good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue ſlipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene ſo ſterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Iſab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Iſabell:* ſhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a priſoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas, alas:
Why all the ſoules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, ſhould
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſonne,
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt die to morrow.

Iſab. To morrow? oh, that's ſodaine,
Spare him, ſpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerue heauen
With leſſe reſpect then we doe miniſter
To our groſſe-ſelues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well ſaid.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath ſlept
Thoſe many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the firſt, that did th' Edict infringe *Man Pope* /32
Had anſwer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glaſſe that ſhewes what future euils
Either now, or by remiſſeneſſe, new conceiu'd,
And ſo in progreſſe to be hatc'hd, and borne,
Are now to haue no ſucceſſiue degrees,
But here they liue to end. *ere Sr T. Hanmer* /32

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pittie.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;
For then I pittie thoſe I doe not know,
Which a diſmis'd offence, would after gaule

And

+ Perhaps the writer or the amanuensis aspirated the e in ere which produced here —
Dr Sherwin

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lines not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be ỹ first that giues this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vse his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulpherous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselues laugh mortall.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.
Pro. Pray heauen she win him.
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.
Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.
Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?
Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Isa. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.
Luc. You had mar'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.
Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.
Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Isab. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee? euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Frier?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iuliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.
Duk. When must he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?
Iul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.
Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Iul. Ile gladly learne.
Duk. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.
Iul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.
Iul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Du. 'Tis

Duk. 'Tis meet ſo (daughter) but leaſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,
Which ſorrow is alwaies toward our ſelues, not heauen,
Showing we would not ſpare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we ſtand in feare.
Iul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the ſhame with ioy.
Duke. There reſt:
Your partner (as I heare) muſt die to morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*
Iul. Muſt die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That reſpits me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror.
Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.
An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To ſeuerall ſubiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilſt my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling euill
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiſer ſoules
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art blood.
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne.
'Tis not the Deuills Creſt: how now? who's there?
Enter Seruant.
Ser. One *Iſabell*, a Siſter, deſires acceſſe to you.
Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my bloud thus muſter to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it ſelfe,
And diſpoſſeſsing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſſe?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwounds,
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the ayre
By which hee ſhould reuiue: and euen ſo
The generall ſubiect to a wel-wiſht King
Quit their owne part, and in obſequious fondneſſe
Crowd to his preſence, where their vn-taught loue
Muſt needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.
Enter Iſabella.
Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure. (me,
An. That you might know it, wold much better pleaſe
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.
Iſab. Euen ſo: heauen keepe your Honor.
Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he muſt die.
Iſab. Vnder your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or ſhorter) he may be ſo fitted
That his ſoule ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices. It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcie ſweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained meanes
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet downe ſo in heauen, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you ſo: then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt iuſt Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to ſuch ſweet vncleanneſſe
As ſhe that he hath ſtaind?
Iſab. Sir, beleeue this.
I had rather giue my body, then my ſoule.
Ang. I talke not of your ſoule: our compel'd ſins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can ſpeake
Againſt the thing I ſay: Anſwere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a ſentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in ſinne,
To ſaue this Brothers life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my ſoule,
It is no ſinne at all, but charitie.
Ang. Pleaſ'd you to doo't, at perill of your ſoule
Were equall poize of ſinne, and charitie.
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwere.
Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your ſence purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeeme ſo crafty; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdome wiſhes to appeare moſt bright,
When it doth taxe it ſelfe: As theſe blacke Maſques
Proclaime an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could diſplaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile ſpeake more groſſe:
Your Brother is to dye.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.
Iſab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to ſaue his life
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſſe of queſtion) that you, his Siſter,
Finding your ſelfe deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe creadit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to ſaue him, but that either
You muſt lay downe the treaſures of your body,
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe to let him ſuffer:
What would you doe?
Iſab. As much for my poore Brother, as my ſelfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impreſſion of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin ſicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body vp to ſhame.
Ang. That

Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so?
Isa. Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon Ignominy /32
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what vve meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he feodary /32
Owe, and succeed thy weakneſſe. by moved /32
Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselues,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.
Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.
Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.
Isa. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.
Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.
Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.
Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.
Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And most pernitious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell?*
My vnsoild name, th'austeerenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne reporr,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneſſe shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*
Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Cla. The miserable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nurst by baseneſſe: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grossely fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearst thy heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou haſt neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleaſant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thouſand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes theſe odds, all euen.
Cla. I humblie thanke you.
To ſue to liue, I finde I ſeeke to die,
And ſeeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.
Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deſerues a welcome.
Duke. Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe. Mſſ. Mason
Cla. Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.
Iſa. My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio*. Ion/32
Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your ſiſter.
Duke. Prouoſt, a word with you.
Pro. As manie as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd. Bring them to speake where I may be concealed, yet hear them / 32
Cla. Now ſiſter, what's the comfort? x
Iſa. Why, Exeunt / 32
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger;
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To Morrow you ſet on.
Clau. Is there no remedie?
Iſa. None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:
Clau. But is there anie?
Iſa. Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a diuelliſh mercie in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance?
Iſa. I iuſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint
Through all the worlds vaſtiditie you had Rough Pope / 32
To a determin'd ſcope.
Clau. But in what nature?
Iſa. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leaue you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Iſa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leaſt thou a feauorous life ſhouldſt entertaine,
And ſix or ſeuen winters more reſpect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſence of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall ſufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why giue you me this ſhame?
Thinke you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneſſe? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Iſa. There ſpake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble, to conſerue a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputie,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being caſt, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo*? Princely / 32
Iſa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damneſt bodie to inueſt, and couer
In prenzie gardes; doſt thou thinke *Claudio*, Princely / 32
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.
Iſa. Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhorre to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.
Clau. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſinne,
Or of the deadly ſeuen it is the leaſt.
Iſa. Which is the leaſt?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurablie fin'de? Oh *Iſabell.*
Iſa. What ſaies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Iſa. And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and impriſonment penury / 32 *
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.
Iſa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Siſter, let me liue.
What ſinne you do, to ſaue a brothers life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deede ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Iſa. Oh you beaſt,
Oh faithleſſe Coward, oh diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heauen ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſſe
Nere iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thouſand praiers for thy death,
No word to ſaue thee.
Cla. Nay heare me *Iſabell.*
Iſa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy ſinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie

x "Yet Malone obſerves this edition and praises the former" — * Twice in one page we find the 2d ſo-ſupplied to the firſt

Dr Ingram

Mercy to thee would proue it ſelfe a Bawd,
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly.

Duke ſteps in /32

Cla. Oh heare me *Iſabella*.

Duk. Vouchſafe a word, yong ſiſter, but one word.

Iſa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you diſpenſe with your leyſure, I would by and by haue ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your owne benefit.

Iſa. I haue no ſuperfluous leyſure, my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath paſt between you & your ſiſter. *Angelo* had neuer the purpoſe to corrupt her; onely he hath made an aſſay of her vertue, to practiſe his iudgement with the diſpoſition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is moſt glad to receiue: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therfore prepare your ſelfe to death: do not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you muſt die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon, I am ſo out of loue with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Exit /32

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: *Prouoſt*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promiſes with my habit, no loſſe ſhall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the ſoule of your complexion, ſhall keepe the body of it euer faire: the aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Subſtitute, and to ſaue your Brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my ſonne ſhould be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can ſpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or diſcouer his gouernment.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſſe: yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will auoid your accuſation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore faſten your eare on my aduiſings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie preſents it ſelfe. I doe make my ſelfe beleeue that you may moſt vprighteouſly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no ſtaine to your owne gracious perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peraduenture he ſhall euer returne to haue hearing of this buſineſſe.

Iſab. Let me heare you ſpeake farther; I haue ſpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard ſpeake of *Mariana* the ſiſter of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miſcarried at Sea?

Iſa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee ſhould this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that periſhed veſſell, the dowry of his ſiſter: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer moſt kinde and naturall: with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: ſwallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, diſcoueries of diſhonor: in few, beſtow'd her on her owne lamentation, which ſhe yet weares for his ſake: and he, a marble to her teares, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

cares /32

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can ſhee auaile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heale: and the cure of it not only ſaues your brother, but keepes you from diſhonor in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his vniuſt vnkindeneſſe (that in all reaſon ſhould haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, anſwere his requiring with a plauſible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your ſelfe to this aduantage; firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all ſhadow, and ſilence in it: and the place anſwere to conuenience: this being granted in courſe, and now followes all: wee ſhall aduiſe this wronged maid to ſteed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it ſelfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother ſaued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Iſab. The image of it giues me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promiſe of ſatisfaction: I will preſently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this deiected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare youwell good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall haue all the world drinke browne & white baſtard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what ſtuffe is heere.

Clow. Twas neuer merry world ſince of two vſuries the merrieſt was put downe, and the worſer allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way ſir: 'bleſſe you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

32/ by adopted by Malone & Sherwin

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a ſtrange Pick-lock, which we haue ſent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From ſuch a filthie vice: ſay to thy ſelfe,
From their abhominable and beaſtly touches
I drinke, I eate away my ſelfe, and liue:
Canſt thou beleeue thy liuing is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's ſtinke in ſome ſort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would proue. ——— /32

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for ſin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to priſon Officer:
Correction, and Inſtruction muſt both worke
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeeme to bee from our faults, as faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waſt, a Cord ſir.

Clo. I ſpy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſaiſt thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What ſaiſt thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vvay? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: ſtill vvorſe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morſell, thy Miſtris? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth ſir, ſhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an vnſhun'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith ſir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*: farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you vvill keepe the houſe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worſhip will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed vvil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreaſe your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſtie *Pompey*.
Bleſſe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:
What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some ſay he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*: other ſome, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wherefoeuer, I wiſh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and vſurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence: he puts tranſgreſſion too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and feueritie muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vvell allied, but it is impoſſible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They ſay this *Angelo* vvas not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vvay of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he vvas begot betweene two Stock-fiſhes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant ſir, and ſpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleſſe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent haue done this? Ere he vvould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he vvould haue paide for the Nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, hee knew the ſeruice, and that inſtructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vvay.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vſe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-diſh; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Luc. Sir, I vvas an inward of his: a ſhie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleeue I know the cauſe of his vvithdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a ſecret muſt bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderſtand, the greater file of the ſubiect held the Duke to be vviſe.

Duke. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Luc. A very ſuperficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miſtaking: The very ſtreame of his life, and the buſineſſe he hath helmed, muſt vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee ſhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Stateſman, and a Soldier: therefore you ſpeake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleeue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngenitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntrussing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so.: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Iacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good'euen, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vse it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the See, *See, Theobald* x 32
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noueltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarse truth enough aliue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that aboue all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc. Rather reioycing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a praier they may proue prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no finister measure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Esc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iustice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Answere the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile
he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well. *Exit*

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the sword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as seueare:
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,
To vveede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And performe an olde contracting. *Exit*

Actus

too 32

"hes no past it 89" Dr Ihrun

x "Probably correction of See for Sea has been adopted, but Sea was the orthography of the Day and doubtless the word of Shakespeare, meaning the See of Rome" Dr Ihrun

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleeue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeue you: the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance alittle, may be I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him. *middle/32*

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I haue possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest *quests/32*
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuerance with an vnpittied whipping; for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

* "Reed has adopted a very unnecessary alteration of these lines by Stevens"
"There have I made my promise to call on him
Upon the heavy middle of the night"
Dr Sherwin

Abh. I Sir, a Miſterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard ſay, is a Miſterie; and your Whores ſir, being members of my occupation, v-ſing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Miſterie: but what Miſterie there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Miſterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouoſt.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerue him: For I do finde your Hang-man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftener aske forgiueneſſe.

Pro. You ſirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will inſtruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do deſire to learne ſir: and I hope, if you haue occaſion to vſe me for your owne turne, you ſhall finde me y'are. For truly ſir, for your kindneſſe, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As faſt lock'd vp in ſleepe, as guiltleſſe labour,
When it lies ſtarkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelfe. But harke, what noiſe?
Heauen giue your ſpirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is ſome pardon, or repreeue
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt, and wholſomſt ſpirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouoſt: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None ſince the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the ſtroke and line of his great Iuſtice:
He doth with holie abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelfe, which he ſpurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being ſo, he's iuſt. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouoſt, ſildome when
The ſteeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſt,
That wounds th'vnſifting Poſterne with theſe ſtrokes.

Pro. There he muſt ſtay vntil the Officer
Ariſe to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muſt die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouoſt, as it is,
You ſhall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You ſomething know: yet I beleeue there comes
No countermand: no ſuch example haue we:
Beſides, vpon the verie ſiege of Iuſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profeſt the contrarie.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man. Lordſhip's. Pope/32

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you ſwerue not from the ſmalleſt Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Pro. I ſhall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the Pardoner himſelfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's ſo extended,
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiſſe
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks ſtrangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatſoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernardine: For my better ſatisfaction, let mee haue Claudios head ſent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we muſt yet deliuer. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will anſwere it at your perill.

What ſay you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurſt vp & bred, One that is a priſoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do ſo.

Pro. His friends ſtill wrought Repreeues for him: And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelfe.

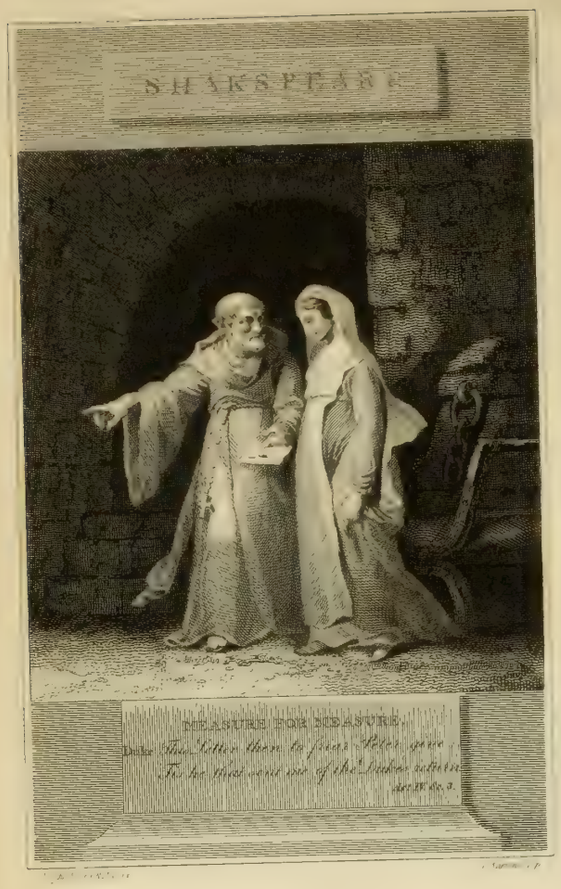
Duke. Hath he borne himſelfe penitently in priſon? How ſeemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dread-fully, but as a drunken ſleepe, careleſſe, wreakleſſe, and feareleſſe of what's paſt, preſent, or to come: inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the li-berty of the priſon: giue him leaue to eſcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming war-rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.


SHAKSPEARE

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouoſt, honeſty and conſtancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my ſelfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you vnderſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I craue but foure daies reſpit: for the which, you are to do me both a preſent, and a dangerous courteſie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an expreſſe command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſſe this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my inſtructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath ſeene them both,
And will diſcouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bar'de before his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeſſe, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iuſtice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty; yet ſince I ſee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perſwaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you ſhall anon ouer-reade it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall finde within theſe two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your ſelfe into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie vvhen they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a preſent ſhrift, and aduiſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolue you: Come away, it is almoſt cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would thinke it vvere Miſtris *Ouer-dons* owne houſe, for heere be manie of her olde Cuſtomers. Firſt, heere's yong Mr *Raſh*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine ſcore and ſeuenteene pounds, of which hee made fiue Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in requeſt, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the ſuite of Maſter *Threc-Pile* the Mercer, for ſome foure ſuites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-vow*, and Mr *Copperſpurre*, and Mr *Starue-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild luſtie *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthright* the Tilter, and braue Mr *Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that ſtabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyſe there? what are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You muſt be ſo good Sir to riſe, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am ſleepie.

Abh. Tell him he muſt awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo: Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you areexecuted, and ſleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruſſle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, ſirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorſon*?
What's the newes vvith you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleepe the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghoſtly Father: do we ieſt now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to aduiſe you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they ſhall beat out my braines with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh ſir, you muſt: and therefore I beſeech you Looke forward on the iournie you ſhall go.

Bar. I ſweare I will not die to day for anie mans perſwaſion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouoſt.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

Master/32

"Forthright mod. ed." Dr Shewin

Master/32
Master/32

20

x "Forthright may allude to the idea of a Tilter cutting right through the body of his antagonist — Explanation is better than correction".

Dr Shewin

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releasd him *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery syllable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wis-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good 'euen;
Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el haue very little of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.

Ang.

Act 5. MEASURE for MEASURE. Scene I.

Rambach del.

Mrs SIDDONS in ISABELLA.

Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a Maid!

Printed for John Cawthorn, No. 5, Catherine Street, Strand, Mar. 8, 1806.

An. In moſt vneuen and diſtracted manner, his actions ſhow much like to madneſſe, pray heauen his wiſedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliuer ou rauthorities there? deliver our authorities /32

Eſc. I gheſſe not.

Ang. And why ſhould wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redreſſe of iniuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſc. He ſhowes his reaſon for that: to haue a diſpatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which ſhall then haue no power to ſtand againſt vs.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, Ile call you at your houſe: giue notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuite as are to meete him.

Eſc. I ſhall ſir: fareyouwell. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deede vnſhapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law againſt it? But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaime againſt her maiden loſſe,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke, "of omitted
That no particular ſcandall once can touch in mod-ed"
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould haue liu'd, or shown
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous ſence
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By ſo receiuing a diſhonor'd life
With ranſome of ſuch ſhame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. Theſe Letters at fit time deliuer me,
The Prouoſt knowes our purpoſe and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your inſtruction
And hold you euer to our ſpeciall drift,
Though ſometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cauſe doth miniſter: Goe call at *Flauia*'s houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: giue the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flauius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou haſt made good haſt,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Iſabella and Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loath,
I would ſay the truth, but to accuſe him ſo
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,
He ſaies, to vaile full purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He ſpeake againſt me on the aduerſe ſide,
I ſhould not thinke it ſtrange, for 'tis a phyſicke
That's bitter, to ſweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Iſab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may haue ſuch vantage on the *Duke*
He ſhall not paſſe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets ſounded.
The generous, and graueſt Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſculus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeuerall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Coſen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to ſee you.

Ang. Eſc. Happy returne be to yonr royall grace.

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both: le /32
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodneſſe of your Iuſtice, that our ſoule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duk. Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud, & I ſhould wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert boſome
When it deſerues with characters of braſſe
A forted reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect ſee, to make them know
That outward curteſies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Eſcalus*,
You muſt walke by vs, on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you.

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Iſab. Iuſtice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue ſaid a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Heere is Lord *Angelo* ſhall giue you Iuſtice,
Reueale your ſelfe to him.

Iſab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me ſeeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your ſelfe: for that which I muſt ſpeake
Muſt either puniſh me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redreſſe from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a ſuitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by courſe of Iuſtice.

Iſab. By courſe of Iuſtice.

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeake moſt bitterly, and ſtrange. omitted in /32

Iſab. Moſt

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange: but yet moſt truely wil I ſpeake,
That *Angelo's* forſworne, is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not ſtrange? and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay it is ten times ſtrange?
Iſa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is ſtrange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Duke. Away with her: poore ſoule
She ſpeakes this, in th'infirmity of ſence.
Iſa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'ſt
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſſe: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeemes vnlike, 'tis not impoſſible
But one, the wickedſt caitiffe on the ground
May ſeeme as ſhie, as graue, as iuſt, as abſolute:
As *Angelo*, euen ſo may *Angelo*
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be leſſe, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſſe.
Duke. By mine honeſty
If ſhe be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madneſſe hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madneſſe.
Iſab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality, but let your reaſon ſerue
To make the truth appeare, where it ſeemes hid,
And hide the falſe ſeemes true.
Duk. Many that are not mad
Haue ſure more lacke of reaſon:
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the Siſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To looſe his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I,(in probation of a Siſterhood)
Was ſent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Meſſenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Iſab. That's he indeede.
Duk. You were not bid to ſpeake.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duk. I wiſh you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A buſineſſe for your ſelfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duk. The warrant's for your ſelfe: take heede to't.
Iſab. This Gentleman told ſomewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To ſpeake before your time: proceed,
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.
Duk. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab: Pardon it,
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.
Iſab. In briefe, to ſet the needleſſe proceſſe by: *omitted*
How I perſwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild concluſion
I now begin with griefe, and ſhame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfetting, he ſends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is moſt likely.
Iſab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (ſpeak'ſt,
Duk. By heauen (fond wretch) y^u^ knowſt not what thou
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honor
In hatefull practiſe: firſt his Integritie
Stands without blemiſh: next it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelfe: if he had ſo offended
He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himſelfe,
And not haue cut him off: ſome one hath ſet you on:
Confeſſe the truth, and ſay by whoſe aduice
Thou cam'ſt heere to complaine.
Iſab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleſſed Miniſters aboue
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heauen ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleeued goe.
Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To priſon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall,
On him ſo neere vs? This needs muſt be a practiſe;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Iſa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.
Duk. A ghoſtly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirment, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yeſternight my Lord, ſhe and that Fryer
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy Fryar,
A very ſcuruy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your Royall Grace:
I haue ſtood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall eare abus'd: firſt hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute,
Who is as free from touch, or ſoyle with her
As ſhe from one vngot.
Duke. We did beleeue no leſſe.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that ſhe ſpeakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not ſcuruy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truſt, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) miſ-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, moſt villanouſly, beleeue it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himſelfe;
But at this inſtant he is ſicke, my Lord:

Of

Of a ſtrange Feauor: vpon his meere requeſt
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To ſpeake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whenſoeuer he's conuented: Firſt for this woman,
To iuſtifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you heare diſproued to her eyes,
Till ſhe her ſelfe confeſſe it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs ſome ſeates, Come coſen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge Partial* Theobald
Of your owne Cauſe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

Firſt, let her ſhew your face, and after, ſpeake. Rec. 32

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confeſſe I nere was married,
And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witneſſe for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelfe-ſame manner, doth accuſemy husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'le depoſe I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges ſhe moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you ſay your husband.

Mar. Why iuſt, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Iſabels*.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe: Let's ſee thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou ſworſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was faſt belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Iſabell*,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her Imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie ſhe ſaies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord. 1/32

Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſſe, I know this woman,
And fiue yeres ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came ſhort of Compoſition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was diſ-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fiue yeres
I neuer ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words frō breath,
As there is ſence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gon, in's garden houſe,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees,
Or elſe for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but ſmile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the ſcope of Iuſtice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
Theſe poore informall women, are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member
That ſets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practiſe out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And puniſh them to your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkſt thou, thy oathes,
Though they would ſwear downe each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth, and credit gainst/32
That's ſeald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that ſet them on,
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouoſt knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it inſtantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Coſen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as ſeemes you beſt
In any chaſtiſement; I for a while
Will leaue you; but ſtir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon theſe Slanderers. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Luc. Cucullus non facit Monachum, honeſt in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſc. We ſhall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them againſt him: we ſhall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſc. Call that ſame *Iſabell* here once againe, I would ſpeake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to queſtion, you ſhall ſee how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Eſc. Say you?

Luc. Marry ſir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately

* "See a good note by Warner in Reed's Ed. showing that impartial was used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries in the sense of partial" . . . . . F. Sherwin

She would ſooner confeſſe, perchance publikely ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke, Prouoſt, Iſabella.

Eſc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Eſc. Come on Miſtris, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue ſaid.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the raſcall I ſpoke of,
Here, with the *Prouoſt*.

Eſc. In very good time: ſpeake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Eſc. Come Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confeſ'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis falſe.

Eſc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Reſpect to your great place; and let the diuell
Be ſometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he ſhould heare me ſpeake.

Eſc. The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you ſpeake,
Looke you ſpeake iuſtly.

Duk. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh poore ſoules,
Come you to ſeeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redreſſe: is the *Duke* gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too: The *Duke's* vniuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Luc. This is the raſcall: this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhallowed Fryer:
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women,
To accuſe this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witneſſe of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th' *Duke* himſelfe, to taxe him with Iniuſtice?
Take him hence; to th'racke with him: we'll towze you
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpoſe: *This*
What? vniuſt? *Sir P. Hammon adopts Mod. Edr.*

Duk. Be not ſo hot: the *Duke* dare
No more ſtretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My buſineſſe in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I haue ſeene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers ſhop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Eſc. Slander to th'State:
Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the ſound of your voice,
I met you at the Priſon, in the abſence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the *Duke*.

Duk. Moſt notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you ſo Sir: And was the *Duke* a fleſh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You muſt (Sir) change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duk. I proteſt, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my ſelfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to priſon: Where is the *Prouoſt*? away with him to priſon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him ſpeak no more: away with thoſe Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion,

Duk. Stay Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What, reſiſts he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come ſir, come ſir, come ſir: foh ſir, why you bald-pated lying raſcall: you muſt be hooded muſt you? ſhow your knaues viſage with a poxe to you: ſhow your ſheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the firſt knaue, that ere mad'ſt a *Duke*.
Firſt *Prouoſt*, let me bayle theſe gentle three:
Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Muſt haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worſe then hanging.

Duk. What you haue ſpoke, I pardon: ſit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:
Ha'ſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ſt
Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,
I ſhould be guiltier then my guiltineſſe,
To thinke I can be vndiſcerneable,
When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my paſſes. Then good Prince,
No longer Seſſion hold vpon my ſhame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman? *cwr/32*

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which conſummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouoſt*. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonor,
Then at the ſtrangeneſſe of it.

Duk. Come hither *Iſabell*,
Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then
Aduertyſing, and holy to your buſineſſe,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am ſtill,
Atturnied at your ſeruice.

Iſab. Oh giue me pardon
That I, your vaſſaile, haue imploid, and pain'd
Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Iſabell*:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know ſits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obſcur'd my ſelfe,
Labouring to ſaue his life: and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him ſo be loſt: oh moſt kinde Maid,
It was the ſwift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him,
That life is better life paſt fearing death,
Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

F. Hayman Inv.
H. Gravelot Sculps.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouoſt.

Iſab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of ſacred Chaſtitie, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Moſt audible, euen from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haſte ſtill paies haſte, and leaſure, anſwers leaſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, deniesthee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Poſſeſſions,
Although by confutation they are ours; "confiscation/32
We doe en-ſtate, and widow you with all, another instance
To buy you a better husband. of the superiority
of the 2d fol. even
Malone adopts
confiscation"
for Sherwin

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but looſe your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, ſweet *Iſabell*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you ſeruice.

Duke. Againſt all ſence you doe importune her,
Should ſhe kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghoſt, his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Iſabell:
Sweet *Iſabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, ſay nothing: I'll ſpeake all.
They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Iſabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir.
Looke if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due ſinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iuſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your ſuite's vnprofitable: ſtand vp I ſay:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Prouoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnuſuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpeciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate meſſage.

Duk. For which I doe diſcharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon
That ſhould by priuate order elſe haue dide,
I haue reſeru'd aliue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio*: 51/32
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Eſc. I am ſorry, one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue ſtil appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſſelie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am ſorrie, that ſuch ſorrow I procure,
And ſo deepe ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deſeruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouoſt, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art ſaid to haue a ſtubborne ſoule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide I pray thee/32
For better times to come: Frier aduiſe him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another priſoner that I ſau'd,
Who ſhould haue di'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie ſake
Giue me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's ſafe,
Methinkes I ſee a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remiſſion in my ſelfe: "Sir T. Hanmer changes
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon, the 2d worth into works
You ſirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward, which was adopted by
One all of Luxurie, an aſſe, a mad man: Warburton
Wherein haue I ſo deſeru'd of you but properly
That you extoll me thus? quites in the
Mod-Ed."
for Sherwin

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Prouoſt round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him ſweare himſelfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptiall finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beſeech your Highneſſe doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highneſſe ſaid euen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou ſhalt marrie her.
Thy ſlanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to priſon,
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.
Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preſſing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a Prince deſerues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you reſtore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confeſs'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſſe,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouoſt* for thy care, and ſecrecie,
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it ſelfe. Deere *Iſabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll ſhow
What's yet behinde, that meete you all ſhould know.

Hats /32

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantaſtique.
2. *Other like Gentlemen.*
Prouoſt.
Thomas. } 2. *Friers.*
Peter. }
Elbow, a ſimple Conſtable.
Froth, a fooliſh Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorſon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a diſſolute priſoner.
Iſabella, ſiſter to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.
Franciſca, a Nun.
Miſtris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

The Comedie of Errors.

In the manuscript Marginal remarks M.C. refers to the Ed. of J. Reid Esq^r 1803 vol. xx. O.C. to the old copy when no reference is made, the first folio of 1623 is to be understood - JJ also refers to the first folio when Ed^ns are named" Dr Sherwin

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A Hall in the Dukes Palace. M.C.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Iaylor, and other attendants.

Marchant.

PRoceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him: omitted /32
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusian*; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Mer. A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable: griefe /32
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad: Too /32
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left, store /32
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered poore /32
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife, Weeping /32
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercileſſe to vs:
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice fiue leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp, upon/32
Our helpefull ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt;
So that in this vniuſt diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for,
Her part, poore ſoule, ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer waight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the winde,
And in our ſight they three were taken vp
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ſhip had ſeiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſaue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ſhip-wrackt gueſts,
And would haue reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very ſlow of ſaile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus haue you heard me ſeuer'd from my bliſſe,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my owne miſhaps.
Duke. And for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now. "the M.C." Shearm
Merch. My yongeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquiſitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, ſo his caſe was like, for/32
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whil'ſt I laboured of a loue to ſee,
I hazarded the loſſe of whom I lou'd.
Fiue Sommers haue I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſſe to finde, yet loth to leaue vnſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere muſt end the ſtory of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.
Duke. Hapleſſe *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
To beare the extremitie of dire miſhap:
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Lawes,
Againſt my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not diſanull,
My ſoule ſhould ſue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great diſparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To ſeeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the ſumme,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy cuſtodie.
Iaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopeleſſe and helpeleſſe doth *Egean* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liueleſſe end. *Exeunt.*

Act 1 Scen 2 "A publike Place - M.C" Shearm
Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.
Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoone be confiſcate:
This very day a *Syracuſian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie ſunne ſet in the Weſt:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruſe the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and ſleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am ſtiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing ſo good a meane. 5/32
Exit Dromio.

Ant. A truſtie villaine ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry ieſts:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me? the/32
E.Mar. I am inuited ſir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, ſoone at fiue a clocke,
Pleaſe you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed time:
My preſent buſineſſe cals me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe looſe my ſelfe, 4/3
And wander vp and down to view the Citie.
E.Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content, my/:
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnſeene, inquiſitiue) confounds himſelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queſt of them (vnhappie a) looſe my ſelfe. him/32
him/32
Enter Dromio of Epheſus.
Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoone.
E.Dro. Return'd ſo ſoone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the ſpit;
The clocke hath ſtrucken twelue vpon the bell:
My Miſtris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, becauſe you come not home:
You come not home, becauſe you haue no ſtomacke:
You haue no ſtomacke, hauing broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde ſir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.
E.Dro. Oh fixe pence that I had a wenſday laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine owne cuſtodie.
E.Dro. I pray you ieſt ſir as you ſit at dinner:
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I returne I ſhall be poſt indeede.

For

"up omitted M.C" Shearm
"helpeful M.C." Shearm
"Barke M.C." ib
Sakes/32
hath/32
"Not M.C" Shearm
Merchant/32

For ſhe will ſcoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, ſhould be your cooke,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, theſe ieſts are out of ſeaſon,
Reſerue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
E.Dro. To me ſir? why you gaue no gold to me?
Ant. Come on ſir knaue, haue done your fooliſhnes,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.
E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you frō the Mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix* ſir, to dinner;
My Miſtris and her ſiſter ſtaies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you haue beſtow'd my monie;
Or I ſhall breake that merrie ſconce of yours
That ſtands on tricks, when I am vndiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand Markes thou hadſt of me?
E.Dro. I haue ſome markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Miſtris markes vpon my ſhoulders:
But not a thouſand markes betweene you both.
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Ant. Thy Miſtris markes? what Miſtris ſlaue haſt thou?
E.Dro. Your worſhips wife, my Miſtris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth faſt till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that ſir knaue.
E.Dro. What meane you ſir, for God ſake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not ſir, Ile take my heeles.
Exeunt Dromio Ep.
Ant. Vpon my life by ſome deuiſe or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They ſay this towne is full of coſenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Diſguiſed Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie ſuch like liberties of ſinne:
If it proue ſo, I will be gone the ſooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe ſeeke this ſlaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not ſafe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Siſter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the ſlaue return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeeke his Maſter?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps ſome Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good Siſter let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Maſter of his libertie:
Time is their Maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll goe or come; if ſo, be patient Siſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſſe ſtill lies out adore.
Adr. Looke when I ſerue him ſo, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſht with woe:
There's nothing ſituate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in ſea, in skie.
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowles
Are their males ſubiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectuall ſence and ſoules,
Of more preheminence then fiſh and fowles,
Are maſters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This ſeruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.
Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear ſome ſway
Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practiſe to obey.
Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though ſhe pauſe,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoule bruis'd with aduerſitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we ſhould our ſelues complaine:
So thou that haſt no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpeleſſe patience would releeue me;
But if thou liue to ſee like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie maſter now at hand?
E.Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witneſſe.
Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeake with him? knowſt thou his minde?
E.Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could vnderſtand it.
Luc. Spake hee ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feele his meaning.
E.Dro. Nay, hee ſtrooke ſo plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce vnderſtand them.
Adri. But ſay, I prethee, is he comming home?
It ſeemes he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.
E.Dro. Why Miſtreſſe, ſure my Maſter is horne mad.
Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?
E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But ſure he is ſtarke mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thouſand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My miſtreſſe, ſir, quoth I: hang vp thy Miſtreſſe:
I know not thy miſtreſſe, out on thy miſtreſſe.
Luci. Quoth who?
E.Dr. Quoth my Maſter, I know quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſſe: ſo that my arrant due vnto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my ſhoulders: for in concluſion, he did beat me there.
Adri. Go back againe, thou ſlaue, & fetch him home.
Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adri. Backe ſlaue, or I will breake thy pate a-croſſe.
Dro. And he will bleſſe y^e croſſe with other beating:
Betweene you, I ſhall haue a holy head.
Adri. Hence prating peſant, fetch thy Maſter home.
Dro. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe ſpurne me thus:
You ſpurne me hence, and he will ſpurne me hither,
If I laſt in this ſeruice, you muſt caſe me in leather. *Exit.*
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adri. His company muſt doe his minions grace,
Whil'ſt I at home ſtarue for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and ſharpe diſcourſe be mar'd,
Vnkindneſſe blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay veſtments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A ſunnie looke of his, would ſoone repaire.
But, too vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his ſtale.
Luci. Selfe-harming Iealouſie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I ſee the Iewell beſt enamaled
Will looſe his beautie: yet the gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame:
Since that my beautie cannot pleaſe his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luci. How manie fond fooles ſerue mad Iealouſie?

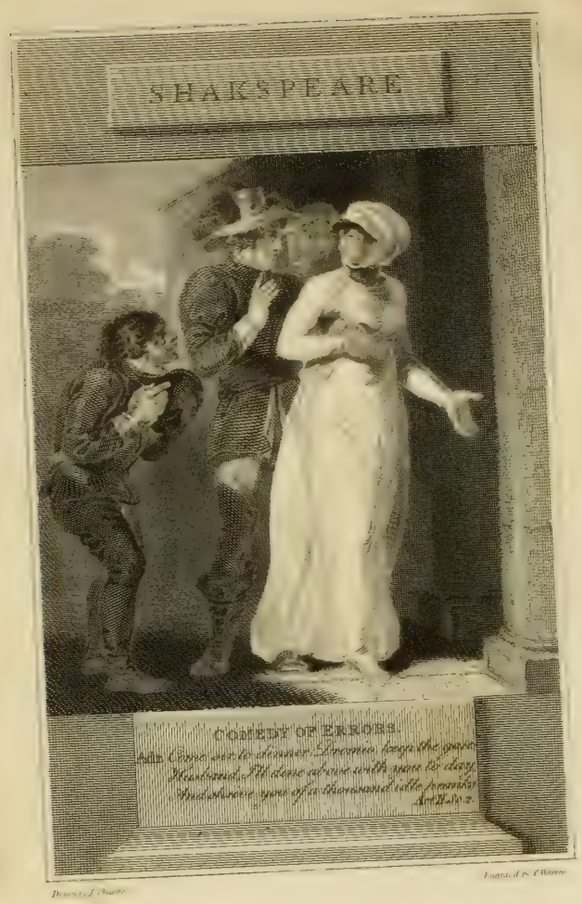
Exit.

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull ſlaue
Is wandred forth in care to ſeeke me out
By computation and mine hoſts report.
I could not ſpeake with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart? ſee here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracuſia.

How now ſir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue ſtroakes, ſo ieſt with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Miſtreſſe ſent to haue me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix*? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madlie thou did didſt anſwere me?
S.Dro. What anſwer ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre ſince.
S.Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didſt denie the golds receit,
And toldſt me of a Miſtreſſe, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltſt I was diſpleas'd.
S.Dro: I am glad to ſee you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this ieſt, I pray you Maſter tell me?
Ant. Yea, doſt thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkſt y^u I ieſt? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
S.Dr. Hold ſir, for Gods ſake, now your ieſt is earneſt,
Vpon what bargaine doe you giue it me?
Antiph. Becauſe that I familiarlie ſometimes
Doe vſe you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſſe will ieſt vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my ſerious howres,
When the ſunne ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will ieſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.
S.Dro. Sconce call you it? ſo you would leaue battering, I had rather haue it a head, and you vſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and Inſconce it to, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders, but I pray ſir, why am I beaten?
Ant. Doſt thou not know?
S.Dro, Nothing ſir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S.Dro. I ſir, and wherefore; for they ſay, euery why hath a wherefore.
Ant. Why firſt for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the ſecond time to me.
S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reaſon. Well ſir, I thanke you.
Ant. Thanke me ſir, for what?
S.Dro. Marry ſir, for this ſomething that you gaue me for nothing.
Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing for ſomething. But ſay ſir, is it dinner time?
S.Dro. No ſir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.
Ant. In good time ſir: what's that?
S.Dro. Baſting.
Ant. Well ſir, then 'twill be drie.
S.Dro. If it be ſir, I pray you eat none of it.
Ant. Your reaſon?
S.Dro. Leſt it make you chollericke, and purchaſe me another drie baſting.
Ant. Well ſir, learne to ieſt in good time, there's a time for all things.
S.Dro. I durſt haue denied that before you vvere ſo chollericke.
Anti. By what rule ſir?
S.Dro. Marry ſir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himſelfe.
Ant. Let's heare it.
S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that growes bald by nature.
Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the loſt haire of another man.
Ant. Why, is Time ſuch a niggard of haire, being (as it is) ſo plentifull an excrement?
S.Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that hee beſtowes on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.
Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.
S.Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his haire.
Ant. Why thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he looſeth it in a kinde of iollitie.
An. For what reaſon.
S.Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.


SHAKSPEARE
COMEDY OF ERRORS

An. Nay not found I pray you. ones /32
S.Dro. Sure ones then.
An. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.
S.Dro. Certaine ones then.
An. Name them.
S.Dro. The one to ſaue the money that he ſpends in trying: the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porrage.
An. You would all this time haue prou'd, here is no time for all things. there /32
S.Dro. Marry and did ſir: namely, in no time to recouer haire loſt by Nature.
An. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantiall, why there is no time to recouer.
S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.
An. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft, who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke ſtrange and frowne,
Some other Miſtreſſe hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldſt vow,
That neuer words were muſicke to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleaſing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat ſweet-ſauour'd in thy taſte,
Vnleſſe I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelfe?
Thy ſelfe I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere ſelfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy ſelfe from me;
For know my loue: as eaſie maiſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldſt thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the ſtain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canſt, and therefore ſee thou doe it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I doe digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue diſtain'd, thou vndiſhonoured.
Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two houres old,
As ſtrange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being ſcan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderſtand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didſt returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you conuerſe ſir with this gentlewoman:
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
S.Dro. I ſir? I neuer ſaw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou lieſt, for euen her verie words,
Didſt thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I neuer ſpake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call vs by our names?
Vnleſſe it be by inſpiration.
Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus groſely with your ſlaue, your /32
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will faſten on this ſleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe weakneſſe married to thy ſtranger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſſe thee from me, it is droſſe,
Vſurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Moſſe,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and liue on thy confuſion.
Ant. To mee ſhee ſpeakes, ſhee moues mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or ſleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our eies and eares amiſſe?
Vntill I know this ſure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.
Luc. Dromio, goe bid the ſeruants ſpred for dinner.
S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I croſſe me for a ſinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh ſpight of ſpights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights; Elues /32
If we obay them not, this will inſue:
They'll ſucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelfe, and anſwer'ſt not? omitted in 32
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou ſnaile, thou ſlug, thou ſot. omitted in 32
S.Dro. I am transformed Maſter, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and ſo am I.
S.Dro. Nay Maſter, both in minde, and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine owne forme.
S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſſe.
S.Dro. 'Tis true ſhe rides me, and I long for graſſe.
'Tis ſo, I am an Aſſe, elſe it could neuer be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe; Whil /32
Whil'ſt man and Maſter laughes my woes to ſcorne:
Come ſir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And ſhriue you of a thouſand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come ſiſter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduiſde:
Knowne vnto theſe, and to my ſelfe diſguiſde:
Ile ſay as they ſay, and perſeuer ſo:
And in this miſt at all aduentures go.
S.Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, leaſt I breake your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

"The same. A.C." Theirs

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Merchant.

E.Anti. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
E.Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show;
If ye skin were parchment, & ye blows you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E.Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.
E.Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.
E.An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.
E.An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat sir is cõmon that euery churle affords.
Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.
Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.
E.Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.
S.Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou coniure for wenches, that ye calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.
S.Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.
E.Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.
S.Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.
S.Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.
Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?
S.Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.
E.Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

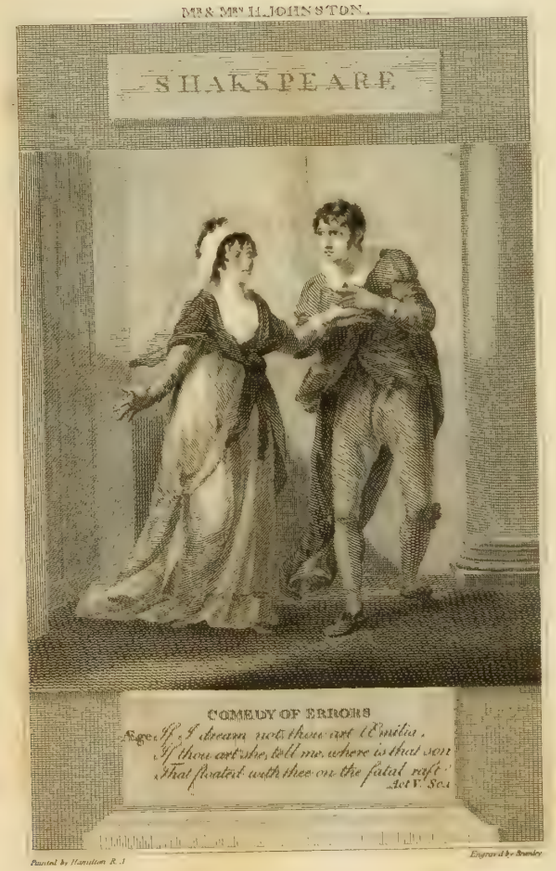
Luce. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?
E.Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.
Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.
E.Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,
Shall I set in my staffe.
Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?
S.Dro. If thy name be called *Luce, Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.
Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?
Luce. I thought to haue askt you.
S.Dro. And you said no.
E.Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.
Anti. Thou baggage let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
E.Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.
Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.
Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.
Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore ye keeps all this noise?
S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.
Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.
Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.
E.Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold goe sore.
Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.
Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.
E.Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.
Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E.Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.
Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.
S.Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.
E.Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.
S.Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.
E.Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.
S.Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.
Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.
E.Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;

London Printed for J.Bell British Library Strand, Decemr 1st 1785.

MRS MTH JOHNSTON.


SHAKSPEARE
COMEDY OF ERRORS
Aegn. If I dream not thou art Emilia,
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.
Act V. Sc.1

Painted by Hamilton R.A.

Engraved by Bromley

London Published by Geo. Kearsley, July 1st 1787.

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
If a crow help vs in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife. "her M.C. Bare" Sherwin
Once this your long experience of your wisedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet vngalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For slander liues vpon succession;
For euer hows'd, where it gets possession. once /32
Anti. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow Iarly /32
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.
Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.
Act III Scene II Luciana /32 *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.

Iulia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus* "Kate, Thobald" Sherwin
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate? "building Thobald"
If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Sherwin
Then for her wealths-sake vse her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine? "attaint M.C. Rowe"
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed, Sherwin
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word: "but M.C. Thobald"
Alas poore women, make vs not beleeue Lord
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.
S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake, Haddon /32
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe: a /32
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares: s /32
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie: bd /32
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.
Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight. "Shure M.C. Rope" Sherwin
Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.
Ant. Thy sisters sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee: am /32
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand.
Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*
From the House of Sir /32 *Enter Dromio, Siracusia.*
Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so fast?
S.Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

Ant. What

Anti. What claime laies ſhe to thee?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſuch claime as you would lay to your horſe, and ſhe would haue me as a beaſt, not that I being a beaſt ſhe would haue me, but that ſhe being a verie beaſtly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is ſhe?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I ſuch a one, as a man may not ſpeake of, without he ſay ſir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How doſt thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry ſir, ſhe's the Kitchin wench, & al greaſe, and I know not what vſe to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If ſhe liues till doomeſday, ſhe'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Anti. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. Swart like my ſhoo, but her face nothing like ſo cleane kept: for why? ſhe ſweats a man may goe ouer-ſhooes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No ſir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then ſhe beares ſome bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry ſir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant, Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrenneſſe, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre againſt her heire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whiteneſſe in them. But I gueſſe, it ſtood in her chin by the ſalt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I ſaw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh ſir, vpon her noſe, all ore embelliſhed with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aſpect to the hot breath of Spaine, who ſent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

Anti. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh ſir, I did not looke ſo low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my ſhoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breſt had not beene made of faith, and my heart of ſteele, ſhe had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Go hie thee preſently, poſt to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my ſoule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire ſiſter
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſoueraigne grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me Traitor to my ſelfe:
But leaſt my ſelfe be guilty to ſelfe wrong,
Ile ſtop mine eares againſt the Mermaids ſong.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus.*

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well ſir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine vnfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I ſhal do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe your ſelfe ſir: I haue made it for you.

Anti. Made it for me ſir, I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your Wife withall,
And ſoone at ſupper time Ile viſit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you ſir receiue the money now,
For feare you ne're ſee chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man ſir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I ſhould thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is ſo vaine,
That would refuſe ſo faire an offer'd Chaine.
I ſee a man heere needs not liue by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meetes ſuch Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay,
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldſmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know ſince Pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iuſt the ſum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
I ſhall receiue the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walke with me downe to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Epheſ. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you ſaue: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldſmiths houſe, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I beſtow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But ſoft I ſee the Goldſmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio
Eph.Ant. A man is well holpe vp that truſts to you,
I promiſed your preſence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldſmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmoſt charect,
The fineneſſe of the Gold, and chargefull faſhion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I ſtand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and ſtayes but for it.
Anti. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent monie:
Beſides I haue ſome buſineſſe in the towne,
Good Signior take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſumme, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as ſoone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your ſelfe.
Anti. No beare it with you, leaſt I come not time enough.
Gold. Well ſir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I haue not ſir, I hope you haue:
Or elſe you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you ſir, giue me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide ſtayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.
Anti. Good Lord, you vſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porpentine*,
I ſhould haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a ſhrew you firſt begin to brawle.
Mar. The houre ſteales on, I pray you ſir diſpatch.
Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either ſend the Chaine, or ſend me by ſome token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me ſee it.
Mar. My buſineſſe cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good ſir ſay, whe'r you'l anſwer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.
Ant. I anſwer you? What ſhould I anſwer you.
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre ſince.
Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to ſay ſo.
Gold. You wrong me more ſir in denying it.
Conſider how it ſtands vpon my credit.
Mar. Well Officer, arreſt him at my ſuite.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Conſent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arreſt me fooliſh fellow if thou dar'ſt.
Gold. Heere is thy fee, arreſt him Officer.
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorne me ſo apparantly.
Offic. I do arreſt you ſir, you heare the ſuite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
But ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as deere,
As all the mettall in your ſhop will anſwer.
Gold. Sir, ſir, I ſhall haue Law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Maſter, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That ſtaies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then ſir ſhe beares away. Our fraughtage ſir,
I haue conuei'd aboord, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balſamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelfe.
An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuiſh ſheep
What ſhip of *Epidamium* ſtaies for me.
S.Dro. A ſhip you ſent me too, to hier waftage.
Ant. Thou drunken ſlaue, I ſent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
S.Dro. You ſent me for a ropes end as ſoone,
You ſent me to the Bay ſir, for a Barke.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure
And teach your eares to liſt me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee ſtraight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkiſh Tapiſtrie,
There is a purſe of Duckets, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreete,
And that ſhall baile me: hie thee ſlaue, be gone,
On Officer to priſon, till it come.
Exeunt
S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaſſe,
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will:
For ſeruants muſt their Maſters mindes fulfill.
Exit

Act IV
Scene II

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceiue auſteerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſeruation mad'ſt thou in this caſe?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
Luc. Firſt he deni'de you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my ſpight
Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger heere.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworne hee were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſwaſion did he tempt thy loue?
Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might moue.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beautie, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeake him faire?
Luc. Haue patience I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill,
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe bodied, ſhapeleſſe euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, fooliſh, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making w orſe in minde.
Luc. Who would be iealous then of ſuch a one?
No euill loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I ſay:
And yet would herein others eies were worſe:
Farre from her neſt the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curſe.

Enter S.Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purſe, ſweet now make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S.Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy Maſter *Dromio*? Is he well?
S.Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe then hell:
A diuell in an euerlaſting garment hath him;
On whoſe hard heart is button'd vp with ſteele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileſſe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worſe, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermāds
The paſſages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgmēt carries poore ſoules to hel.
Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S.Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is reſted on the caſe.
Adr. What is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuite?
S.Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuite he is areſted well; but is in a ſuite of buffe which reſted him, that can I tell, will you ſend him Miſtris redemption, the monie in his deske.
Adr. Go fetch it Sifter: this I wonder at.
Exit Luciana.
Thus he vnknowne to me ſhould be in debt:
Tell me, was he areſted on a band?
S.Dro. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adria. What, the chaine?
S.Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke ſtrikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.
S.Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes backe for verie feare.
Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'ſt thou reaſon?
S.Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it ſtraight,
And bring thy Maſter home imediately.
Come ſifter, I am preſt downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracuſia.

There's not a man I meete but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, ſome inuite me;
Some other giue me thankes for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

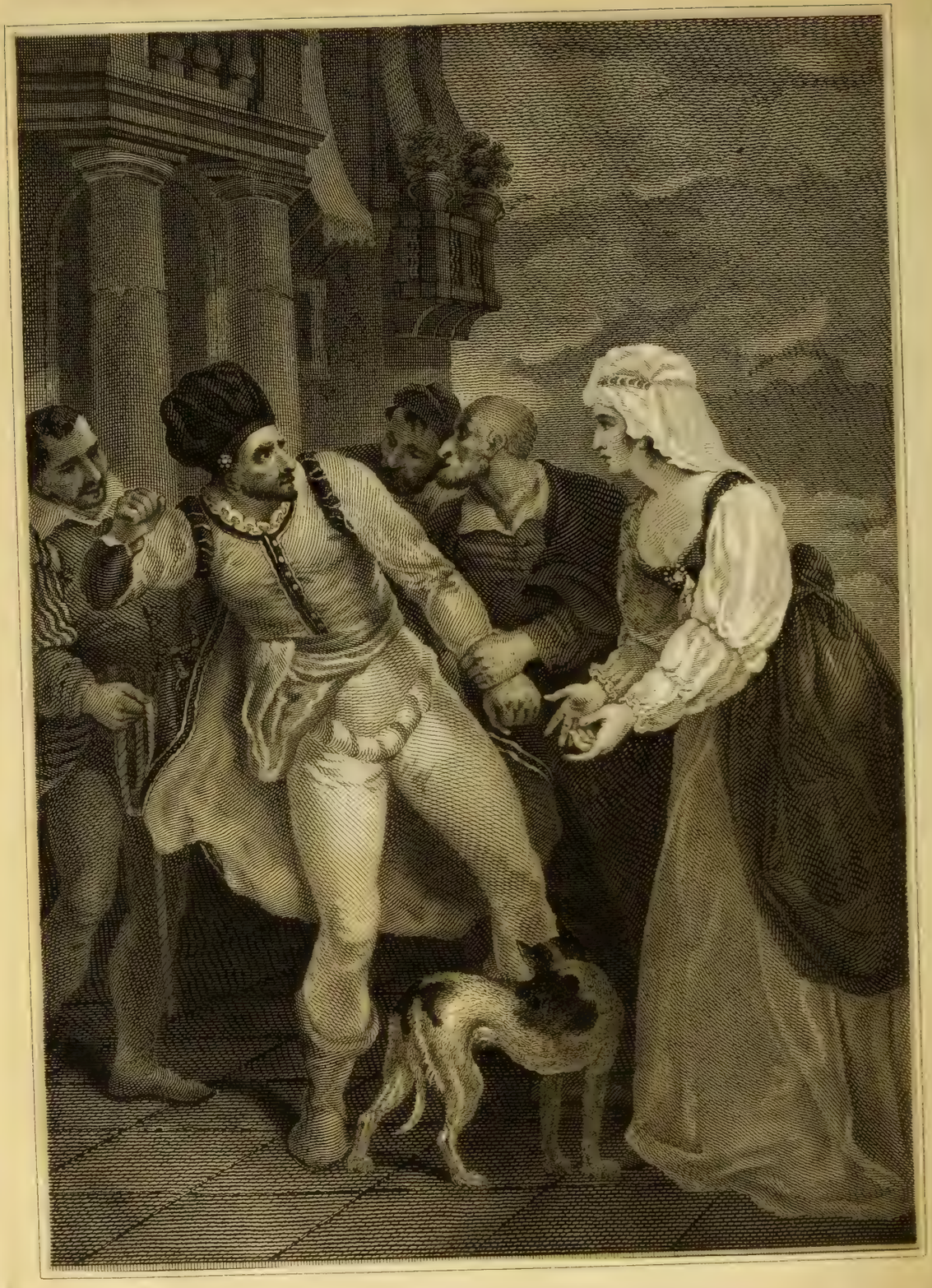
Enter Dromio.Sir.

S.Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: what haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?
Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou meane?
S.Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradiſe: but that *Adam* that keepes the priſon; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you ſir, like an euill angel, and bid you forſake your libertie.
Ant. I vnderſtand thee not.
S.Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine caſe: he that went like a Baſe-Viole in a caſe of leather; the man ſir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a ſob, and reſts them: he ſir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them ſuites of durance: he that ſets vp his reſt to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.
Ant. What thou mean'ſt an officer?
S.Dro. I ſir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to anſwer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and ſaies, God giue you good reſt.
Ant. Well ſir, there reſt in your foolerie:
Is there any ſhips puts forth to night? may we be gone?
S.Dro. Why ſir, I brought you word an houre ſince, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you ſent for to deliuer you.
Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholus*:
I ſee ſir you haue found the Gold-ſmith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.
Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.
S.Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtris *Sathan*?
Ant. It is the diuell.
S.Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the diuels dam:
And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay God dam me, That's as much to ſay, God make me a light wench: It is written they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.
Cur. Your man and you are maruailous merrie ſir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?
S.Dro. Maſter, if do expect ſpoon-meate, or beſpeake a long ſpoone.
Ant. Why *Dromio*?
S.Dro. Marrie he muſt haue a long ſpoone that muſt eate with the diuell.
Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all a ſorcereſſe:
I coniure thee to leaue mee, and be gon.
Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone ſir, and not trouble you.
S.Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,

Mr. **DUNSTAL** *in the Character of the Syracusan Dromio.*



a ruſh, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-ſtone: but ſhe more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Maſter be wiſe, and if you giue it her, the diuell will ſhake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you ſir my Ring, or elſe the Chaine, I hope you do not meane to cheate me ſo?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S. Dro. Flie pride ſaies the Pea-cocke, Miſtris that you know. *Exit.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad, Exeunt/32
Elſe would he neuer ſo demeane himſelfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doores againſt his way:
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chooſe,
For fortie Duckets is too much to looſe.

Enter Antipholus Epheſ. with a Iailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee ſo much money
To warrant thee as I am reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly truſt the Meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now ſir? Haue you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why ſir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile ſerue you ſir fiue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end ſir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end ſir, I will welcome you. beating him &c. Theirs

Offi. Good ſir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduerſitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſwade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whoreſon ſenſeleſſe Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſſe ſir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blowes, and ſo is an Aſſe.

E. Dro. I am an Aſſe indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue ſerued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this inſtant, and haue nothing at his hands for my ſeruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I ſleepe, rais'd with it when I ſit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my ſhoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaſter, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtris *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end, or rather the propheſie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou ſtill talke? *Beats Dro.*

Curt. How ſay you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuility confirmes no leſſe:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſence againe,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how ſharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extaſie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulſe.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld poſſeſſion to my holie praiers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſſe hie thee ſtraight,
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore diſtreſſed ſoule.

Anti. You Minion you, are theſe your Cuſtomers?
Did this Companion with the ſaffron face
Reuell and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whil'ſt vpon me the guiltie doores were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame.

Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what ſayeſt thou?

Dro. Sir ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I ſhut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you ſhut out.

Anti. And did not ſhe her ſelfe reuile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, ſhe her ſelfe reuil'd you there.

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and ſcorne me?

Dro. Certis ſhe did, the kitchin veſtall ſcorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witneſſe,
That ſince haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries? Sooth/32

Pinch. It is no ſhame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frenſie.

Ant. Thou haſt ſubborn'd the Goldſmith to arreſt mee.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in haſt for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But ſurely Maſter not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentſt not thou to her for a purſe of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luci. And I am witneſſe with her that ſhe did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneſſe,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Miſtris, both Man and Maſter is poſſeſt,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

They muſt be bound and laide in ſome darke roome.
Ant. Say wherefore didſt thou locke me forth to day,
And why doſt thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold:
But I confeſſe ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both
Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathſome abiect ſcorne of me:
But with theſe nailes, Ile plucke out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhamefull ſport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee ſtriues.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou? I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters let him go: he is my priſoner, and you ſhall not haue him.
Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuiſh Officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelfe?
Offi. He is my priſoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Maſter Doctor ſee him ſafe conuey'd
Home to my houſe, oh moſt vnhappy day.
Ant. Oh moſt vnhappie ſtrumpet.
Dro. Maſter, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doſt thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Maſter, cry the diuell.
Luc. God helpe poore ſoules, how idlely doe they talke.
Adr. Go beare him hence, ſiſter go you with me:
Say now, whoſe ſuite is he arreſted at?
Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan
Off. One *Angelo* a Goldſmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the ſumme he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I ſaw vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did neuer ſee it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Syracuſia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are looſe againe.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.
Runne all out.
Off. Away, they'l kill vs.
Exeunt omnes, as faſt as may be, frighted.
S. Ant. I ſee theſe Witches are affraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our ſtuffe from thence:
I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboord.
Dro. Faith ſtay heere this night, they will ſurely do vs no harme: you ſaw they ſpeake vs faire, giue vs gold: me thinkes they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad fleſh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to ſtay heere ſtill, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our ſtuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldſmith.

Gold. I am ſorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I proteſt he had the Chaine of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth denie it.
Mar. How is the man eſteem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reuerent reputation ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mar. Speake ſoftly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis ſo: and that ſelfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to haue.
Good ſir draw neere to me, Ile ſpeake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble,
And not without ſome ſcandall to your ſelfe,
With circumſtance and oaths, ſo to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare ſo openly.
Beſide the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You haue done wrong to this my honeſt friend,
Who but for ſtaying on our Controuerſie,
Had hoiſted ſaile, and put to ſea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
Mar. Yes that you did ſir, and forſwore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forſweare it?
Mar. Theſe eares of mine thou knowſt did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'ſt
To walke where any honeſt men reſort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honeſtie
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand:
Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.
They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.
Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God ſake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Runne maſter run, for Gods ſake take a houſe,
This is ſome Priorie, in, or we are ſpoyl'd.
Exeunt to the Priorie.
Enter

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Act 4 Sc 4.

Painted by T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by J. Heath Historical Engraver to his Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales

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F. Hayman inv.
F. Gravelot Sculp.

Enter Ladie Abbeſſe.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore diſtracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him faſt,
And beare him home for his recouerie.
Gold. I knew he vvas not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am ſorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heauie, ſower ſad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his paſſion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wrack of ſea,
Buried ſome deere friend, hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A ſinne preuailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the libertie of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrowes is he ſubiect too?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt,
Namely, ſome loue that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You ſhould for that haue reprehended him.
Adr. Why ſo I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modeſtie would let me.
Ab. Haply in priuate.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he ſlept not for my vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the ſubiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab, And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poiſons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It ſeemes his ſleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſaiſt his meate was ſawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madneſſe?
Thou ſayeſt his ſports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſſe diſpaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſeruing reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath ſcar'd thy husband from the vſe of wits.
Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himſelfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
Ad. Then let your ſeruants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or looſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſſe, for it is my Office,
And will haue no atturney but my ſelfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholſome ſirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it doth beſeeme your holineſſe
To ſeparate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not haue him.
Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall proſtrate at his feete,
And neuer riſe vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbeſſe.
Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at fiue:
Anon I'me ſure the Duke himſelfe in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and ſorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
Gold. Vpon what cauſe?
Mar. To ſee a reuerent *Siracuſian* Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Againſt the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he paſſe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, and the Merchant of Siracuſe bare head, with the Headſman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the ſumme for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Iuſtice moſt ſacred Duke againſt the Abbeſſe.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
*Adr.*May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholus* my husbād,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A moſt outragious fit of madneſſe tooke him:
That deſp'rately he hurried through the ſtreete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the Citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes: bearing thence
Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whil'ſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what ſtrong eſcape
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himſelfe,
Each one with irefull paſſion, with drawne ſwords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raiſing of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we purſu'd them,
And heere the Abbeſſe ſhuts the gates on vs,
And will not ſuffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may beare him hence.

Therefore moſt gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſeru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didſt make him Maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſſe come to me:
I will determine this before I ſtirre.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Oh Miſtris, Miſtris, ſhift and ſaue your ſelfe,
My Maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe beard they haue ſindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And ſure (vnleſſe you ſend ſome preſent helpe) Antr/32
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.
Adr. Peace foole, thy Maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to vs. Ff/32
Meſſ. Miſtris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Miſtris: flie, be gone.
Duke. Come ſtand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witneſſe you,
That he is borne about inuiſible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, paſt thought of humane reaſon.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Epheſus.

E. Ant. Iuſtice moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me iuſtice,
Euen for the ſeruice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe ſcarres to ſaue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me iuſtice.
Mar.Fat. Vnleſſe the feare of death doth make me dote, I ſee my ſonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.
E.Ant. Iuſtice (ſweet Prince) againſt y Woman there:
She whom thou gau'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonored me,
Euen in the ſtrength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſſe throwne on me.
Duke. Diſcouer how, and thou ſhall finde me iuſt.
E.Ant. This day (great Duke) ſhe ſhut the doores vpon me,
While ſhe with Harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A greeuous fault: ſay woman, didſt thou ſo?
Adr. No my good Lord. My ſelfe, he, and my ſiſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befall my ſoule,
As this is falſe he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor ſleepe on night,
But ſhe tels to your Highneſſe ſimple truth.
Gold. O periur'd woman! They are both forſworne,
In this the Madman iuſtly chargeth them.
E,Ant. My Liege, I am aduiſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-raſh prouoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſſe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthaſar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to ſeeke him. In the ſtreet I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this periur'd Goldſmith ſweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I ſaw not. For the which,
He did arreſt me with an Officer.
I did obey, and ſent my Peſant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I beſpoke the Officer
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-ſharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious ſlaue,
Forſooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder, As/32
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To giue me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deepe ſhames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
Theſe people ſaw the Chaine about his necke.
Mar. Beſides, I will be ſworne theſe eares of mine,
Heard you confeſſe you had the Chaine of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
E.Ant. I neuer came within theſe Abbey wals,
Nor euer didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I neuer ſaw the Chaine, ſo helpe me heauen:
And this is falſe you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith heere
Denies that ſaying. Sirra, what ſay you?
E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger ſnacht that Ring.
E.Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As ſure (my Liege) as I do ſee your Grace.
Duke. Why this is ſtraunge: Go call the Abbeſſe hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or ſtarke mad.

Exit

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act IV *Scene IX*

E. Edwards del. *C. Grignion sculp.*

Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

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Painted by J. Stothard R.A.

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COMEDY OF ERRORS

Abb. . *Most mighty Duke behold a man much wrong'd*

Act 5 Scene

Pubd. as the Act directs 1 Novr. 1785 by J. Stothard 3 Pindell Place Fitzroy Square and C. Richmond [illegible]

Exit one to the Abbeſſe.

Fa. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply I ſee a friend will ſaue my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliuer me.
Duke. Speake freely *Siracuſian* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name ſir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
E.Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman ſir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.
Fath. I am ſure you both of you remember me. *not in F2*
Dro. Our ſelues we do remember ſir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you ſir?
Father. Why looke you ſtrange on me? you know me well.
E.Ant. I neuer ſaw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.
Fat. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. No truſt me ſir, nor I.
Fa. I am ſure thou doſt?
E.Dromio. I ſir, but I am ſure I do not, and whatſoeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him.
Fath. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poore tongue
In ſeuen ſhort yeares, that heere my onely ſonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming Winters drizled ſnow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life ſome memorie:
My waſting lampes ſome fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vſe to heare:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my ſonne *Antipholus.*
Ant. I neuer ſaw my Father in my life.
Fa. But ſeuen yeares ſince, in *Siracuſa* boy
Thou know'ſt we parted, but perhaps my ſonne,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſerie.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witneſſe with me that it is not ſo.
I ne're ſaw *Siracuſa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee *Siracuſian*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're ſaw *Siracuſa*:
I ſee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſſe with Antipholus Siracuſa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbeſſe. Moſt mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to ſee them.

Adr. I ſee two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.
Duke. One of theſe men is *genius* to the other:
And ſo of theſe, which is the naturall man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?
S.Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E.Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me ſtay.
S.Ant. Egeon art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt.
S.Drom. Oh my olde Maſter, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who euer bound him, I will loſe his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'ſt the man
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire ſonnes?
Oh if thou bee'ſt the ſame *Egeon*, ſpeake:
And ſpeake vnto the ſame *Æmilia.*
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning ſtorie right:
Theſe two *Antipholus*, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance:
Beſides her vrging of her wracke at ſea,
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my ſonne from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamium.*
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you ſee mee in.
Duke. Antipholus thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.
S.Ant. No ſir, not I, I came from *Siracuſe.*
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my moſt gracious Lord
E.Dro. And I with him.
E.Ant. Brought to this Town by that moſt famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned Vnckle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S.Ant. I, gentle Miſtris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E.Ant. No, I ſay nay to that.
S.Ant. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo:
And this faire Gentlewoman her ſiſter heere *omitted in F2*
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall haue leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I ſee and heare.
Goldſmith. That is the Chaine ſir, which you had of mee.
S.Ant. I thinke it be ſir, I denie it not.
E.Ant. And you ſir for this Chaine arreſted me.
Gold. I thinke I did ſir, I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you monie ſir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
E.Dro. No, none by me.
S.Ant. This purſe of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I ſee we ſtill did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors are aroſe.
E.Ant. Theſe Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It ſhall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I muſt haue that Diamond from you.
E.Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large diſcourſed all our fortunes,
And all that are aſſembled in this place:
That by this ſimpathized one daies error
Haue ſuffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my ſonnes, and till this preſent houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Goſſips feaſt, and go with mee,
After ſo long greefe ſuch Natiuitie.
Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipbord?
E.An.Dromio, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbarkt
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt ſir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He ſpeakes to me, I am your maſter *Dromio.*
Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*
S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſters houſe,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife,
E. D. Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping?
S.Dro. Not I ſir, you are my elder.
E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.
S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou firſt.
E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouernour of Meſſina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a meſſenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon*, comes this night to *Meſſina*.

Meſſ. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it ſelfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don *Peter* hath beſtowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Meſſ. Much deſeru'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne himſelfe beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vncle heere in *Meſſina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen ſo much, that ioy could not ſhew it ſelfe modeſt enough, without a badg of bitterneſſe.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindneſſe, there are no faces truer, then thoſe that are ſo waſh'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none ſuch in the armie of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My couſin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Meſſ. O he's return'd, and as pleaſant as euer he was.

Beat. He ſet vp his bils here in *Meſſina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in theſe warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſeruice Lady in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuall, and he hath holpe to eaſe it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent ſtomacke.

Meſſ. And a good ſouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good ſouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meſſ. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, ſtuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat, It is ſo indeed, he is no leſſe then a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You muſt not (ſir) miſtake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmiſh of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: ſo that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himſelfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himſelfe and his horſe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new ſworne brother.

Meſſ. I'ſt poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he weares his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it euer changes with ye next block.

Meſſ. I ſee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my ſtudy. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught then the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedict, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cur'd. Benedicke /82

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthaſar, and Iohn the baſtard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to auoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remaine: but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſſe takes his leaue.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may gheſſe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her ſelfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not haue his head on her ſhoulders for al Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Diſdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdaine ſhould die, while ſhee hath ſuch meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curteſie it ſelfe muſt conuert to Diſdaine, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is curteſie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happineſſe to women, they would elſe haue beene troubled with a pernitious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man ſweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiſhip ſtill in that minde, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, and 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of your.

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſumme of all: *Leonato*, ſignior *Claudio*, and ſignior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a moneth, and he heartily praies ſome occaſion may detaine vs longer: I dare ſweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you ſweare, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

Iohn. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. Benedicke, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you queſtion me as an honeſt man ſhould doe, for my ſimple true iudgement? or would you haue me ſpeake after my cuſtome, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee ſpeake in ſober iudgement.

Bene. Why yfaith me thinks ſhee's too low for a hie praiſe, too browne for a faire praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were ſhee other then ſhe is, ſhe were vnhandſome, and being no other, but as ſhe is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie ſuch a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a caſe to put it into, but ſpeake you this with a ſad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key ſhall aman take you to goe in the ſong?

Clau. In mine eie, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her coſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the firſt of Maie doth the laſt of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Clau. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelfe, though I had ſworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Iſt come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with ſuſpition? ſhall I neuer ſee a batcheller of three ſcore againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thruſt thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and ſigh away ſundaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to ſeeke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the baſtard.

Pedr. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would conſtraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke ſo (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how ſhort his anſwere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* ſhort daughter.

Clau. If this were ſo, ſo were it vttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo: but indeede, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Clau. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You ſpeake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I ſpeake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeake mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedr. That ſhe is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how ſhee ſhould be loued, nor know how ſhee ſhould be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedr. Thou waſt euer an obſtinate heretique in the deſpight of Beautie.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That

Ben. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that ſhe brought mee vp, I likewiſe giue her moſt humble thankes: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuiſible baldricke, all women ſhall pardon me: becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will doe my ſelfe the right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſſe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I looſe more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-houſe for the ſigne of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou dooſt fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & ſhoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and cal'd *Adam.*

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall trie: In time the ſauage Bull doth beare tne yoake.

Bene. The ſauage bull may, but if euer the ſenſible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write, heere is good horſe to hire: let them ſignifie vnder my ſigne, here you may ſee *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this ſhould euer happen, thou wouldſt bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not ſpent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at ſupper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it.

Pedro. The ſixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but ſlightly baſted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*

Clau. My Liege, your Highneſſe now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard Leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any ſonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, ſhe's his onely heire.
Doſt thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou doſt loue faire *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will breake with her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Clau. How ſweetly doe you miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalu'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Ped. What need ye bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what will ſerue, is fit: 'tis once, thou loueſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome Ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the concluſion is, ſhee ſhall be thine,
In practiſe let vs put it preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your ſon: hath he prouided this muſicke?

Old. He is very buſie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of. "A strange news" Shewin

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the euents ſtamps them, but they haue a good couer: they ſhew well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcouered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good ſharpe fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it ſelfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peraduenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coſins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vſe your skill, good coſin haue a care this buſie time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Iohn the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

Ioh. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds, therefore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou ſaiſt thou art, borne vnder *Saturne*) goeſt about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying miſchiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt bee ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts, eat when I haue ſtomacke, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleepe when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor. Mortall 82

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the ful ſhow of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of late

late ſtood out againſt your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelfe, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſell, and enfranchiſde with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

Iohn. I will make all vſe of it, for I vſe it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it ſerue for any Modell to build miſchiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio*?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn. A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince ſhould wooe *Hero* for himſelfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my diſpleaſure, that young ſtart-vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe euery way, you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn. Let vs to the great ſupper, their cheere is the greater that I am ſubdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: ſhall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.

Leonato. Was not Count *Iohn* here at ſupper?

Brother. I ſaw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iuſt in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeſt ſonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe ſignior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face, ——— ×

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vncle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith ſhee's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort hornes, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no hornes.

Beat. Iuſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Batrice. What ſhould I doe with him? dreſſe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take ſixepence in earneſt of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and ſay, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, ſo deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heauens, hee ſhewes mee where the Batchellers ſit, and there liue wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my coſens dutie to make curtſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make an other curſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſe me. *s/32* *t/32*

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of ſome other mettall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermaſtred with a peece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vncle, ile none: *Adams* ſonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe ſolicit you in that kinde, you know your anſwere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the muſicke coſin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is meaſure in euery thing, & ſo dance out the anſwere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty like a Scotch ijgge (and full as fantaſticall) the wedding manerly modeſt, (as a meaſure) full of ſtate & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, till he ſinkes into his graue.

Leonato.

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Leonata. Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vncle, I can ſee a Church by daylight.

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemons* roofe, within the houſe is Loue.

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you ſpeake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne ſake, for I haue manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my prayers alowd.

Ben. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my ſight when the daunce is done: anſwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is anſwered.

Vrſula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrſula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrſu. You could neuer doe him ſo ill well, vnleſſe you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Vrſula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it ſelfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes ieaſter, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuiſing impoſsible ſlanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a compariſon or two on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laugh'd at) ſtrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing ſaued, for the foole will eate no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

Ben. In euery good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke for the dance.

Iohn. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you ſignior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you diſſwade him from her, ſhe is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him ſweare his affection,

Bor. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marrie her to night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau.*

Clau. Thus anſwere I in name of Benedicke,
But heare theſe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:
'Tis certaine ſo, the Prince woes for himſelfe:
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vſe their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it ſelfe,
And truſt no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell therefore *Hero.*

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio.*

Clau. Yea, the ſame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Euen to the next Willow, about your own buſineſſe, Count. What faſhion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an Vſurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants ſcarfe? You muſt weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Clau: I wiſh him ioy of her.

Ben. Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drouier, ſo they ſel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold haue ſerued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me.

Ben. Ho now you ſtrike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that ſtole your meate, and you'l beat the poſt.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into ſedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* ſhould know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe vnder that title, becauſe I am merrie: yea but ſo I am apt to do my ſelfe wrong: I am not ſo reputed, it is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her perſon, and ſo giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you ſee him?

Ben

Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds neſt, ſhewes it his companion, and he ſteales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amiſſe the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himſelfe, and the rod hee might haue beſtowed on you, who (as I take it) haue ſtolne his birds neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunſt with her, told her ſhee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O ſhe miſuſde me paſt the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue anſwered her: my very viſor began to aſſume life, and ſcold with her: ſhee told mee, not thinking I had beene my ſelfe, that I was the Princes Ieſter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling ieſt vpon ieſt, with ſuch impoſſible conueiance vpon me, that I ſtood like a man at a marke, with a whole army ſhooting at me: ſhee ſpeakes poynyards, and euery word ſtabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtarre: I would not marry her, though ſhe were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſt, ſhe would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd ſpit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you ſhall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God ſome ſcholler would coniure her, for certainely while ſhe is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary, and people ſinne vpon purpoſe, becauſe they would goe thither, ſo indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any ſeruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the ſlighteſt arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuiſe to ſend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheſt inch of Aſia: bring you the length of *Preſter Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God ſir, heeres a diſh I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you haue loſt the heart of Signior *Benedicke.*

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with falſe dice, therefore your Grace may well ſay I haue loſt it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you ſent me to ſeeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and ſomething of a iealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be ſworne, if hee be ſo, his conceit is falſe: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace ſay, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could ſay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my ſelfe for you, and doat vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake coſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſſe, and let not him ſpeake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy ſide of Care, my coſin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And ſo ſhe doth coſin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd, I may ſit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnleſſe I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too coſtly to weare euerie day: but I beſeech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to ſpeake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry, beſt becomes you, for out of queſtion, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No ſure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a ſtarre daunſt, and vnder that was I borne: coſins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleaſant ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, ſhe is neuer ſad, but when ſhe ſleepes, and not euer ſad then: for I haue heard my daughter ſay, ſhe hath often dreamt of vnhappineſſe, and wakt her ſelfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themſelues madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

Leonata. Not till monday, my deare ſonne, which is hence a iuſt ſeuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things anſwer minde.

Prince. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time ſhall not goe dully by vs, I will in the *interim*, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall giue you direction.

Leonata. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*? *Foo/32*

Hero. I will doe any modeſt office, my Lord, to helpe my coſin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus farre can I praiſe him, he is of a noble ſtraine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honeſty, I will teach you how to humour your coſin, that ſhee ſhall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in deſpight of his quicke wit, and his queaſie ſtomacke, hee ſhall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Ioh. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhal marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can croſſe it.

Iohn. Any barre, any croſſe, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ſicke in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canſt thou croſſe this marriage?

Bor. Not honeſtly my Lord, but ſo couertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appeare in me.

Iohn. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordſhip a yeere ſince, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero.*

Iohn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyſon of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, ſpare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as *Hero.*

Iohn. What proofe ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other iſſue?

Iohn. Onely to deſpight them, I will endeauour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be coſen'd with the ſemblance of a maid, that you haue diſcouer'd thus: they will ſcarcely beleeue this without triall: offer them inſtances which ſhall beare no leſſe likelihood, than to ſee mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent, and there ſhall appeare ſuch ſeeming truths of *Heroes* diſloyaltie, that iealouſie ſhall be cal'd aſſurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne. Mod-Ed Borachio x

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn. I will preſentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already ſir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, & ſuch a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no muſicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the faſhion of a new dublet: he was wont to ſpeake plaine, & to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man & a ſouldier) and now is he turu'd orthography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo conuerted, & ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee ſworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyſter, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wiſe, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: rich ſhee ſhall be, that's certaine: wiſe, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good diſcourſe: an excellent Muſitian, and her haire ſhal be of what colour it pleaſe God, hah! the Prince and Monſieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilſon.

Prin. Come, ſhall we heare this muſicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how ſtill the euening is,
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himſelfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the muſicke ended,
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthaſar*, wee'll heare that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not ſo bad a voyce,
To ſlander muſicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellency,

To

"x Borachio and for this change good reasons are assigned in Rivals Ed- by Theobald, Stevens, M. Mason and Malone"

Shirrow

To ſlander Muſicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellencie,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee ſing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loues.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his ſoule rauiſht, is it not ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer,
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy,
The fraud of men were euer ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou ſingſt well enough for a ſhift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that ſhould haue howld thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no miſchiefe, I had as liefe haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doſt thou heare *Balthaſar*? I pray thee get vs ſome excellent muſick: for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthaſar.*

Prince. Do ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in loue with ſignior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalke on, the foule ſits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom ſhee hath in all outward behauiours ſeemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't poſſible? ſits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loues him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neere the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcouers it.

Prince. Why what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fiſh will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? ſhee will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her ſpirit had beene inuincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue ſworne it had, my Lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedicke*.

Bene. I ſhould thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeakes it: knauery cannot ſure hide himſelfe in ſuch reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath ſhee made her affection known to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and ſweares ſhe neuer will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſaies: ſhall I, ſaies ſhe, that haue ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This ſaies ſhee now when ſhee is beginning to write to him, for ſhee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmocke, till ſhe haue writ a ſheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Clau. Now you talke of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty ieſt your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, & was reading it ouer, ſhe found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the ſheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write, to one that ſhee knew would flout her: I meaſure him, ſaies ſhe, by my owne ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I ſhould.

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees ſhe falls, weepes, ſobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curſes, O ſweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſaies ſo, and the extaſie hath ſo much ouerborne her, that my daughter is ſomtime afeard ſhe will doe a deſperate out-rage to her ſelfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcouer it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poore Lady worſe.

Prin. And he ſhould, it were an almes to hang him, ſhee's an excellent ſweet Lady, and(out of all ſuſpition,) ſhe is vertuous.

Claudio. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wiſedome and bloud combating in ſo tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am ſorry for her, as I haue iuſt cauſe, being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would ſhee had beſtowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daſt all other reſpects, and made her halfe my ſelfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clau. *Hero* thinkes ſurely ſhe wil die, for ſhe ſaies ſhe will die, if hee loue her not, and ſhee will die ere ſhee make her loue knowne, and ſhe will die if hee wooe her, rather than ſhee will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſſeneſſe.

Prin. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make tender of her

loue,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act II. *Scene IX.*

C. Edwards del. *C. Grignion sculp.*

——Come hither, Leonato, what was it you told me of to-day, that your Cousin Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick!

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SHAKSPEARE.

Much ado about nothing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

— Hero, Ursula, and Beatrice listening. —

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
They advance to the Bower

Ant. Not truly Ursula, she is too disdainful;
His spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely

Published March 1.st 1791. by John & Josiah Boydell at the Shakspeare Gallery Pall Mall.

loue, 'tis very poſſible hee'l ſcorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wiſe.

Prin. He doth indeed ſhew ſome ſparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I aſſure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may ſee hee is wiſe, for either hee auoydes them with great diſcretion, or vndertakes them with a Chriſtian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a muſt neceſſarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And ſo will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howſoeuer it ſeemes not in him, by ſome large ieaſts hee will make: well, I am ſorry for your niece, ſhall we goe ſee *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue,

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counſell.

Leon. Nay that's impoſſible, ſhe may weare her heart out firſt.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelfe, to ſee how much he is vnworthy to haue ſo good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer truſt my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the ſame Net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the ſport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no ſuch matter, that's the Scene that I would ſee, which will be meerely a dumbe ſhew: let vs ſend her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was fadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they ſeeme to pittie the Lady: it ſeemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it muſt be requited: I heare how I am cenſur'd, they ſay I will beare my ſelfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than giue any ſigne of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I muſt not ſeeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they ſay the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witneſſe: and vertuous, tis ſo, I cannot reprooue it, and wiſe, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance haue ſome odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, becauſe I haue rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batcheler, I did not think I ſhould liue till I were maried, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, ſhee's a faire Lady, I doe ſpie ſome markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my wil I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea iuſt ſo much as you may take vpon a knifes point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no ſtomacke ſignior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to ſay, any paines that I take for you is as eaſie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There ſhalt thou finde my Coſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whiſper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrſula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her, ſay that thou ouer-heardſt vs,
And bid her ſteale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-ſuckles ripened by the ſunne,
Forbid the ſunne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Againſt that power that bred it, there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our purpoſe, this is thy office, to/32
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you preſently. Exit/32

Hero. Now *Vrſula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke muſt onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praiſe him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee muſt be how *Benedicke*
Is ſicke in loue with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-ſay: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Cloſe by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden ores the ſiluer ſtreame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare looſe nothing,
Of the falſe ſweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely *Vrſula*, ſhe is too diſdainfull,
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Vrſula. But are you ſure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* ſo intirely?

Her. So faies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Vrſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perſwaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Vrſula. Why did you ſo, doth not the Gentleman
Deſerue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* ſhall couch vpon?
Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deſerue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eyes, eye/32
Miſ-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is ſo ſelfe indeared.
Vrſula. Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why you ſpeake truth, I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If ſilent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merit purchaſeth.
Vrſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes, bitter/32
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrſu. Yet tell her of it, heare what ſhee will ſay.
Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counſaile him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And truly Ile deuiſe ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtaine my coſin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Vrſu. O doe not doe your coſin ſuch a wrong,
She cannot be ſo much without true iudgement,
Hauing ſo ſwift and excellent a wit
As ſhe is priſde to haue, as to refuſe
So rare a Gentleman as ſignior *Benedicke*.
Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.
Vrſu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For ſhape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vrſu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?
Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile ſhew thee ſome attires, and haue thy counſell,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.
Vrſu. Shee's tane I warrant you, taen/32
We haue caught her Madame?
Hero. If it proue ſo, then louing goes by haps,
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, ſome with traps. *Exit.*
Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorne ſo much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of ſuch.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou doſt loue, my kindeneſſe ſhall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchſafe me.
Prin. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.
Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.
Leo. So ſay I, methinkes you are ſadder.
Claud. I hope he be in loue.
Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be ſad, he wants money.
Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.
Prin. Draw it.
Bene. Hang it.
Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.
Prin. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.
Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.
Bene. Well, euery one cannot maſter a griefe, but hee that has it. "can" Pope
Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in loue.
Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnleſſe hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.
Clau. If he be not in loue vvith ſome vvoman, there is no beleeuing old ſignes, a bruſhes his hat a mornings, What ſhould that bode?
Prin. Hath any man ſeene him at the Barbers?
Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene ſeen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie ſtuft tennis balls.
Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the loſſe of a beard.
Prin. Nay a rubs himſelfe vvith Ciuit, can you ſmell him out by that?
Clau. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in loue.
Prin. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.
Clau. And vvhen vvas he vvont to vvaſh his face?
Prin. Yea, or to paint himſelfe? for the which I heare vvhat they ſay of him.
Clau. Nay, but his ieſting ſpirit, vvhich is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now gouern'd by ſtops.
Prince.

"Read to Lim" by what authority? Theirs

Act 3. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Scene I.

Penney del. Leney Sculp.

Mrs. ABINGTON in the Character of BEATRICE.

So angle we for Beatrice who even now
Is couched in the Woodbine Coverture

Printed for John Cawthorn, No. 5, Cathenne Street, Strand, Jan. 26. 1806.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee ſhall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old ſignior, walke aſide with mee, I haue ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeake to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice.*

Clau. 'Tis euen ſo, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Bastard.

Baſt. My Lord and brother, God ſaue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baſt. If your leiſure ſeru'd, I would ſpeake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Baſt. If it pleaſe you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would ſpeake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Baſta. Meanes your Lordſhip to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Baſt. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcouer it.

Baſt. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifeſt, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in deareneſſe of heart) hath holpe to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely ſute ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baſtard. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhortned, (for ſhe hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Baſt. Euen ſhee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery mans *Hero*.

Clau. Diſloyall?

Baſt. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſſe, I could ſay ſhe were worſe, thinke you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you ſhal ſee her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Princ. I will not thinkei t.

Bast. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſſe not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will ſhew you enough, and when you haue ſeene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I ſee any thing to night, why I ſhould not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I ſhold wedde, there will I ſhame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to diſgrace her.

Baſt. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes, beare it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelfe.

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchiefe ſtrangelie thwarting!

Baſtard. O plague right well preuented! ſo will you ſay, when you haue ſeene the ſequele. *Exit.* Exeunt 4/32

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pitty but they ſhould ſuffer ſaluation body and ſoule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould haue any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery.*

Dog. Firſt, who thinke you the moſt deſartleſſe man to be Conſtable?

*Watch.*1. *Hugh Ote-cake* ſir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath bleſt you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Maſter Conſtable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your anſwere: well, for your fauour ſir, why giue God thankes, & make no boaſt of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of ſuch vanity, you are thought heere to be the moſt ſenſleſſe and fit man for the Conſtable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes ſubiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes ſubiects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is moſt tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather ſleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you ſpeake like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only haue a care that your bills be not ſtolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouſes, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed. Exeunt 4/1600

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are ſober, if they make you not then the better anſwere, you may ſay, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may ſuſpect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for ſuch kinde of men, the leſſe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honeſty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, ſhall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him ſhew himſelfe what he is, and ſteale out of your company.

Ver. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful mā partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honeſtie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

Watch. How if the nurſe be aſleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer anſwere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you conſtable are to preſent the Princes owne perſon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may ſtaie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue ſhillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may ſtaie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well maſters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counſailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well maſters, we heare our charge, let vs go ſit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbors. I pray you watch about ſignior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade?*

Watch. Peace, ſtir not.

Bor. Conrade I ſay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a ſcabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then vnder this penthouſe, for it driſſels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon maſters, yet ſtand cloſe.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thouſand Ducates.

Con. Is it poſſible that anie villanie ſhould be ſo deare?

Bor. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aske if it were poſſible anie villanie ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the faſhion.

Con. Yes the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the foole's the foole, but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed theefe this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'ſt thou not heare ſome bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the houſe.

Bor. Seeſt thou not (I ſay) what a deformed thiefe this faſhion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hotblouds, betweene foureteene & fiue & thirtie, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaoes* ſouldiours in the rechie painting, ſometime like god Bels prieſts in the old Church window, ſometime like the ſhauen *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm eaten tapeſtrie, where his cod-peece ſeemes as maſſie as his club.

Con. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy ſelfe giddie with the faſhion too that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, ſhe leanes me out at her miſtris chamber-vvindow, bids me a thouſand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maſter planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don Iohn*, ſaw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero?*

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any ſlander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, ſwore hee vvould meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation ſhame her with vvhat he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home againe vvithout a husband.

*Watch.*1. We charge you in the Princes name ſtand.

*Watch.*2. Call vp the right maſter Conſtable, vve haue here recouered the moſt dangerouspeece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

*Watch.*1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a locke.

Conr. Maſters, maſters.

*Watch.*2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Maſters, neuer ſpeake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of theſe mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in queſtion I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Vrſula* wake my coſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe..

Vrſu. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Vrſ. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Bero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not ſo good, and I vvarrant your coſin vvill ſay ſo.

Bero. My coſin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vvearenone but this.

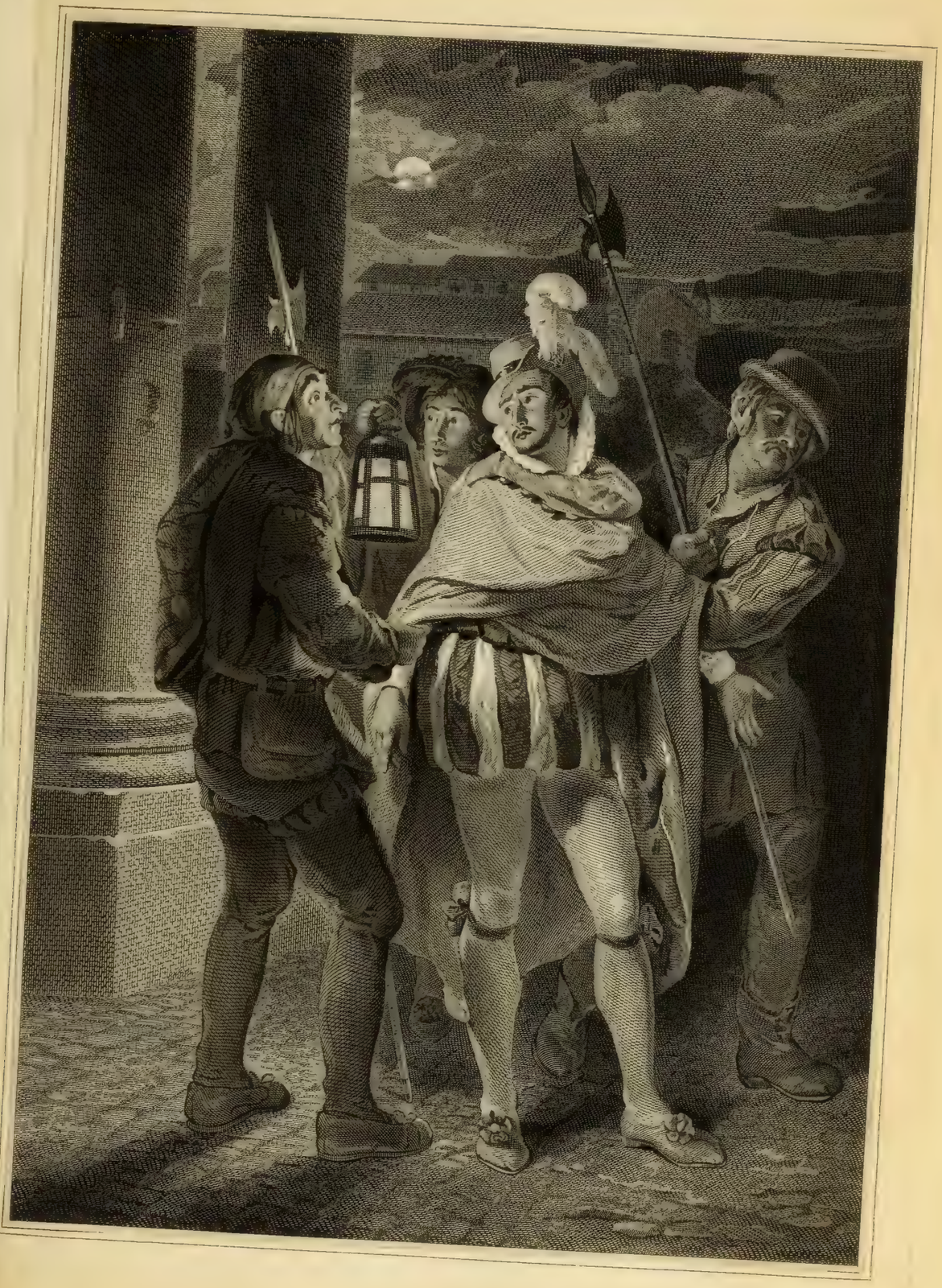
Mar. I like the new tire vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion yfaith, I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of *Millaines* gowne that they praiſe ſo.

Bero. O that exceedes they ſay.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd withſiluer, ſet with pearles, downe ſleeues, ſide ſleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewiſh tinſel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Bero. God

Statutes 32
Statutes 4to 1600



Hero. God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marga. 'Twill be heauier ſoone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me ſay, ſauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wreſt true ſpeaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow ſweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you ſpeake in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you ſing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband haue ſtables enough, you'll looke he ſhall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt fiue a clocke coſin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more ſayling by the ſtarre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God ſend euery one their harts deſire.

Hero. Theſe gloues the Count ſent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft coſin, I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maid and ſtuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Euer ſince you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeene enough, you ſhould weare it in your cap, by my troth I am ſicke.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickſt her with a thiſtell.

Beat. Benedictus, why *benedictus?* you haue ſome morall in this *benedictus.*

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thiſtell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not ſuch a foole to thinke what I liſt, nor I liſt not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man, he ſwore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in deſpight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkesyou looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Vrſula.

Vrſula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, ſignior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dreſſe mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrſula.*

Enter Leonato, and the Conſtable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honeſt neighbour?

Conſt.Dog. Mary ſir I would haue ſome confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you ſee it is a buſie time with me.

Conſt.Dog. Mary this it is ſir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is ſir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con.Do. Goodman Verges ſir ſpeakes a little of the matter, an old man ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as God helpe I would deſire they were, but infaith honeſt as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeſter then I.

Con.Dog. Compariſons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con.Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſſe on me, ah?

Conſt.Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worſhip as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to ſay.

Head. Marry ſir our watch to night, excepting your worſhips preſence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Meſſina.

Con.Dog A good old man ſir, hee will be talking as they ſay, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behinde, an honeſt ſoule yfaith ſir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worſhipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too ſhort of you.

Con.Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I muſt leaue you.

Con.Dog. One word ſir, our watch ſir haue indeede comprehended two aſpitious perſons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haſte, as may appeare vnto you.

Conſt. It ſhall be ſuffigance. (*Exit.*

Leon. Drinke ſome wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Meſſenger. My Lord, they ſtay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole; we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verges. And we muſt doe it wiſely.

Dogb. Wee will ſpare for no witte I warrant you:

heere's that ſhall driue ſome of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to ſet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Baſtard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you ſhal recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules to vtter it.

Claud. Know you anie, *Hero?*

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interiections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule
Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely ſonne as God did giue her me.

Cla. And what haue I to giue you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes heere!
O what authoritie and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modeſt euidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exterior ſhewes? But ſhe is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my ſoule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie. (her,

Clau. I know what you would ſay: if I haue knowne
You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne: No *Leonato*,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhfull ſinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And ſeem'd I euer otherwiſe to you?

Clau. Out on thee ſeeming, I will write againſt it,
You ſeeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pampred animalls,
That rage in ſauage ſenſualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeake ſo wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why ſpeake not you?

Prin. What ſhould I ſpeake?
I ſtand diſhonour'd that haue gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or doe I but dreame?

Baſt. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power, (ter,
That you haue in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beſet,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any iuſt reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it ſelfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?
Now if you are a maid, anſwer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am ſorry you muſt heare: vpon mine honor,
My ſelfe, my brother, and this grieued Count
Did ſee her, heare her, at that howre laſt night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed moſt like a liberall villaine,
Confeſt the vile encounters they haue had
A thouſand times in ſecret.

Iohn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of,
There is not chaſtitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady
I am ſorry for thy much miſgouernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadſt thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counſailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, moſt foule, moſt faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-lids ſhall Conieƈture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now coſin, wherfore ſink you down?

Baſt. Come, let vs go: theſe things come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why *Hero*, Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the faireſt couer for her ſhame
That may be wiſht for.

Beat. How

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Engraved by I. Taylor jun.r from a Drawing by Robert Smirke

CLAUDIO'S Marriage.

Claudio [illegible] Hero

Hero [illegible]

[illegible] Hero [illegible]

London, Publish'd June 1.1784, by Charles Taylor N.o 8 Dyers Buildings, Holborn

Printed for John Cawthorn, No. 5 Catherine Street, Strand, Jan. 25 1806.

Beatr. How now cosin *Hero*?
Fri. Haue comfort Ladie.
Leon. Dost thou looke vp?
Frier. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not euery earthly thing
Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie, *4° 1600 Smeered*
I might haue said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derives it selfe from vnknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh.
Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
Bea. O on my soule my cosin is belied.
Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?
Bea. No truly: not although vntill last night,
I haue this twelue month bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.
Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I haue markt.
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error.
Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?
Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisdomes be misled in this:
The practise of it liues in *Iohn* the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my inuention,
Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pause awhile:
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead) *es / Theobald*
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?
Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shal be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of euery hearer: for it so fals out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew vs
Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,
Th'Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination.
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More mouing delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule
Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,
If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Wil fashion the euent in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not well, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and iniuries.
Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*.

Yet

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As ſecretly and iuſtlie, as your ſoule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greeſe,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You haue no reaſon, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeue your fair coſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerue of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world ſo well as you, is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not, it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loued nothing ſo well as you, but beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword *Beatrice* thou lou'ſt me.

Beat. Doe not ſweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that ſayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſawce that can be deuiſed to it, I proteſt I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue ſtayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteſt I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie ſweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publike accuſation vncouered ſlander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper ſaying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, ſhe is wrong'd, ſhee is ſlandered, ſhe is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurelie a Princely teſtimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a ſweet Gallant ſurelie, O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curſies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſweares it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vſe it for my loue ſome other way then ſwearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your ſoule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I haue a thought, or a ſoule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kiſſe your hand, and ſo leaue you: by this hand *Claudio* ſhall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, ſo thinke of me: goe comfort your coſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell.

Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole diſſembly appeard?

Cowley. O a ſtoole and a cuſhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours ſirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman ſir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kee. Write downe Maſter gentleman *Conrade*: maiſters, doe you ſerue God*: maiſters, it is proued alreadie that you are little better than falſe knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought ſo ſhortly, how anſwer you for yourſelues?

Con. Marry ſir, we ſay we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither ſirra, a word in your eare ſir, I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaues.

Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, ſtand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Maſter Conſtable, you goe not the way to examine, you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the eſteſt way, let the watch come forth: maſters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuſe theſe men.

Watch 1. This man ſaid ſir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thouſand Dukates of *Don Iohn*, for accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kem.

* In the 4to 1600 the answer to that question appears which is here omitted on account of the statute of James 1. the sacred name being jestingly used.

Con. & Bora.] Yea sir we hope

Dogberry] Write down that they hope they serue God —: and write God first, for God defend but God should go before such Villains. Maisters we

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Conſt. Yea by th'maſſe that it is.

Sexton. What elſe fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more maſters then you can deny, Prince *Iohn* is this morning ſecretly ſtolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this ſodainely died: Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and ſhew him their examination.

Conſt. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe.*x

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Couley. Away, you are an aſſe, you are an aſſe.

Kemp. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an aſſe! but maſters, remember that I am an aſſe: though it be not written down, yet forget not $^{t}_{y}$ I am an aſſe: No thou villaine, $^{u}_{y}$ art full of piety as ſhall be prou'd vpon thee by good witneſſe, I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houſhoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing handſome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an aſſe! *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your ſelfe,
And 'tis not wiſedome thus to ſecond griefe,
Againſt your ſelfe.

Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitleſſe,
As water in a ſiue: giue not me counſaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lou'd his childe,
Whoſe ioy of her is ouer-whelmed like mine,
And bid him ſpeake of patience,
Meaſure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it anſwere euery ſtraine for ſtraine,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a griefe for ſuch,
In euery lineament, branch, ſhape, and forme:
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow, wagge, cry hem, when he ſhould grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-waſters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no ſuch man, for brother, men
Can counſaile, and ſpeake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themſelues not feele, but taſting it,
Their counſaile turnes to paſſion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſſe in a ſilken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to ſpeake patience
To thoſe that wring vnder the load of ſorrow:
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiencie
To be ſo morall, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelfe: therefore giue me no counſaile,
My griefs cry lowder then aduertiſement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be fleſh and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your ſelfe,
Make thoſe that doe offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon, nay I will doe ſo,
My ſoule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* haſtily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue ſome haſte *Leonato.*

Leo. Some haſte my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry $^{u}_{y}$ doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy ſword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould giue your age ſuch cauſe of feare,
In faith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leonato. Tuſh, tuſh, man, neuer fleere and ieſt at me,
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruiſe of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent childe.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors:
O in a tombe where neuer ſcandall ſlept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I ſay.

Prin. You ſay not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile proue it on his body if he dare,
Deſpight his nice fence, and his actiue practiſe,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luſtihood.

Claud. Away, I will not haue to do with you.

Leo. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kild my child,
If thou kilſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Bro. He ſhall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt:

Win

x Theobald has made a good correction — he gives "off Coxcomb" to Conrade —

Win me and weare me, let him anſwere me,
Come follow me boy, come ſir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Brot. Content your ſelf, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeede,
As Id are take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Iackes, milke-ſops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony.*

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and ſlander,
Goe antiquely, and ſhow outward hidiouſneſſe,
And ſpeake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthonie.*

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is ſorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And ſhall, or ſome of vs will ſmart for it.

Prin. See, ſee, here comes the man we went to ſeeke.

Clau. Now ſignior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome ſignior, you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to haue had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. Leonato and his brother, what think'ſt thou? had wee fought, I doubt we ſhould haue beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a falſe quarrell there is no true valour, I came to ſeeke you both.

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vſe thy wit?

Ben. It is in my ſcabberd, ſhall I draw it?

Prin. Doeſt thou weare thy wit by thy ſide?

Clau. Neuer any did ſo, though verie many haue been beſide their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minſtrels, draw to pleaſure vs.

Prin. As I am an honeſt man he lookes pale, art thou ſicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againſt me, I pray you chuſe another ſubiect.

Clau. Nay then giue him another ſtaffe, this laſt was broke croſſe.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I ſpeake a word in your eare?

Clau. God bleſſe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I ieſt not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you haue kill'd a ſweete Ladie, and her death ſhall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, ſo I may haue good cheare.

Prin. What, a feaſt, a feaſt?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught, ſhall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eaſily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit: true ſaies ſhe, a fine little one: no ſaid I, a great wit: right ſaies ſhee, a great groſſe one: nay ſaid I, a good wit: iuſt ſaid ſhe, it hurts no body: nay ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe: certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman: nay ſaid I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeue ſaid ſhee, for hee ſwore a thing to me on munday night, which he forſwore on tueſday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did ſhee an howre together tranſ-ſhape thy particular vertues, yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propreſt man in Italie.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that ſhe did, but yet for all that, and if ſhee did not hate him deadlie, ſhee would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreouer, God ſaw him vvhen he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when ſhall we ſet the ſauage Bulls hornes on the ſenſible *Benedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leaue you now to your goſſep-like humor, you breake ieſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courteſies I thank you, I muſt diſcontinue your companie, your brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*: you haue among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I ſhall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earneſt.

Clau. In moſt profound earneſt, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Moſt ſincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Conſtable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man. *See 32*

Prin. But ſoft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Conſt. Come you ſir, if iuſtice cannot tame you, ſhee ſhall nere weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence haue theſe men done?

Con. Marrie

Conſt. Marrie ſir, they haue committed falſe report, moreouer they haue ſpoken vntruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue verified vniuſt things, and to concludé they are lying knaues.

Prin. Firſt I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee vvhat's their offence, ſixt and laſtlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reaſoned, and in his owne diuiſion, and by my troth there's one meaning vvell futed.

Prin. Who haue you offended maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood, vvhat's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your verie eies: vvhat your wiſedomes could not diſcouer, theſe ſhallow fooles haue brought to light, vvho in the night ouerheard me confeſſing to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you diſgrac'd her vvhen you ſhould marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, vvhich I had rather ſeale vvith my death, then repeate ouer to my ſhame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation: and briefelie, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this ſpeech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poiſon whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practiſe of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare ſemblance that I lou'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time & place ſhall ſerue, that I am an Aſſe.

Con.2. Here, here comes maſter *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: vvhich of theſe is he?

Bor. If you vvould know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the ſlaue that with thy breath haſt kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, euen I alone.

Leo. No, not ſo villaine, thou belieſt thy ſelfe,
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeake, chooſe your reuenge your ſelfe,
Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne, yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prin. By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I vvould bend vnder anie heauie vvaight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That vvere impoſſible, but I praie you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my childe that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heire to both of vs,
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.

Clau. O noble ſir!
Your ouerkindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poore *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I beleeue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conſt. Moreouer ſir, which indeede is not vnder white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the vvatch heard them talke of one Deformed, they ſay he weares a keyin his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd ſo long, and neuer paied, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods ſake: praie you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines.

Conſt. Your vvorſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankefull and reuerend youth, and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conſt. God ſaue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thanke thee.

Conſt. I leaue an arrant knaue vvith your vvorſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your vvorſhip, I wiſh your worſhip vvell, God reſtore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wiſht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, vve looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellowes on, weel talke vvith *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew vvith this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee ſweete Miſtris *Margaret*, deſerue vvell at my hands, by helping mee to the ſpeech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praiſe of my beautie?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtile *Margaret*, that no man liuing ſhall come ouer it, for in moſt comely truth thou deſerueſt it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, ſhall I alwaies keepe below ſtaires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and ſo I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the ſwords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vſe them *Margaret*, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that ſits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deſerue. I meane in ſinging, but in louing, Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilous the firſt imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe name yet runne ſmoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verſe, why they were neuer ſo truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore ſelfe in loue: marrie I cannot ſhew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for ſcorne, horne, a hard time: for ſchoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in feſtiuall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

ſweete *Beatrice* would'ſt thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paſt betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kiſſe thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noiſome, therefore I will depart vnkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſence, ſo forcible is thy wit, but I muſt tell thee plainely, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly heare from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd ſo politique a ſtate of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do ſuffer loue indeede, for I loue thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wiſe to wooe peaceablie.

Bea. It appeares not in this confeſſion, there's not one wiſe man among twentie that will praiſe himſelfe.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee ſhall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Queſtion, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therfore is it moſt expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his conſcience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my ſelfe ſo much for praiſing my ſelfe, who I my ſelfe will beare witneſſe is praiſe worthie, and now tell me, how doth your coſin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Vrſula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Vrſ. Madam, you muſt come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falſelie accuſde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abuſde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lies:*
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with ſhame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the tombe,
Praiſing her when I am dombe.

Clau. Now muſick ſound & ſing your ſolemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddeſſe of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight,
For the which with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight aſſiſt our mone, helpe vs to ſigh and grone.
Heauily, heauily.
Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauenly, heauenly.

(this right.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow maſters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow maſters, each his ſeuerall way.

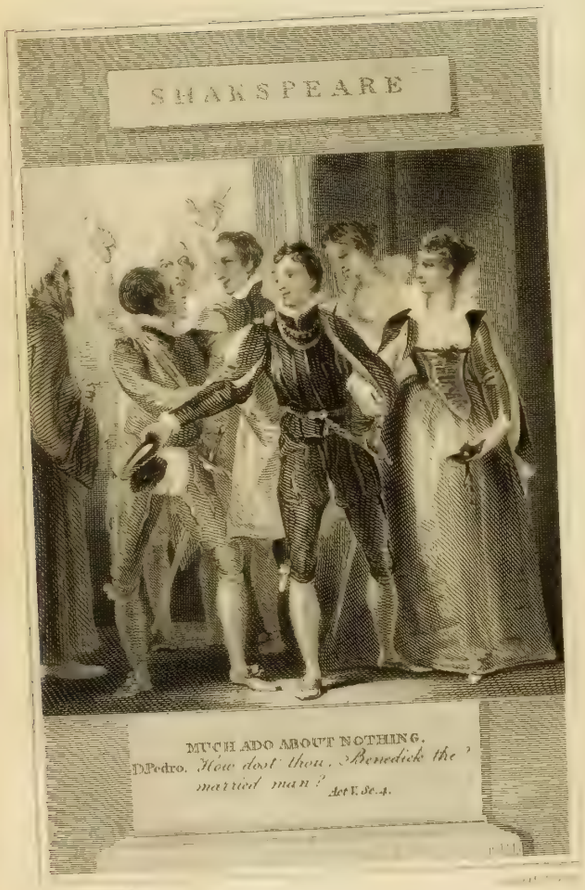
Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeeds,

Then

Mr. ABINGTON in the Character of **BEATRICE.**

Bene. ——— *which is Beatrice?*
Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
D.Pedro. *How dost thou, Benedick the married man?*
Act V. Sc. 4.

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrſula, old man, Frier, Hero.
Frier. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this,
Although againſt her will as it appeares,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Old. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelues,
And when I ſend for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To viſit me, you know your office Brother,
You muſt be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*
Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Frier, I muſt intreat your paines, I thinke.
Frier. To doe what Signior?
Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.
Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.
Leo. The ſight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?
Bened. Your anſwer ſir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,
In the ſtate of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I ſhall deſire your helpe.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my helpe.
Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.
Prin. Good morrow to this faire aſſembly.
Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?
Claud. Ile hold my minde were ſhe an Ethiope.
Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.
Prin. Good morrow *Benedike*, why what's the matter?
That you haue ſuch a Februarie face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the ſauage bull:
Tuſh, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Ioue*,
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
Ben. Bull *Ioue* ſir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that ſome noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iuſt his bleat.
Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.
Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
Leo. This ſame is ſhe, and I doe giue you her.
Cla. Why then ſhe's mine, ſweet let me ſee your face.
Leon. No that you ſhal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry her.
Clau. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.
Clau. Another *Hero?*
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,
And ſurely as I liue, I am a maid.
Prin. The former *Hero, Hero* that is dead.
Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her ſlander liu'd.
Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently.
Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice?*
Beat. I anſwer to that name, what is your will?
Bene. Doe not you loue me?
Beat. Why no, no more then reaſon.
Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, haue beene deceiued, they ſwore you did.
Beat. Doe not you loue mee?
Bene. Troth no, no more then reaſon.
Beat. Why then my Coſin *Margaret* and *Vrſula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did ſweare you did.
Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſicke for me.
Beat. They ſwore you were wel-nye dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?
Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come Coſin, I am ſure you loue the gentlemã.
Clau. And Ile be ſworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his owne pure braine,
Faſhioned to *Beatrice.*
Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my coſins hand, ſtolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke.*
Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands againſt our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.
Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perſwaſion, & partly to ſaue your life, for I was told, you were in a conſumption.
Leon. Peace I will ſtop your mouth.*
Prin. How doſt thou *Benedicke* the married man?
Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, doſt thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a ſhall weare nothing handſome about him: in briefe, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue ſaid againſt it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, liue vnbruis'd, and loue my couſin.
Cla. I had well hop'd *thy*, wouldſt haue denied *Beatrice*, *that* I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queſtiõ thou wilt be, if my Couſin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.
Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles.
Leon. Wee'll haue dancing afterward.
Bene. Firſt, of my word, therfore play muſick. *Prince*, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no ſtaff more reuerend then one tipt with horn. *Enter. Meſ.*
Meſſen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Meſſina.*
Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuiſe thee braue puniſhments for him: ſtrike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

L *FINIS.*

* Theobald gives this speech to Benedick adopted by Mod. Ed.

Loues Labour's loſt.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima /32

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Biron /32 *Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.*

Ferdinand.

LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the diſgrace of death:
when ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule heere.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to do,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am reſolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faſt:
The minde ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all theſe liuing in Philoſophie.

Berowne. I can but ſay their proteſtation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already ſworne,
That is, to liue and ſtudy heere three yeeres.
But there are other ſtrict obſeruances:
As not to ſee a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be ſeene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to ſee Ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is paſt, to paſſe away from theſe.

Berow. Let me ſay no my Liedge, and if you pleaſe,
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay heere in your Court for three yeeres ſpace.

Longa. You ſwore to that *Berowne*, and to the reſt.

Berow. By yea and nay ſir, than I ſwore in ieſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which elſe wee ſhould not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) frō cōmon ſenſe.

Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.

Bero. Come on then, I will ſweare to ſtudie ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſſely am forbid. Read Theobald
Or ſtudie where to meet ſome Miſtreſſe fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid.
Or hauing ſworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If ſtudies gaine be thus, and this be ſo,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere ſay no.

Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that moſt vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To ſeeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſely blinde the eye-ſight of his looke:
Light ſeeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkeneſſe lies,
Your light growes darke by loſing of your eyes.
Studie me how to pleaſe the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe ſearch'd with ſawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue baſe authoritie from others Bookes.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Then thoſe that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reaſon againſt reading.

Dum.

ſweare to-oath

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geeſſe are a breeding.
Dum. How followes that ?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.
Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Wel, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds haue any cauſe to ſing ?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth ? an / Pope
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Mayes new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, fit you out : go home *Berowne* : adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I haue for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne, ſwore / 32
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Ber. Item. That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed ?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of looſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie ? penalty Capell conj. Steevens
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why ?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.
Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee ſhall indure ſuch publique ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine* :
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princeſſe hither.
Fer. What ſay you Lords ?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouerſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould :
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.
Fer. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſitie.
Ber. Neceſſity will make vs all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me :
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted ?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*, conuerſed / 32
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine :
One, who the muſicke of his owne vaine tongue, a ſtorm / 32
Doth rauiſh like inchanting harmonie :
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight :
From tawnie *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.
Bero. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions owne Knight.
Lon. Coſtard the ſwaine and he, ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt. Which is the Dukes owne perſon.
Ber. This fellow, What would'ſt ?
Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his graces Tharborough : But I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you :
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience. heavn Theobald — Wod. Ed-
Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merrineſſe.
Clo. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner ?
Clo. In manner and forme following ſir all thoſe three. I was ſeene with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke : which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner ; It is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.
Ber. For the following ſir.
Clo. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention ?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.
Clo. Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

Ferdinand.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Nauar, *my ſoules earths God, and bodies foſtring patrone:*

Coſt. Not a vvord of *Coſtard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. So it is beſieged with ſable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time When? about the ſixt houre, When beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt upon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous euent that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſuruayeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place Where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (*Clown.* Mee?) *that ſhallow vaſſall* (*Clow.* Still mee?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, (*Clow.* O me) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which with, ô with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, *a female; or for thy more ſweet vnderſtanding a woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed dutie prickes me on) haue ſent to thee to receiue the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweet Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & eſtimation.*

Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (*ſo is the weaker veſſell called*) *which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keeper her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer. I the beſt, for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken vvith a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clo. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhee was a Virgin.

Fer. It is ſo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clo. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and yntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a man of great ſpirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſame thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſignеur.

Brag. Why tough ſignеur? Why tough ſignеur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough ſignеur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele, with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heat'ſt my bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I loue not to be croſt. (him.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meere contrary, croſſes loue not

Br. I haue promis'd to ſtudy iij. yeres with the Duke.

Ber. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-ace amounts to.

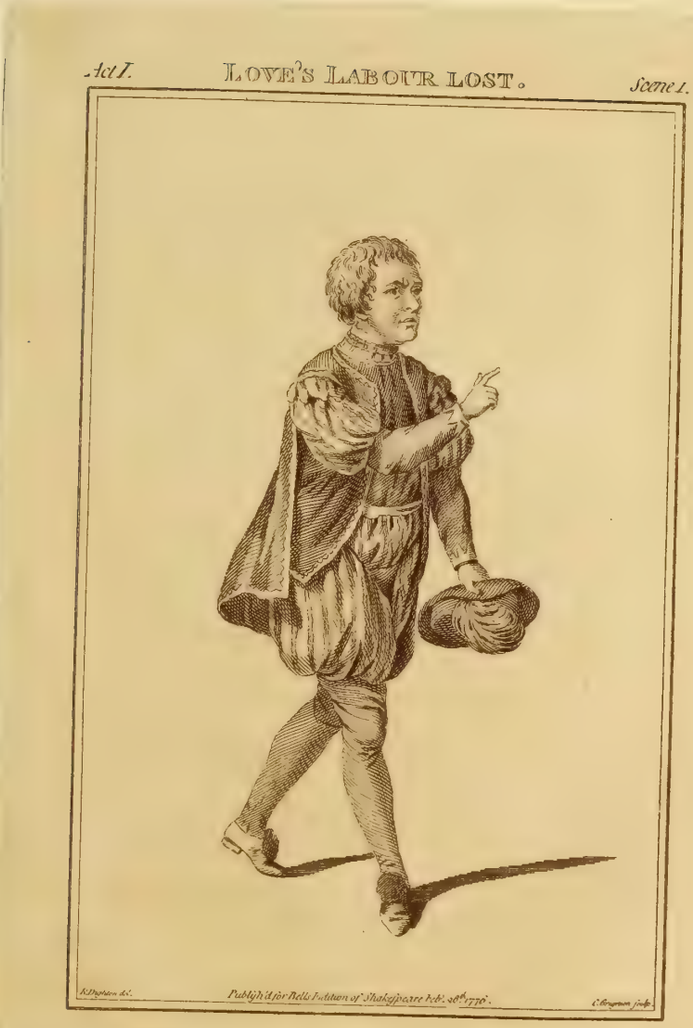
Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
Act I.
Boy what sign is it when a man
Of great spirit grows melancholy.
Scene V.
Printed for J.Bell, British Library Strand London Aug.t 1785.



M.r **WESTON** *in the Character of* **COSTARD.**

— I was taken with none Sir; I was taken with a Damosel.

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinkes I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid.* Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampſon Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are maſk'd vnder ſuch colours. *maculate* 1.4.to 1598

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If ſhee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faults are bred, *Blush* / in 4to
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime maſter againſt the reaſon of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit grows heauy in ioue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muſt faſt three daies a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Mai. Lord how wiſe you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face? *Bad* / 32

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heauily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe. *be* / 32

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if euer I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *too* / 4to *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my turne: the *Paſſado* hee reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valour, ruſt Rapier, bee ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princeſſe of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam ſummon vp your deareſt ſpirits,
Conſider who the King your father ſends:
To whom he ſends, and what's his Embaſſie.
Your ſelfe, held precious in the worlds eſteeme,
To parlee with the ſole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matcheleſſe *Nauarre*, the plea of no leſſe weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When ſhe did ſtarue the generall world beſide,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queen. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by baſe ſale of chapmens tongues:
I am leſſe proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull ſtudie ſhall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthineſſe, we ſingle you,
As our beſt mouing faire ſoliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On ſerious buſineſſe craving quicke diſpatch,
Importunes perſonall conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd ſuters his high will.
Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. Longauill is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1 *Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feaſt,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandie* ſaw I this *Longauill*,
A man of ſoueraigne parts he is eſteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely ſoyle of his faire vertues gloſſe,
If vertues gloſſe will ſtaine with any ſoile,
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut whoſe will ſtill wills,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, iſt ſo?
*Lad.*1. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors know.
Prin. Such ſhort liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
2.*Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accompliſht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Moſt power to doe moſt harme, leaſt knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though ſhe had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſoes* once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſſe.
Roſſa. Another of theſe Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expoſitor)
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauiſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſſe my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.
Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to beſiege his Court,
Then ſeeke a diſpenſation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled houſe.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*.
Nau. Faire Princeſſe, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.
Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.
Nau. You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oath.
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forſworne.
Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will ſhall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne out Houſekeeping:
'Tis deadly ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſinne to breake it: *Not Sir I. Harmer*
But pardon me, I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainly reſolue me in my ſuite.
Nau. Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me ſtay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to ask the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Roſa. The howre that fooles ſhould aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you many louers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire ſumme,
Disburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that ſumme; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendſhip with his Maieſtie:
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie, repaid/32
An hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitane*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe, were not his requeſts ſo farre
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And goe well ſatisfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receyt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe proteſt I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſumme, from ſpeciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound,
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.
Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſſe.
You may not come faire Princeſſe in my gates,
But heere without you ſhall be ſo receiu'd,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your owne good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health & faire deſires conſort your grace.
Kin. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La.Ro. Is the ſoule ſicke?.
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La.Ro. My Phiſicke ſaies I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.
La.Ro. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Boy. Now God ſaue thy life.
La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot ſtay thankſ-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that ſame?
Boy. The heire of *Alanſon*, *Roſalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſier fare you well.
Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſomtimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boy. Shee hath but one for her ſelfe,
To deſire that were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you ſir, whoſe daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods-bleſſing a your beard.
Boy. Good ſir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a moſt ſweet Lady. *Exit.Long.*
Boy. Not vnlike ſir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Ber. Is ſhe wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.
Ber. You are welcome ſir, adiew.
Boy. Fare well to me ſir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La.Ma. That laſt is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a ieſt.
Boy. And euery ieſt but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships? (lips.
Boy. No Sheepe (ſweet Lamb) vnleſſe we feed on your
La. You Sheep & I paſture: ſhall that finiſh the ieſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me.
La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My lips are no Common, though ſeuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vſed
On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my obſeruation (which very ſeldome lies
By the hearts ſtill rhetoricke, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon.
Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expreſſed.
His tongue all impatient to ſpeake and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eie-ſight to be,
All ſences to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on faireſt of faire:
Me thought all his ſences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did coate ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eies inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Bro. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eie hath diſ- (clos'd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneſſe of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinatly hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to ligge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging, loue ſometime through your noſe, as if you ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eies, with your armes croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obſeruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbi-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter, the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſimpathis'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaieſt thou?

Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minnime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brad. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine. Exit/32

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue ſir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought my ſpleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous ſmyling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the inconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *ſalue*?

Pag. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a (plaine, *ſalue*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were ſtill at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine, a Gooſe, that's flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.
Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?
Pag. I will tell you ſencibly.
Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will ſpeake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell ouer the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.
Arm. Sirra *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.
Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Lenuoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.
Arm. By my ſweete ſoule, I meane, ſetting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured, reſtrained, captiuated, bound.
Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Beare this ſignificant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signeur *Coſtard* adew. *Exit.*
Clow. My ſweete ounce of mans fleſh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?
Ber. What is a remuneration?
Coſt. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.
Ber. O, Why then threefarth ings wo rth of Silke.
Coſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.
Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.
Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?
Ber. O this after-noone.
Clo. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.
Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.
Clo. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.
Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.
Clo. I wil come to your worſhip to morrow morning.
Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone,
Harke ſlaue, it is but this:
The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And I in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white h and ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-vp counſaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.
Clo. Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*
Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals ſtucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſhue, grone,
Some men muſt loue my Lady, and ſome one.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vpriſing of the hill?
Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.
Qu. Who ere a was, a ſhew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, & then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes

guerdon /32
Senior Iunior / mod. Ed. *
Cloake /32
Cuh /32
sue and /32
Qu. /16
Qu. /16
Qu. /16
Qu. /16

* Expecting the alteration to Senior - Iunior see the prolegis notes on the word in Rowe's edition Vol. VII p. 65-66, & 67 -

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, ſee, my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for praiſe an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſoueraignтie
Onely for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?

Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.

Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Qu. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

Clo. The thickeſt, & the talleſt: it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickeſt here?

Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?

Clo. I haue a Letter from Monſier *Berowne*, *Birone*
To one Lady *Roſaline*.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Qu. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it ſelfe: haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici:* Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videliſet*, He came, See, and ouercame: hee came one; ſee, two; couercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What ſaw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The concluſion is victorie: On whoſe ſide? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whoſe ſide? the Beggers. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Begger, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſſe. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy ſelfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore foule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantaſime, a Monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhee ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act IV

Scene IV

Ah you whoreson Loggerhead you were born to do me Shame.

Guilty my Lord. I confess.

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Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.
Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*
Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A marke marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke ſaies my Lady.
Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will ſhee get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in, *Vn/32*
Ma. Come, come, you talke greaſely, your lips grow foule.
Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.
Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.
Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete ieſts, moſt inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armathor ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man. *Do/32*
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare:
And his Page atother ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.*

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.
Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth. *master /32*
Curat.Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel, haud credo.*
Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherеſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.
Dnl. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed dooſt thou looke.
Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, hee is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.
Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?
Hol. Dictiſſima goodman *Dull*, *dictiſſima* goodman *Dull.* *Dictyssima — mod Es-*
Dul. What is *dictima*? *ma /32*
Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*
Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more. (ſcore.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiue-
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. And I ſay the poluſion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſay beſide that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd.
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd a Pricket.
Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.
Hol I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt s/32
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.
Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.
Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.
Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.
Nath. Me hercle, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they ſhall

ſhall want no inſtruction: If their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapis qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M. *Perſon*.

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry M. Schoolemaſter, hee that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Coſtard*, and ſent mee from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Old *Mantuam*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee cõmend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apoſtraphas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naſo* was the man. And why indeed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I ſir from one mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.
To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beautious Lady Roſaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.
Your Ladiſhips in all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holoſernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life. *Exit.*

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verſes, Did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foreſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien vonuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beſeech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I do inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.*
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kils mee, I a ſheepe: Well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.
He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweete a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But

Painted by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by J. Heath Historical Engraver to his Majesty

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Biron — Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched peasants secretly do creep
Thro' crooked mists to the moon's sick heavens. Act 4. Scene 3.

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But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauile. *The King ſteps aſide.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.
Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.
Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.
Lon. Am I the firſt y^t^ haue been periur'd ſo? (know,
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the corner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp ſimplicitie.
Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to moue.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Disfigure not his Shop. *Stop Theobald — adopts*
Lon. This ſame ſhall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*
Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe,
To looſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?
Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fleſh a deity.
A greene Gooſe, a Goddeſſe, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate*.
Bero. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I ſay, her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome daies, but then no ſunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde. *Theobald — gan*
That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath. 3/32
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne: *thron — Pope*
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſweet.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue *would ſweare,* *even — Pope*
Iuno *but an Æthiop were,*
And denie himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plaine.
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. *Dumaine*, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping ſo.
Kin. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his, your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much. *chid 3/32*
You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſeru'd your faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Ioue*, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Chriſtall the others eyes.
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare
Faith infringed, which ſuch zeale did ſweare. *a 3/32*
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.
Bero. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares. *couches — Pope*
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not

* See Theobald's Note — Rann's Edn Vol. VII - p. 106

All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie. *strong* /32 x
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.
Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God bleſſe the King.
Kin. What Preſent haſt thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treaſon.
Kin. What makes treaſon heere?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together.
Iaqu. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.
Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. *He reades the Letter.*
Kin. Where hadſt thou it?
Iaqu. Of *Coſtard*.
King. Where hadſt thou it?
Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio*.
Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.
Dum. It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in Loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is euen.
Berow. True true, we are fowre: will theſe Turtles be gone?
Kin. Hence ſirs, away.
Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, & let the traytors ſtay.
Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine? (*Roſaline*,
Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue(her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes prayſe, then prayſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine? a wood mod. ed.
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.
Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night scowl mod. ed.
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire an /32
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therfore is ſhe borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.
Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion crake.
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.
Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face ſee.
Ber. O if the ſtreets were paued with thine eyes,

Her

x In Reed's Ed.n "Men like men" has been absurdly changed to Moon-like men — "Men like men" is men like all the rest of mankind of Strong inconstancy i.e. great inconstancy

Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lyes?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good *Berown* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
Dum. I marie there, ſome flattery for this euill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the diuell.
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon againſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to ſtudie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke. *hath/mod Eds*
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp *prisons - Theobald & mod Eds*
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes:
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eyes,
With our ſelues. *not in / 32*
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with: *beauteous mod Eds*
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauy toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound.
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſporides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſicall,
As bright *Apollo*'s Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie. *1 mod. Ed*
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wiſedomes ſake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women: *1 mod. Ed*
Or Womens ſake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once looſe our oathes to finde our ſelues,
Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charity it ſelfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ſeuer loue from Charity.
Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.
Ber. Aduance your ſtandards, & vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them. *fleſh / 32*
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay theſe glozes by,
Shall we reſolue to woe theſe girles of France?
Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuiſe,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. Firſt from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Miſtreſſe, in the afternoone
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:
Such as the ſhortneſſe of the time can ſhape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, ſtrewing her way with flowres.
Kin. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.
Ber. Alone, alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iuſtice alwaies whirles in equall meaſure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forſworne,
If ſo, our Copper buyes no better treaſure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. *Act IV. Rowe's Ed.*

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid ſufficit.

Curat. I praiſe God for you ſir, your reaſons at dinner haue beene ſharpe & ſententious: pleaſant without ſcurrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did conuerſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.* *affectation / 32*

Ped, Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maieſticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thraſonicall. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A moſt ſingular and choiſe Epithat,
Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verboſitie, finer then the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanaticall phantaſims, ſuch inſociable and poynt deuiſe companions, ſuch rackers of ortagriphie, as to ſpeake dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cauſe: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it inſinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine*, to make frantick, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prefcian, a little ſcratcht, 'twil ſerue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudio.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Moſt millitarie ſir ſalutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feaſt of Languages, and ſtolne the ſcraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eaſier ſwallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounſier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ſpeld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba moſt ſeely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Quis quis, thou Conſonant?

Pag. The laſt of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, or the ſift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the ſalt waue of the mediteranium, a ſweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, ſnip ſnap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maiſter, thou halfpenny purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O & the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my Baſtard; What a ioyfull father wouldſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.

Brag. Arts-man preambulat, we will bee ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charghouſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion.*

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *poſterior* of the day, moſtgenerous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, choſe, ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure you ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remember thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſignes, and of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to bee rendred by our aſſiſtants the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to preſent them?

Peda. Ioſua, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules.*

Brag. Pardon ſir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall bee ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice Worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beſeech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play

on

on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Princeſſe and Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.
Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thouſand yeeres a Boy.
Kath. I, and a ſhrewd vnhappy gallowes too.
Roſ. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heauy, and ſo ſhe died: had ſhe beene Light like you, of ſuch a merrie nimble ſtirring ſpirit, ſhe might a bin a Grandam ere ſhe died. And ſo may you: For a light heart liues long.
Roſ. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?
Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.
Roſ. We need more light to finde your meaning out.
Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.
Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtil i'th darke.
Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Roſ. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.
Qu. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I haue Verſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſſe on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.
Qu. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good concluſion.
Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.
* *Roſ.* Ware penſals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.
Qu. A Pox of that ieſt, and I beſhrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kat. Madame, this Gloue.
Qu. Did he not ſend you twaine?
Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compiled, profound ſimplicitie.
Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Qu. I thinke no leſſe: Doſt thou wiſh in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter ſhort.
Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might neuer part.
Quee. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Louers ſo.
Roſ. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and ſeeke,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in bootleſs rimes.
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud that ieſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhold be my foole, and I his fate.
Qu. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wiſedome hatch'd:
Hath wiſedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?
Roſ. The bloud of youth burns not with ſuch exceſſe,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be. × wantonneſſe /32
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wife, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace, Loue doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt,
The King and his companions: warely i/32
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you ſhall ouer-heare:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauiſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence maieſticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee: nobin /32
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue fear'd her, had ſhe beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praiſes bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zelous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly paſſions ſolemne teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to viſit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and dance,

* "In the correction of wore 1623 to ware we have a striking instance of the superiority of the 2d Folio." Dyce's Ed. gives Sir T. Hanmer the credit of this undoubted restoration of the authors meaning and language" Kerwin

× Wantonneſſe again corrects from 4to 1598

all to my behests /32
with /32
p
p
p
p
p

And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtreſſe: which they'll know
By fauours ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.
Queen. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my ſweet, and giue me thine,
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Fauours too, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by theſe remoues.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the fauours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their ſeuerall counſels they vnboſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayd to talke and greete.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while'tis ſpoke, each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trompet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page. All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes, With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epythite,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.
Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie told.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She neares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How manie wearie ſteps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bidſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then: nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhee's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſick playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it:
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure, be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſelues: What buyes your companie?
Roſa. Your abſence onelie.
Kin. That can neuer be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In priuate then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Be. White handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.
Qu. Seuenth ſweet adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in ſecret.
Qu. Let it not be ſweet.
Ber. Thou greeu'ſt my gall.

Queen.

× "Her face] here again this Edition ſurpaſſes the firſt Folio and the 4to"

* "Nere for ere] Is not this alſo a better reading?" Sherwin

Roberts Sculp.

Mrs BULKELEY as PRINCESS of FRANCE.

Twenty Adieus my frozen Muscovites.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Sept.r 20.1785

Qu. Gall, bitter. Rincſoc/32
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie:
Mar. Say you ſo? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Pleaſe it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reaſon Ladie why you aske. 2/32 tongue/32
Mar. O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my ſpeechleſſe vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your ſelfe in theſe ſharpe mockes.
Will you giue hornes chaſt Ladie? Do not ſo.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat ſoftly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuiſible:
Cutting a ſmaller haire then may be ſeene,
Aboue the ſenſe of ſence ſo ſenſible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, ſwifter things
Roſa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure ſcoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue ſimple wits. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muſcouits. p
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweete breathes puft out.
Roſa. Wel-liking wits they haue, groſſe, groſſe, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout. p
Will they not (thinke you) hang themſelues to night?
Or euer but in vizards ſhew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſa. They were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was vweeping ripe for a good word. p
Qu. *Berowne* did ſweare himſelfe out of all ſuite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſeruice, and his ſword:
No point (quoth I:) my ſeruant ſtraight vvas mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* ſaid I came ore his hart: vile/32
And trow you vvhat he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps. p
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go ſickneſſe as thou art. p
Roſ. Well, better wits haue worne plain ſtatute caps,
But vvil you heare; the King is my loue ſworne.
Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me. p
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my ſeruice borne. vile
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie miſtreſſes giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne ſhapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignitie. 2/32

Qu. Will they returne? p
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweet Roſes, in this ſummer aire.
Qu. How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee vnderſtood. p
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud:
Diſmaskt, their damaske ſweet commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roſes blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie: What ſhall vve do, p
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to wo?
Roſa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them vvhat fooles were heare,
Diſguis'd like Muſcouites in ſhapeleſſe geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhowes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land. p
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire ſir, God ſaue you. Wher's the Princeſſe?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie command me any ſeruice to her?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peaſe,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth pleaſe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that ſell by groſſe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his ſleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and liſpe: Why this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can ſing
A meane moſt meanly, and in Vſhering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him ſweete.
The ſtaires as he treads on them kiſſe his feete.
This is the flower that ſmiles on euerie one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as Whales bone. whale his/32
And conſciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blifter on his ſweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part. Boes/32

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman ſhew'd thee? And what art thou now? mad/not in mod. Ed.
King. All haile ſweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue. p
King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wiſh me better, I wil giue you leaue. p
King. We came to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To leade you to our Court, vouchſafe it then.
Qu. This field ſhal hold me, and ſo hold your vow: p
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The

The vertue of your eie muſt breake my oth.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould haue ſpoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnſallied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenlie oaths, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnviſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere, and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſians left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſsians?
Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſsia habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This ieſt is dri to me. Gentle ſweete,
Your wits makes wiſe things fooliſh when we greete
With eies beſt ſeeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we looſe light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtoore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This prooues you wiſe and rich: for in my eie
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright.
Du. Let vs confeſſe, and turn it to a ieſt.
Qu. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes ſadde?
Roſa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l ſound: why looke you pale?
Sea-ſicke I thinke comming from Muſcouie.
Ber. Thus poure the ſtars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of braſſe hold longer out?
Heere ſtand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound me with a flout.
Thruſt thy ſharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wiſh thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Ruſsian habit waite.
O! neuer will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers ſongue,
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot oſtentation.
I do forſweare them, and I heere proteſt,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is ſound, *ſans* cracke or flaw.
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I ſee.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Ber. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeeke not to vndo vs.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.
Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs ſweete Madame, for our rude tranſgreſsion, ſome faire excuſe.
Qu. The faireſt is confeſsion.
Were you not heere but euen now, diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did reſpect her
Qu. When ſhee ſhall challenge this, you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honor no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſsian whiſper in your eare?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he vvould Wed me, or elſe die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honorably doth vphold his word.
King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Ladie ſuch an oth.
Roſ. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gaue me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Qu. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſom Dick
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd;

Told

+ "Warburton underſtood wrinkles to be implied by yeares — Theobald propoſed Jeers" Steevens

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Act 5 Scene 2.

King. We come to visit you and purpose now
To lead you to our court vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow
Nor God nor I delight in perjured men.

Painted by T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by J. Heath Historical Engraver to his Majesty and R.A.

Published May 1 1805 by J. Walker, J. Sharpe & J. Walker, Piccadilly.

Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſigne of ſhe.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a ſmocke ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden ſword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this carreere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ſt a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord ſir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purſents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, vnder correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg vs ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Vnder correction ſir, wee know where-vntill it doth amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we wil take ſome care.

King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his companie.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt, the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* ſ great, the Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, and here ſhe coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clo. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauailing along this coaſt, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe of France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey.*

Clo. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooues the beſt Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Commander:
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South, I ſpred my conqnering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.

Boiet. Your noſe ſaies no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceede good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Commander.

Boiet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your ſeruant and *Coſtard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*

Clo. O ſir, you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, & ſoon daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour inſooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Stand aſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe,
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not Iſcariot ſir.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kiſsing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you ſir?

Boi. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene.

Boi. The pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S.Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Aſſe, let him go:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monſieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may ſtumble.

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

King. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue Hector *a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I muſt rather giue it the reine: for it runnes againſt *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.

Boy. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This Hector farre ſurmounted Hanniball.
The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meaneſt thou?

Clo. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly already: tis yours.

Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Clo. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees ſtirre them, or ſtirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will ſup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile do it by the ſword: I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

Page. Maſter, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not ſee *Pompey* is vncaſing for the combat: what

meane

meane you? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Marc. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen ſo: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and entreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord: heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue:
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpos'd: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the ears of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:
Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenlie eies that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yonrs. We to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant ieſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.

Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me.
Your oth I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eie.
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,

Ile

Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Lon. What ſaies *Maria*?
Mari. At the twelue months end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.
Ber. Studies my Ladie? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue.
Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelue month terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agonie.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iеſts proſperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A twelue month? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a twelue month in an Hoſpitall.
Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies courteſie
Might wel haue made our ſport a Comedie.
Kin. Come ſir, it wants a twelue month and a day,
And then 'twil end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſty vouchſafe me.
Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I wil kiſſe thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will do ſo.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others.

Theſeus.

NOw faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how ſlow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my deſires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.
Hip. Foure daies wil quickly ſteep thēſelues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a ſiluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, ſhal behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Go *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyſander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againſt my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Dometrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lyſander.
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the boſome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt by Moone-light at her window ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Noſe-gaies, ſweet meats (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not heere before your Grace,
Conſent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.
The. In himſelfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies muſt with his iudgment looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modeſtie
In ſuch a preſence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the ſociety of men.
Therefore faire Hermia queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd,
To liue a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleſſe Moone,
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To vndergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Roſe diſtil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſednes.

Her. So will I grow, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordſhip, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake,
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſoueraignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new Moon
The ſealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhip:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to proteſt
For aie, auſterity, and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her,
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue ſpoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of ſomething, neerely that concernes your ſelues.
Ege. With dutie and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt*

Manet Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. How now my loue? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or hiſtorie,
The courſe of true loue neuer did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O croſſe! too high to be enthral'd to loue.*
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares.
Her. O ſpight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood vpon the choiſe of merit.
Her. O hell! to chooſe loue by anothers eie.
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſimpathie in choiſe,
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a ſound:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The iawes of darkneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomarie croſſe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennew, and ſhe hath no childe,
From Athens is her houſe remou'd ſeuen leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe Athenian Law
Cannot purſue vs. If thou lou'ſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſeruance for a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by Cupids ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to ſhepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O were fauor ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you ſway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.
Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.
Her. I giue him curſes, yet he giues me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection mooue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradiſe to mee.

* "Theobald's correction to Low is properly received in the modern Edns" Sherwin

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lyſ. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time that Louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld:*
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions,
Farwell ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander* we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lyſander.*

Hele. How happy ſome, ore otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is Loue ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he is often beguil'd,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Qui. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelues.

Quince. Anſwere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himſelfe moſt gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks; and ſhiuering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon gates; and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pryamus* muſt loue.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maske, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce; *Thiſne*, *Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. Robin Starueling the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelf, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, giue it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Pira-*

* "Theobald's correction to ſweet has been adopted in the modern Edns of Reed &c — It appears to me to be a reſtoration"
Sherwin

mus is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; a moſt louely Gentleman-like man, therfore you muſt needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meete in the Citie, we ſhalbe dog'd with company, and our deuiſes knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and couragiouſly. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now ſpirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through buſh, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euerie where, ſwifter then ẽ y Moons ſphere;
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the (green.
The Cowſlips tall, her penſioners bee,
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In thoſe freckles, liue their fauors,
I muſt go ſeeke ſome dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowſlips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of ſpirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſsing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had ſo ſweet a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forreſts wilde.
But ſhe (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knauiſh ſpirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I ieſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a Goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roaſted crab:
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre vvas neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fair. And heere my Miſtris:
Would that he vvere gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, iealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forſworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie raſh Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou vvaſt ſtolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and verſing loue
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere
Come from the fartheſt ſteepe of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſſe, and your Warrior loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and proſperitie.

Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, vvith *Hippolita*?
Knowing I knovv thy loue to *Theſeus*?
Didſt thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

Que. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie,
And neuer ſince the middle Summers ſpring
Met vve on hil, in dale, forreſt, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling Winde,
But vvith thy braules thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuck'd vp from the ſea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euerie petty Riuer made ſo proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted vvith the murrion flocke,

The

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed frosts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Tu. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my Order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Tu. Perchance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Tu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide downe right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory, *Nothin/32*
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſay (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Eſſoutin 32
Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is aſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
Shee ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſlay, the other ſlayeth me. *Slay/Slayeth/32*
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your ſpaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurne me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Then to be vſed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am ſicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modeſty too much,
To leaue the Citty, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that
It is not night when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?
Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Doue purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.
Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt flie him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Lul'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this groue;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the firſt Cocke crow.
Pu. Feare not my Lord, your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.
2. Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell. *Shee ſleepes.*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire.
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Liſander and Hermia.

Liſ. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in ỹ woods,
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes, and one troth.
Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie ſo neere.
Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath, chaind/4to
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant, and good night ſweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy ſweet life end.
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.
Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.
Enter Pucke. *They ſleepe.*
Puck. Through the Forreſt haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none, found/4to 1600
One whoſe eyes I might approue on/32
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping found,

On

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

HENCE, AWAY!

Act 3 MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Scene 3.

Rembrn. Sc. Lewis Sculp.

MISS FARREN in the Character of HERMIA.

Printed for John Cuthbert, No 4 Catherine Street Strand Oct 1 1805

On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty ſoule, ſhe durſt not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let loue forbid
Sleepe his ſeate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.
Exit Demetrius.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefoere ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beaſts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monſter, flie my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground;
Deade or aſleepe? I ſee no bloud, no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature her ſhewes art,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loue ſtories, written in Loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong(good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomacke brings:
Or as the hereſies that men do leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe that did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me;
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe me *Lyſander*, helpe me; do thy beſt
To plucke this crawling ſerpent from my breſt.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And yet ſat ſmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyſander, what remoou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? ſpeake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I ſound almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient place for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What ſaiſt thou, bully *Bottome*?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt, *Piramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwere you that?
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.
Star. I beleeue we muſt leaue the killing out, when all is done.
Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, we will do no harme with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.
Quin. Well, we will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſixe.
Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.
Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?
Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.
Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelues, to bring in (God ſhield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.
Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lyon.
Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lyons necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt

requeſt you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meeteby Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorne, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What ſay you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him haue ſome Plaſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome rough caſt about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, ſhall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and rehearſe your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns haue we ſwaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Piramus: Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious ſauors ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours ſauors ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce: ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit. Pir.*

Puck A ſtranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt briſky Iuuenall, and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: why, you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwere to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are hanted; pray maſters, flye maſters, helpe. Exeunt

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through baſh, through brake, through bryer,
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound:
A hogge, a headleſſe beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Aſſe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.

The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird?
Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not deſire to goe,
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Summer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airie ſpirit go.

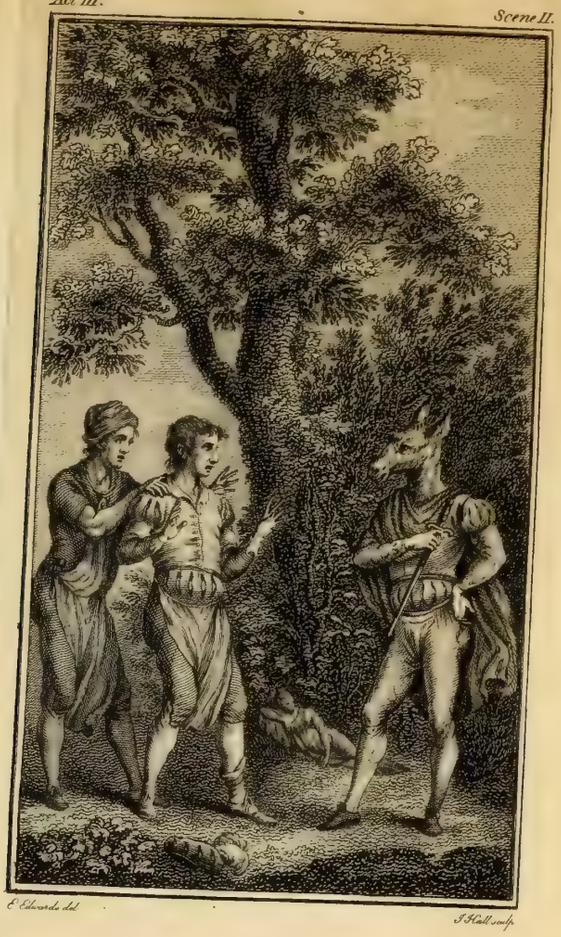
Enter Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be

MIDSUMMERS NIGHT DREAM.

Act III. *Scene II.*



E. Edwards del. *J. Hall sculp.*

O' Bottom thou art chang'd what do I see on thee!

Publish'd accord.g to Act of Parliam.t July 6.th 1793 by J. Bell in the Strand.

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to ariſe:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1.*Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2.*Fai.* Haile.

3.*Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy hartily; I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.
Your name honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, I ſhal deſire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeede.

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtard ſeede*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeede.*

Tita. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when ſhe weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Pharies, ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?
Puck. My Miſtris with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* ſtals,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Piramus* preſented, in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him ſpie,
As Wilde-geeſe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughes, many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the skye:
So at his ſight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our ſtampe, here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their ſenſe thus weake, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell ſnatch,
Some ſleeues, ſome hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Piramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked, and ſtraightway lou'd an Aſſe.
Ob. This fals out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe,
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th'*Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murtherer looke, ſo dead, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murderer looke, and ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?
Dem. I'de rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, euen for my ſake,
Durſt thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpri'sd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lyſanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier grow:
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie downe.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on ſome true loues ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh bloud deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes againſt ſhe doth appeare.
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpie,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things doe beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think ỹ I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Aww.*
Dem. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne!
Chriſtall is muddy, O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fan'd with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdſt vp thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.
Hell. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne in ſoules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vow, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your deriſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waſt more idle breth.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſoiourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
De. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leaue me ſo? (to go?
Lyſan. Why ſhould hee ſtay whom Loue doth preſſe
Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Iniurious Hermia, moſt vngratefull maid,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we haue ſpent,
When wee haue chid the haſty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchooledaies friendſhip, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

Two

Act III. MIDSUMMERS NIGHT DREAM. Scene 2d

MISS BARSANTI in the Character of **HELENA.**

. And will you rent our ancient Love asunder,
To join with Men in scorning your poor Friend?

Two louely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.
Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorne you not; It ſeemes that you ſcorne me.
Hel. Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne
To follow me, and praiſe my eies and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne me with his foote)
To call me goddeſſe, nimph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Denie your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd)
This you ſhould pittie, rather then deſpiſe.
Her. I vnderſtand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I, doe, perſeuer, counterfeit ſad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieſt vp:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedie.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena.*
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weak praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To proue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proue it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope.*
Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you growne ſo rude?
What change is this ſweete Loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poiſon hence.
Her. Do you not ieſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius: I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life;
And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no ieſt,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena.*
Her. O me, you iugler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart from him?
Hel. Fine yfaith:
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What, will you teare
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath preuail'd with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curſt:
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue here behinde.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Her. With *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena.*
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.

Let

Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by iowle. *Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.*
Her. You Miſtris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaueries willingly.
Puck. Beleeue me, King of ſhadowes, I miſtooke,
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proues my enterpize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Louers ſeeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſtie Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, ſleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth c reepe;
Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals role with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairie Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night-ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approach Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe-waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with blacke browd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *ſhifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here wil reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before me, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deere,
If euer I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now goe thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be viſited.

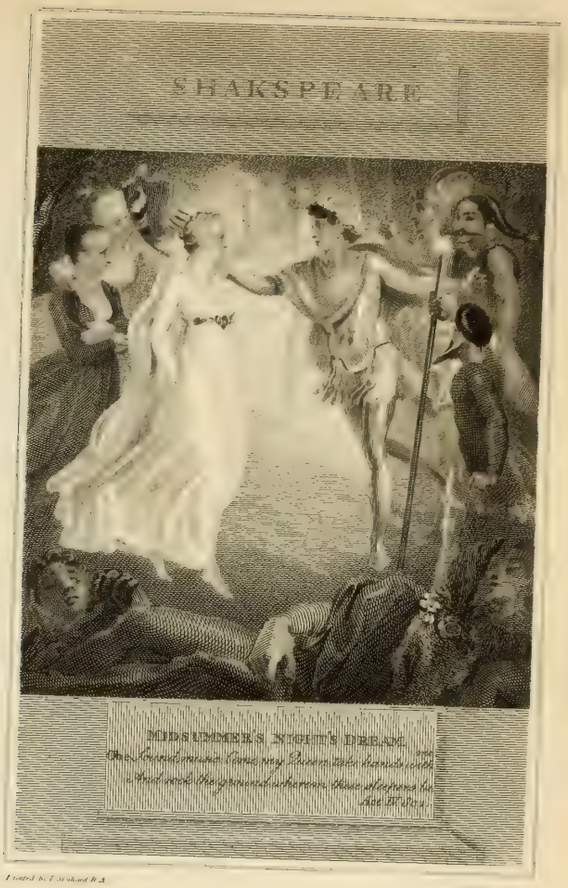
Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore companie deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometime ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo wearie, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eye,

And



Painted by T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by C. Warren

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Painted by J. Stothard R.A. *Engraved by J. Heath Engraver to his late Majesty the Prince of Wales*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Obe. *Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.*

Act 4 Scene 1.

Published Jan.y 1.st 1802 by J. Heath No.3 Kingsell Place Lisson Grove & G.G.& J. Robinson Paternoster Row

And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*, nought ſhall goe ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall bee well.

They ſleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clow. Where's *Peaſe bloſſome?*
Peaſ. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome.* Wher's Mounſieuer *Cobweb.*
Cob. Ready.
Clowne. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thiſtle; and good Mounſieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much in the action, Mounſieur; and good Mounſieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouer-flowne with a hony-bag ſignior. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed?*
Muſ. Ready.
Clo. Giue me your neaſe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed.* Pray you leaue your courteſie good Mounſieur.
Muſ. What's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to help Cauelery *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers Mounſieur, for me thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſſe, if my haire do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſicke, my ſweet loue.
Clow. I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.

Tita. Or ſay ſweete Loue, what thou deſireſt to eat.
Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow.
Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.
Clown. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you let none of your people ſtirre me, I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon me.
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt; the female Iuy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame dew which ſomtime on the buds,
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue me, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queene.
Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Aſſe.
Ob. There lies your loue.
Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe; of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.
Tita. Muſicke, ho muſicke, ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.

Muſick ſtill.

Rob. When thou wak'ſt, with thine owne fooles eies peepe.
Ob. Sound muſick; come my Queen, take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire poſterity.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in iollity.
Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then my Queene in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the nights ſhade;
We the Globe can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye ſtill.

With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Theſ. Goe one of you, finde out the Forreſter,
For now our obſeruation is perform'd;
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Weſterne valley, let them goe;
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the Forreſter.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that ſweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they roſe vp early, to obſerue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Theſ. Goe bid the huntſ-men wake them with their hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all ſtart vp.

Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon my Lord.

Theſ. I pray you all ſtand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is is ſo farre from iealouſie,
To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truly ſay how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I ſee *Hermia*,
But like a ſickneſſe did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now doe I wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

Theſ. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worne,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnitie.
Come *Hippolitæ*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall & vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When euery things ſeemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It ſeemes to mee,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolitæ*.

Lyſ. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes. *Exit Louers.*

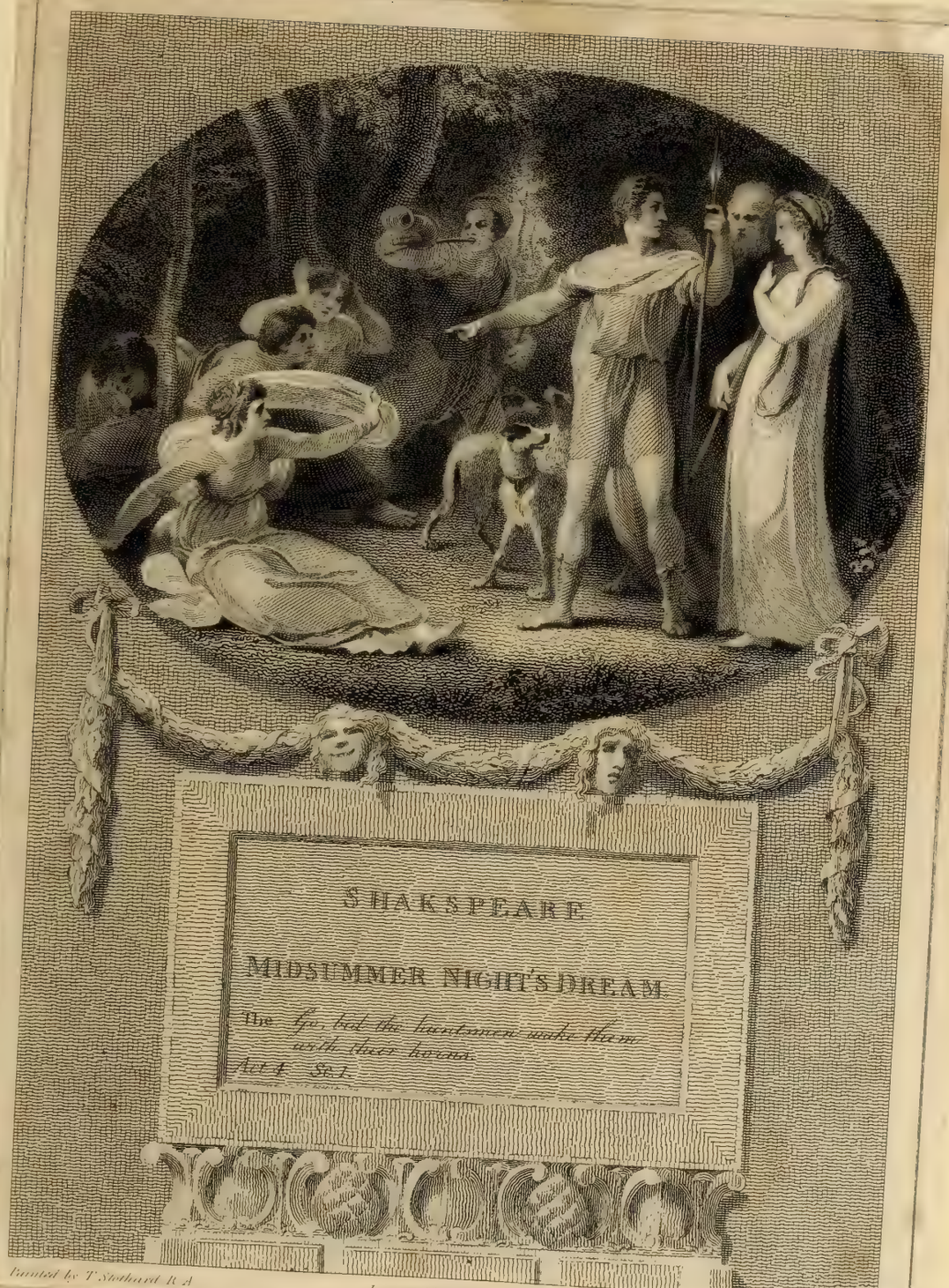
Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*? *Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me aſleepe: I haue had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to ſay, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeen, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it ſhall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, becauſe it hath no bottome; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.

Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottomes* houſe? Is he come home yet?

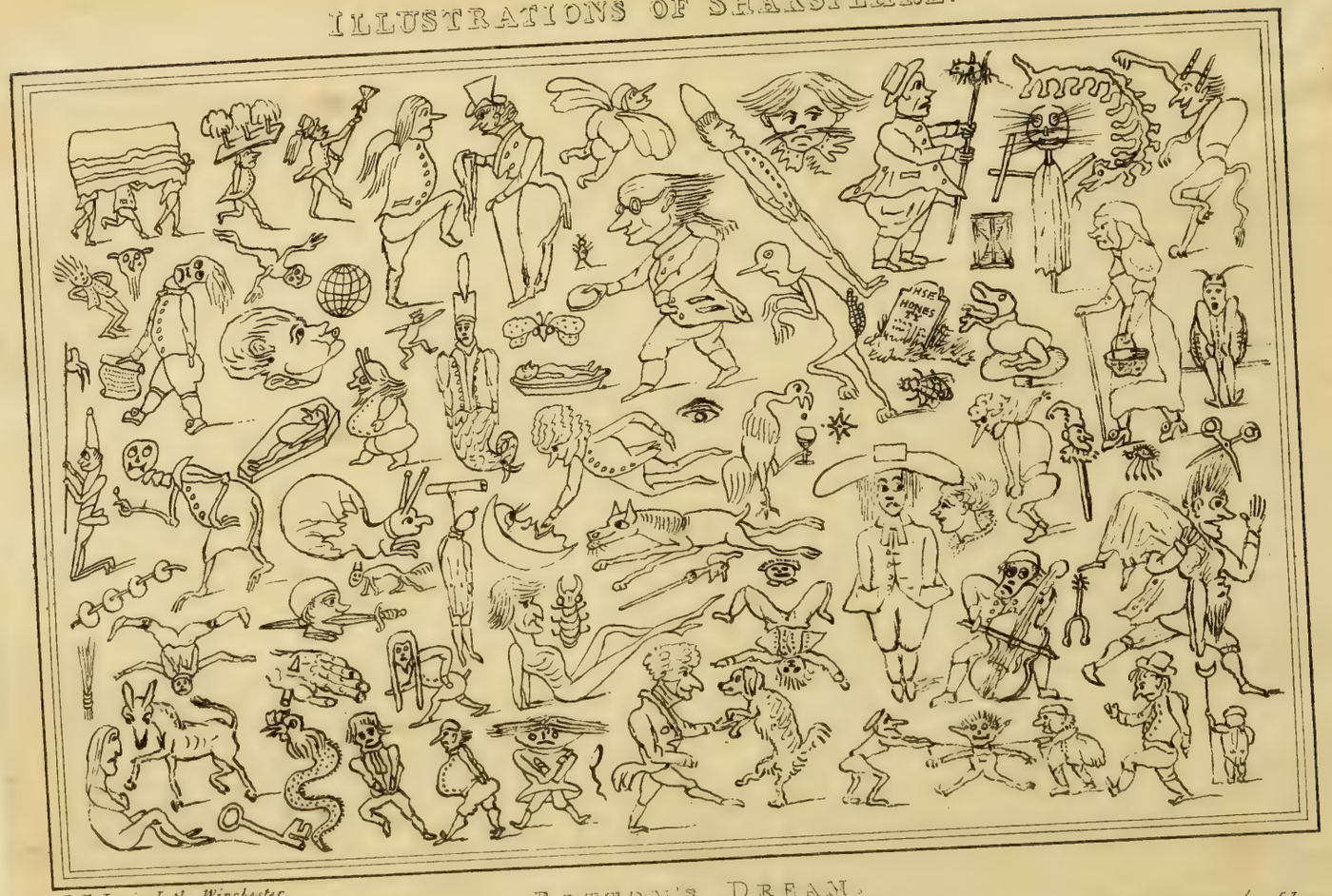
Staru. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is tranſported.

Thiſ. If



Painted by T Stothard R A

Engraved by J Heath, Engraver to his Majesty & his R H the Prince of Wal.



J T Lewis, Lith. Winchester.

BOTTOM'S DREAM.

"Hey ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—There is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called *Bottom's Dream*, because it hath no bottom!" Midsummer Night's Dream.

Thiſ. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you haue not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

Thiſ. No, hee hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a ſweet voyce.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought. *naught/sc* *

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our ſport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thiſ. O ſweet bully *Bottome:* thus hath he loſt ſixepence a day, during his life; he could not haue ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deſerued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottome, ô moſt couragious day! O moſt happie houre!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, ſweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* haue clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter ſweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

* Theobald plumed himself greatly on altering the word nought of other editions to naught.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, t y theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the ſtorie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancie;
But howſoeuer, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter louers, Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances ſhall we haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our vſuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theſeus*.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske? What muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with ſome delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many ſports are rife:
Make choiſe of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

Liſ. The battell with the Centaurs to be ſung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.

Liſ. The riot of the tipſie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger, in their rage?

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.

Liſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death of learning, late deceaſt in beggerie.

The. That is ſome Satire keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Liſ. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall wee finde the concord of this diſcord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water;
But more merrie teares, the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptiall. *x/31*

The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their intents,
Extreamely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you ſeruice.
Theſ. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchedneſſe orecharged;
And duty in his ſeruice periſhing.
Theſ. Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſaies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.
Theſ. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purpoſed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweete,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.
Egeus. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.
Duke. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. *Quince.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.
Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.
Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.
Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a ſound, but not in gouernment.
Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through walls chink (poor ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizy beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameſull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine.
Exit all but Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeake.
Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I vvould haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loame, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſper.
Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Haire to ſpeake better?
Deme. It is the vvittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.
Theſ. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, ſilence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô vvall, thou ſweet and louely vvall,
That ſtands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vvall, ô vvall, ô ſweet and louely vvall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvith mine eine.
Thankes courteous vvall. *Ioue* ſhield thee vvell for this.
But vvhat ſee I? No *Thisbie* doe I ſee.
O vvicked vvall, through vvhom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiuing mee.
Theſ. The vvall me-thinkes being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.
Pir. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the vvall. You ſhall ſee it vvill fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.
Thiſ. O vvall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones vvith Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.
Pyra. I ſee a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?*
Thiſ. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.
Pir. Thinke vvhat thou vvilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.
Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true.
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pir. O

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole, not your lips at all.
Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me ſtraight way?
Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*
Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.
Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are ſo willfull, to heare without vvarning.
Dut. This is the fillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.
Du. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.
Dut. It muſt be your imagination then, & not theirs.
Duk. If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here com two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle harts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.
Du. A verie gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.
Dem. The verie beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, e're I ſaw.
Liſ. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.
Du. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.
Dem. Not ſo my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.
Du. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carrie his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.
Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.
De. He ſhould haue worne the hornes on his head.
Du. Hee is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.
Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent: My ſelfe, the man i'th Moone doth ſeeme to be.
Du. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.
Dut. I am vvearie of this Moone; vvould he would change.
Du. It appeares by his ſmal light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, vve muſt ſtay the time.
Lyſ. Proceed Moone.
Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh, my thorne buſh; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But ſilence, heere comes *Thisby.*

Enter Thisby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my loue?
Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.
Du. Well run *Thisby.*
Dut. Well ſhone Moone.
Truly the Moone ſhines with a good grace.
Du. Wel mouz'd Lion.
Dem. And then came *Piramus.*
Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbies* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
Du. This paſſion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke ſad.
Dut. Beſhrew my heart, but I pittie the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus:*
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.
Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
Liſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.
Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and proue an Aſſe.
Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by ſtarre-light.
Heere ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.
Dut. Me thinkes ſhee ſhould not vſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be breefe.
Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better.
Lyſ. She hath ſpyed him already, with thoſe ſweete (eyes.
Dem. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicit.*
This. Aſleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Muſt couer thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade, my breſt imbrue:

41

Streames /32
Moones / Theobald
x "Sheanes was anciently Synonymous with moanes as it is yet in Scotland"
Sheares.

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-ſhine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whileſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the waſted brands doe glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,
To ſweep the duſt behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

The Song.

Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, harelip, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this Pallace with ſweet peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but ſlumbred heere,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Pucke*,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN footh I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and ſuch a Want-wit ſadneſſe makes of mee,
That I haue much ado to know my ſelfe.

Sal. Your minde is toſsing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtſie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie houre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallows, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiſſe her buriall; ſhould I goe to Church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechaunc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vineger aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and *Gratiano.*

Sola. Heere comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne buſines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay,
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Sal. Wee'll make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where me muſt meete.

Baſſ. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much reſpect vpon the world:
They loſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellouſly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where euery man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why ſhould a man whoſe bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies

By

By being peeuiſh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that ſpeakes:
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do creame and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilfull ſtilneſſe entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of theſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; when I am verie ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But ſiſh not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* neuer let's me ſpeake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou ſhall not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Baſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reaſons are two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them they are not worth the ſearch.

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Baſ. 'Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the moſt in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfeſame flight
The ſelfeſame way, with more aduiſed watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode proofe,
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

An. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To winde about my loue with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making queſtion of my vttermoſt
Then if you had made waſte of all I haue:
Then doe but ſay to me what I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt vnto it: therefore ſpeake.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, ſometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from euery coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,
And many *Iaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That ſhall be rackt euen to the vttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire, and ſo will I
Where money is, and I no queſtion make
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Neriſſa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfet with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no ſmal happineſſe therefore to bee ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as eaſie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madneſſe the youth, to ſkip ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſon is not in faſhion to chooſe me a husband: O mee, the word chooſe, I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the wil of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning,

chooſes

Shakespeare — as Shylock

chooſes you, wil no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, and you will not haue me, chooſe: he heares merrie tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Philoſopher when he growes old, being ſo full of vnmannerly ſadneſſe in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I know it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, he fals ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twentie husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madneſſe, I ſhould neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & ſweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *Engliſh*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour euery where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour? *Scottish Lord 4to & Quart Ed.* *

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Engliſhman*, and ſwore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is ſober, and moſt vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reiniſh-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuite, vnleſſe you may be won by ſome other ſort then your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaſte as *Diana*: vnleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie abſence: and I wiſh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marqueſſe of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke, ſo was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers ſeeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maiſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee ſhould ſhriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra go before; whiles wee ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwere.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months, and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwere to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand me that he is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath ſquandered abroad, but ſhips are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baſ. Be aſſured you may.

* Throstle – Pope – * "Scottish omitted to avoid the offence it might have given to the scottish Lords at court." S-

Iew. I will be aſſured I may: and that I may be aſſured, I will bethinke mee, may I ſpeake with *Anthonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to ſmell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conioured the diuell into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and ſo following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is ſignior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vſance here with vs in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes
Euen there where Merchants moſt doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals interreſt: Curſed be my Trybe
If I forgiue him.

Baſſ. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere geſſe of my memorie
I cannot inſtantly raiſe vp the groſſe
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good ſignior,
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thouſand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thoughts you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vſe it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* ſheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poſſeſſor; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interreſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull ſhepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He ſtucke them vp before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Iacobs.*
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.

Ant. This was a venture ſir that *Iacob* ſeru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſiluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faſt,
But note me ſignior.

Ant. Marke you this *Baſſanio,*
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſehood hath.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my Iewiſh gaberdine, Spit. Stevens
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard, Reume/32
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, moneyes is your ſuite.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? Is it poſſible
A curre ſhould lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humbleneſſe,
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend? 4to 1600/for and
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penalties.

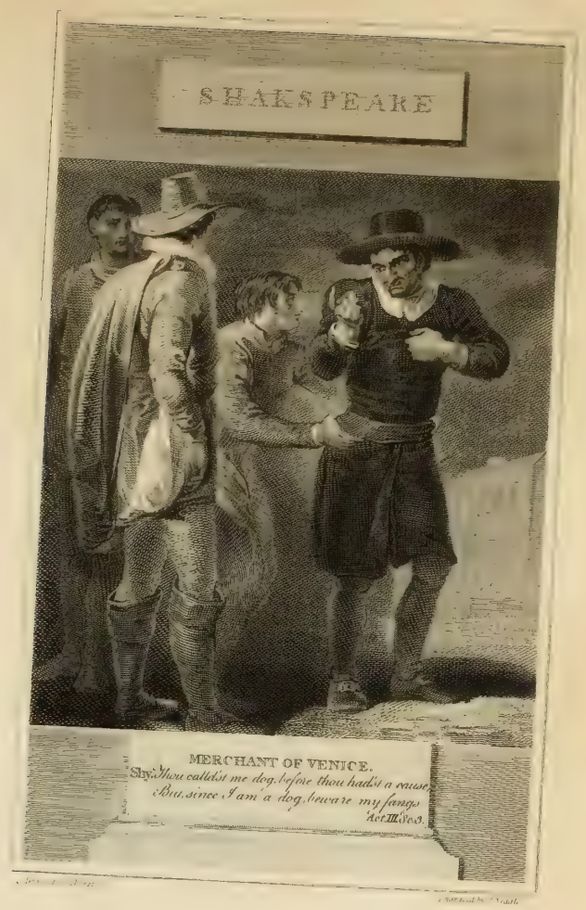
Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtaind me with,
Supplie your preſent wants, and take no doite
Of vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.

Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merrie ſport
If you repaie me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum or ſums as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile ſeale to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Iew.

Baſſ. You


SHAKSPEARE
MERCHANT OF VENICE.
Shy. Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
Act III. Sc. 3.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his daie, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it, ſo: if not adiew,
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite.
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſentlie
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*. This Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſ. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.
Exennt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, Mod-Ed-

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make inciſion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In tearmes of choiſe I am not ſolie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlew the Sophie, and a Perſian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would orc-ſtare the ſterneſt eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage, Ap. Theobald Rhes
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing.
Port. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo - Mod-Ed-

Clo. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legs, take the ſtart, run awaie: my conſcience ſaies no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heed honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſaies the fiend, away ſaies the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſaies the fiend, and run; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſaies verie wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet*, being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kinde of taſte; wel, my conſcience ſaies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge ſaies the fiend, bouge not ſaies my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile well, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the *Iew* my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the *Iew* I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the diuell himſelfe: certainely the *Iew* is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the *Iew*; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Gobbo in the mod-Ed-always

Enter old Gobbo with a Baſket.

Gob. Maiſter yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*?
Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confuſions with him.
Gob. Maiſter yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*.
Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the *Iewes* houſe.

Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talke you of yong Maſter *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raiſe the waters; talke you of yong Maiſter *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maiſter ſir, but a poore mans ſonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of yong Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant pleaſe your maiſterſhip.

Lan. Ergo Maiſter *Lancelet*, talke not of maiſter *Lancelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odde ſayings, the ſiſters three, & ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie ſtaffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-poſt, a ſtaffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God reſt his ſoule aliue or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke ſir I am ſand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your ſon, giue me your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans ſonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your bleſſing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your childe that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Lan. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the *Iewes* man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, Ile be ſworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorſe has on his taile.

Lan. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am ſure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I loſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I haue brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to run awaie, ſo I will not reſt till I haue run ſome ground; my Maiſter's a verie *Iew*, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maiſter *Baſſanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liuories, if I ſerue not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Iew* if I ſerue the *Iew* anie longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be readie at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, would'ſt thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich *Iewes* man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerue.

Lan. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, I ſerue the *Iew*, and haue a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maiſter and he (ſauing your worſhips reuerence) are ſcarce catercoſins.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Iew* hauing done me wrong, doth cauſe me as my Father being I hope an old man ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue here a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow vpon your worſhip, and my ſuite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the ſuite is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuite,
Shylocke thy Maiſter ſpoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich *Iewes* ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerb is verie well parted betweene my Maiſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you haue the grace of God ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Maiſter, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to ſweare vpon a booke, I ſhall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmall trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Iew* in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Baſſ. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſte, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beſt endeuors ſhall be done herein. *Exit. Le.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maiſter.

Leon. Yonder

Leon. Yonder ſir he walkes.
Gra. Signior *Baſſanio.*
Baſ. *Gratiano.*
Gra. I haue a ſute to you. *ſuite /32*
Baſſ. You haue obtain'd it.
Gra. You muſt not denie me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.
Baſſ. Why then you muſt: but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce, *too /32*
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they ſhow
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wilde behauiour
I be miſconſterd in the place I goe to,
And looſe my hopes.
Gra. Signor *Baſſanio,* heare me,
If I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillitie
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.
Baſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night.
Baſ. No that were pittie,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuite of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but far you well, *fare /32*
I haue ſome buſineſſe.
Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merrie diuell
Did'ſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe;
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet,* ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maiſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father *fare*
See me talke with thee.
Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull *20/32*
Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomewhat drowne my manly ſpirit: adue. *Exit.*
Ieſ. Farewell good *Lancelet.*
Alacke, what hainous ſinne is it in me
To be aſhamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo,*
If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Slarino, and Salanio.
Lor. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Sal. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
Sol. 'Tis vile vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.
Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres
To furniſh vs; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Laucelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it ſhall pleaſe you to breake vp this, ſhall it ſeeme to ſignifie.
Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on, *whiter /32*
I the faire hand that writ.
Gra. Loue newes in faith.
Lan. By your leaue ſir.
Lor. Whither goeſt thou?
Lan. Marry ſir to bid my old Maſter the *Iew* to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit.Clowne.*
Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it ſtrait.
Sol. And ſo will I.
Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.
Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. *Exit.*
Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica?*
Lor. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſuite ſhe hath in readineſſe:
If ere the *Iew* her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake;
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe *Iew:*
Come goe with me, pervſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou ſhall ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio;*
What *Ieſſica,* thou ſhalt not gurmandize
As thou haſt done with me: what *Ieſſica?*
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.
Clo. Why *Ieſſica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ieſ. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica,*
There are my Keyes: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatttr me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
Looke to my houſe, I am right loath to goe,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money bags to night.
Clo. I beſeech you ſir goe, my yong Maſter
Doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So doe I his.
Clo. And they haue conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on blacke monday

Ado is adopted in Rowe's Ed.n See Malone's various Note Vol VII. P. 297 – he is indignant at the Editor of this Folio, who appears to me to be the only one that has caught the meaning of the author and has so good an opinion of Jessica, he cannot believe that she was begotten by the Jew – Mr. Mason, I see, is of my opinion" Sherwin

laſt, at ſix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in th'afternoone.

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber you not vp to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow fopperie enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before ſir.
Miſtris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What ſaies that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-ſlow in profit, but he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, ſhut dores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde,
A prouerbe neuer ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe vnder which *Lorenzo*
Deſired vs to make a ſtand.

Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pidgions flye
To ſteale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth vntread againe
His tedious meaſures with the vnbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt: all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged ſailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the ſtrumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue.

Ieſ. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Ieſ. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelues goodfooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcouery Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So you are ſweet,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy: but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores and guild my ſelfe
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrew me but I loue her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can iudge of her,
And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prou'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule.

Enter Ieſſica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*?

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord,
I haue ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be vnder ſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer
The ſeuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right?

Por. The

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor jun.r from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

JESSICA'S Elopement.

Lorenzo

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The MERCHANT OF VENICE. Act 2. Sc. 8.

How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right.
Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay the inſcriptions, backe againe:
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſaies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues; pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation
Thou dooſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in loue I doe deſerue.
What if I ſtrai'd no farther, but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this saying grau'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſte wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſe
To rib her ſearecloath in the obſcure graue:
Or ſhall I thinke in Siluer ſhe's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O ſinfull thought, neuer ſo rich a Iem
Was ſet in worſe then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inſculpt vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.
Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule;
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your anſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſuite is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loſers part. *Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries raiſd the Duke.
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.
Sal. He comes too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
That in a Gondilo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sol. I neuer heard a paſſion ſo confuſd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the ſtreets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, O my Chriſtian ducats!
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, finde the girle,
She hath the ſtones vpon her, and the ducats.
Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
A veſſell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.
Sol. Yo were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may grieue him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
Of his returne: he anſwered, doe not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſſe for my ſake *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue
As ſhall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous ſencible
He wrung *Baſſanios* hand, and ſo they parted.
Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauineſſe
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Doe we ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerriſſa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.
Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.
Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.
Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,
That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped. Sc. 32 also in Mar 82

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.
Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.
Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?
Por. Here, what would my Lord?
Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.
Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerryssa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.
Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; ô that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!
Sal. Come, the full stop.
Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act III. *Scene II.*

E. Edwards del. *W. Byrne sculp.*

A gentle Scrowl fair Lady by your leave
I come by note to give & to receive.

Published according to Act of Parliament March 1. 1773. by John Bell, N.° 132 Strand.

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his losses.

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a *Iew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had anie losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a *Iewe*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommmer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humility, reuenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Iew*, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne *Iew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tnb. I often came where I did heare of ſter, but cannot finde her. her/32

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding. thou/32

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats.

Tnb. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but breake.

Shy, I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it,

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainely vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tnball*, fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, yours/32
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length, eke / Rowe Edr
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.
Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.
Baſſ. None but that vglie treaſon of miſtruſt.
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.
Por. I, but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth ſpeake any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.
Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue
Had beene the verie ſum of my confeſſion:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them;
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique than? Than muſique is
Euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more diſmay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Here Muſicke.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nouriſhed. *Replie, replie.*
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea ſo tanted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſſeneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnakie golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence
And here chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhuddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.
Baſſ. What finde I here?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſeuer'd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderpriſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behinde the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroule,
The continent, and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

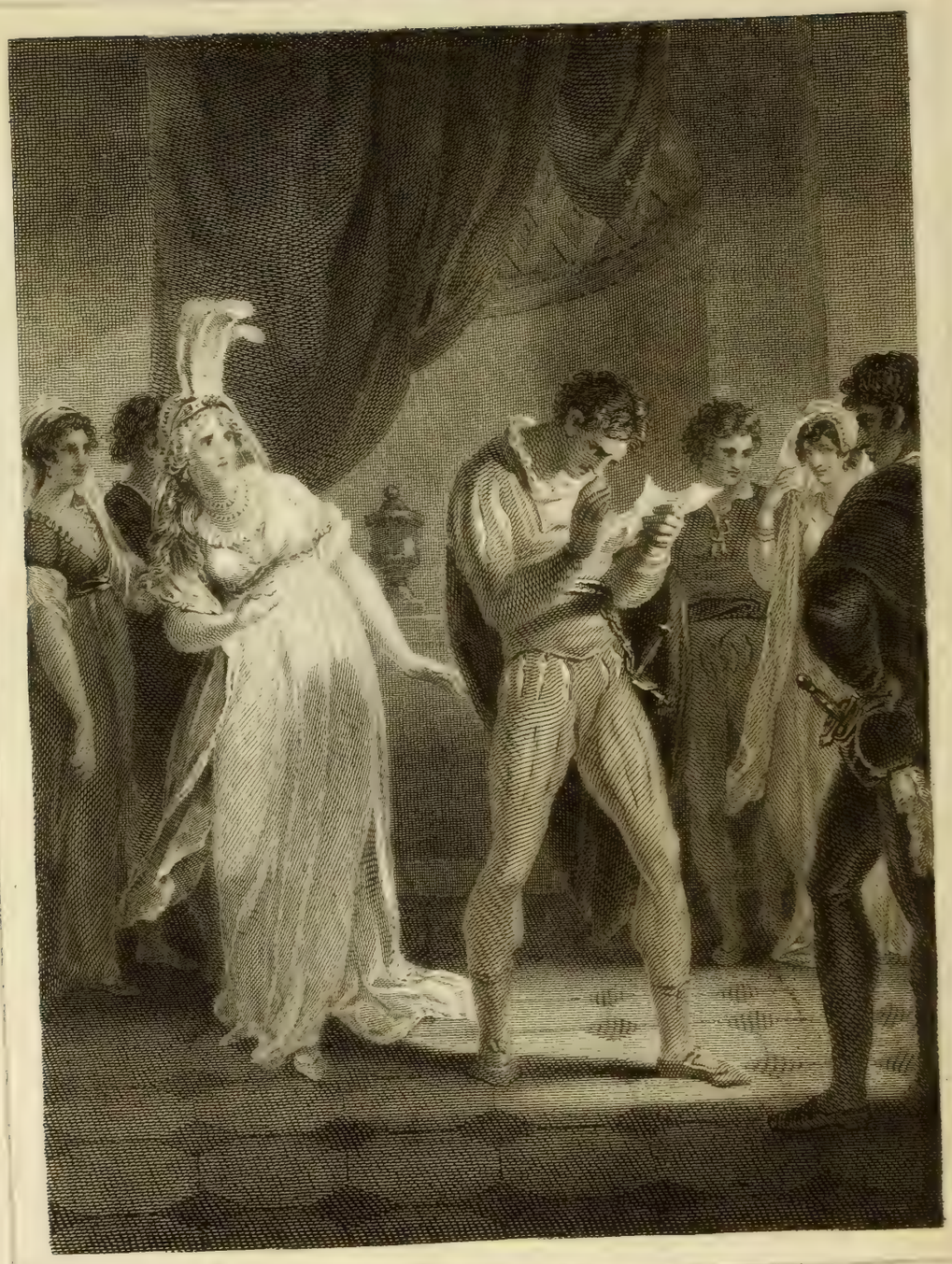
Baſſ. A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddie in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no.
So

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor jun.r from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

BASSANIO chusing the Caskets

London Published March 1785, by I. Taylor N.o 54 Red Lion Street, Holborn.



Painted by W. Hamilton R.A. Engraved by J. Heath Historical Engraver to the King and R.A.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek. Act 3 Scene

Pub.d by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme Heath 17 Kings Mews Paternoster Row and C. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row

So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee my Lord *Baſſiano* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſum of nothing: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſoned girle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now.
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where euery ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſaue of ioy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio*'s dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your Honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beſeech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you gaue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her miſtreſſe.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?
Ner. Madam it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withall.
Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhal nere win at that ſport, and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and Salerio.

Baſ. Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new intereſt heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnleſſe in minde: his Letter there
Wil ſhew you his eſtate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerriſſa, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Anthonio*;
I know he vvil be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had vvon the fleece that hee hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſianos* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
And I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
That I vvas worſe then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the ſhape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
If they deny him iuſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port haue all perſwaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iuſtice, and his bond.
Ieſſi. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Then twenty times the value of the ſumme
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd, and vnwearied ſpirit
In doing curteſies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſixe thouſand, and deface the bond:
Double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a haire through *Baſſano*'s fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
With an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips haue all miſcarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfeit, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure, if your loue doe not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O loue! diſpach all buſines and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
No bed ſhall ere be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis*.
Iaylor, looke to him.
Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok*.
Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I haue ſworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe,
But ſince I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke ſhall grant me iuſtice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.
Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull ey'd foole,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
To Chriſtian interceſſors: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, I will haue my bond. *Exit Iew.*
Sol. It is the moſt impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers:
He ſeekes my life, his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sol. I am ſure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold.
An. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law:
For the commoditie that ſtrangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iuſtice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
Theſe greefes and loſſes haue ſo bated mee,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeake it in your preſence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do conuerſe and waſte the timetogether,
Whoſe ſoules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the boſome louer of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I haue beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoule;
From out the ſtate of hellifh cruelty,
This comes too neere the praiſing of my ſelfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenſo I commit into your hands,

The

The husbandry and mannage of my houſe,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a ſecret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerriſſa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monaſtery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe deſire you
Not to denie this impoſition,
The which my loue and ſome neceſſity
Now layes vpon you.

Lorenſ. Madame, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Ieſſica*
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelfe.
So far you well till we ſhall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Ieſſi. I wiſh your Ladiſhip all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it backe on you: faryouwell *Ieſſica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And vſe thou all the indeauor of a man,
In ſpeed to Mantua, ſee thou render this
Into my coſins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient ſpeed.

Por. Come on *Neriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll ſee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee vs?

Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minſing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies ſought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of theſe punie lies Ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
About a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Nerriſ. Why, ſhall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a queſtions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which ſtayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſſica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſ. That were a kinde of baſtard hope indeed, ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Ieſ. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee ſhall not ſhortly haue a raſher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſ. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you ſay, heere he comes.

Loren. I ſhall grow iealous of you ſhortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieſ. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and hee ſaies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of witte will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-ſnapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to ſir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than ſir?

Clow. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meat ſir, it ſhall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,

How

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſiano*'s wife?
Ieſſi. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reaſon he ſhonld neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Ieſ. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that? *too/32*
Lor. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?
Ieſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſom ere thou ſpeakſt 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it?
Ieſſi. Well, Ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwere
A ſtonie aduerſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tirannу and rage of his.
Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court. *call/32*
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
To the laſt houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
That haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From ſtubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traind
To offices of tender curteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Iew?
Iew. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receiue
Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humor; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes to the moode *Mistress/mod 32*
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force *Swollen/ M.S.S. Hawkins footcloth*
Muſt yeeld to ſuch ineuitable ſhame, *adopted – a woollen*
As to offend himſelfe being offended *bag pipe consists of a*
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not, *leathern bag, or cover*
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing *Gladly defended by*
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus *a carving of green baize*
A looſing ſuite againſt him? Are you anſwered? *I—*
Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the currant of thy cruelty.
Iew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?
Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euerie offence is not a hate at firſt.
Iew. What wouldſt thou haue a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew:
You may as well go ſtand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his vſuall height,
Or euen as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what harder?
His Iewiſh heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.
Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducates heereis ſix.
Iew. If euerie Ducat in ſixe thouſand Ducates
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why ſweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours: and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer

The

"Maisters of passion] See a profusion of notes in Shak Es v. VII. p. 344-5-6 &c all originating in this not knowing that "maistre o' passion sways" is the grammar of the day for "masters of passion sway" — What — Why it? i.e. passion. See My M.S. notes p. 99-4 to..."
Simon

Act 4 MERCHANT of VENICE. Scene 1

Published for Bell & Addison's Shakespeare, Nov. 20 1775

MrMACKLIN in the Character of SHYLOCK.
most learned Judge! a Sentence; come, prepare.

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MrMACKLIN in SHYLOCK.
Most learned Judge! a Sentence come, prepare.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N.5 Catherine Street, Strand, Jan. 20. 1806.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr. from a Drawing by Robert Burke

PORTIA'S Judgement.

Portia

Shylock

London, Publish'd March 1. 1785 by Isaac Taylor Jun.r N.o 54 Red Lyon Street, Holborn.

The ſlaues are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, Shall I haue it?

Du. Vpon power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere ſtayes without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Meſſengers.

Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*. What man, corage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruite
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Baſſanio*,
Then to liue ſtill, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy ſoale: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accus'd:
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of animals infuſe themſelues
Into the trunkes of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleet;
And whil'ſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infus'd it ſelfe in thee: For thy deſires
Are Woluiſh, bloody, ſteru'd, and rauenous.

Iew. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

YOur Graceſhall vnderſtand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very ſicke: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: *I acquained him with the cauſe in Controuerſie, betweene the Iew and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the greatneſſe whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces requeſt in my ſted. I beſeech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation: for I neuer knewe ſo yong a body, with ſo old a head. I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Du. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Do you confeſſe the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.

Iew. On what compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maieſtie,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods
When mercie ſeaſons Iuſtice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of Iuſtice, none of vs
Should ſee ſaluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue ſpoke thus much
To mittigate the iuſtice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of Venice
Muſt needes giue ſentence 'gainſt the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſumme, if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.

Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,

And many an error by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: It cannot be.
Iew. A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young Iudge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Iew. Heere 'tis moſt reuerend Doctor, heere it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
No not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
you know the Law, your expoſition
Hath beene moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſeruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay heere on my bond.
An. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is:
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wiſe and vpright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew. I, his breſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo: Are there ballance heere to weigh the fleſh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by ſome Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he ſhould bleede to death.
Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt: but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well,
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune ſhewes her ſelfe more kinde
Then is her cuſtome. It is ſtill her vſe
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of ſuch miſerie, doth ſhe cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end:
Say how I lou'd you; ſpeake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly, with all my heart.
Baſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd aboue thy life.
I would looſe all, I ſacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife whom I proteſt I loue,
I would ſhe were in heauen, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wiſh would make elſe an vnquiet houſe.
Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands: I haue a daugh-(ter
Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We trifle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame marchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned Iudge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiſcate
Vnto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, ô learned Iudge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou vrgeſt iuſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt haue iuſtice more then thou deſireſt.
Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian goe.
Baſſ. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall haue all iuſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more
But iuſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſſe then a iuſt pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heauy in the ſubſtance,
Or the deuiſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale doe turne
But in the eſtimation of a hayre,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Baſſ. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall haue meerly iuſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken ſo at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry

MERCHANT OF VENICE.
Shy. Most learned judge—A sentence, come prepare
Por. Tarry a little—there is something else
The bond doth give thee here no jot of blood
ACT IV. S. I

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Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued againſt an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He ſeeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainſt the which he doth contriue,
Shall ſeaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtandſt:
For it appeares by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou haſt contriu'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haſt incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearſt.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maiſt haue leaue to hang thy ſelfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtates charge.
Duk. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall ſtate,
Which humbleneſſe may driue vnto a fine.
Por. I for the ſtate, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtaine my houſe: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio?*
Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing elſe for Gods ſake.
Ant. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: ſo he will let me haue
The other halfe in vſe, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He preſently become a Chriſtian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies poſſeſt
Vnto his ſonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.
Duk. He ſhall doe this, or elſe I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.
Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſigne it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In chriſtning thou ſhalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou ſhouldſt haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe deſire your Grace of pardon,
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I preſently ſet forth.
Duk. I am ſorry that your leyſure ſerues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde, you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wiſedome beene this day acquitted
Of greeuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.
An. And ſtand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and ſeruice to you euermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well ſatisfied,
And I deliuering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein doe account my ſelfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leaue.
Baſſ. Deare ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further,
Take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your ſake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue ſhall not deny me this?
Baſſ. This ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this.
Por. I will haue nothing elſe but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.
Baſ. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The deareſt ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me firſt to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſ. Good ſir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor loſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deſeru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Ant. My L. *Baſſanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deſeruings and my loue withall
Be valued againſt your wiues commandement.
Baſſ. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canſt
Vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſte. *Exit Grati.*
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes houſe out, giue him this deed,
And let him ſigne it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.
Enter Gratiano.
Gra. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath ſent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylockes* houſe.
Gra. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeake with you:

Ile ſee if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhal haue old ſwearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-ſweare them to:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
And they did make no nnyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Creſſed* lay that night.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde ſea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon.*
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Ieſſi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Meſſenger.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend. (friend?
Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Meſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Miſtreſſe will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes where ſhe kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Meſ. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Maſter yet rnturn'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieſſica,*
And ceremoniouſly let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miſtreſſe of the houſe,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, ſola: wo ha ho, ſola, ſola.
Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, ſola,
Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere. (ſola.
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tel him ther's a Poſt come from my Maſter, with his horne full of good newes, my Maſter will be here ere morning ſweet ſoule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we goe in?
My friend *Stephen*, ſignifie pray you
Within the houſe, your Miſtreſſe is at hand,
And bring your muſique foorth into the ayre.
How ſweet the moone-light ſleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſicke
Creepe in our eares ſoft ſtilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of ſweet harmonie:
Sit *Ieſſica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt
But in his motion like an Angell ſings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtreſſe eare,
And draw her home with muſicke.
Ieſſi. I am neuer merry when I heare ſweet muſique.
Play muſicke.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceiue them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſauage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods.
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erobus,*
Let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſicke.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world. (dle?
Ner. When the moone ſhone we did not ſee the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſſe,
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: muſique, harke. *Muſicke.*
Ner. It is your muſicke Madame of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Methinkes it ſounds much ſweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam.
Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke

When

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day
When euery Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſitian then the Wren?
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone ſleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Muſicke ceaſes.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia.*

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before
To ſignifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerriſſa,*
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo, Ieſſica* nor you.

A Tucket ſounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Baſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Baſſ. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio,*
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue ſo much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did giue me, whoſe Poeſie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; *Loue mee, and leaue mee not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poeſie or the valew:
You ſwore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould haue beene reſpectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerriſſa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
A thing ſtucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him ſweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands:
I dare be ſworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano,*
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cauſe of greefe,
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.

Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending it.

Gre. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deſeru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke ſome paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor maſter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen ſo voide is your falſe heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I ſee the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe ſee mine.

Baſſ. Sweet *Portia,*
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthineſſe that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there ſo much vnreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modeſtie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeue,
Ile die for't, but ſome Woman had the Ring?

Baſſ. No by mine honor Madam, by my ſoule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and curteſie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much beſmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by theſe bleſſed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my houſe,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Nerriſſa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, doe you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.
Ant. I am th'vnhappy ſubiect of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſ. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe manie friends
I ſweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.
Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe:
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
And there's an oath of credit.
Baſ. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound againe,
My ſoule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduiſedlie.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſuretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.
Ant. Heere Lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.
Baſſ. By heauen it is the ſame I gaue the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon *Baſſanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In liew of this, laſt night did lye with me.
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it.
Por. Speake not ſo groſſely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leyſure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in ſtore for you
Then you expect: vnſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſodainlie.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Antho. I am dumbe.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.
Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ſhips
Are ſafelie come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you.
Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and *Ieſſica*
From the rich Iewe, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſſ'd of.
Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarued people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe euents at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergatory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

"The character of old Adam represented by Shakespeare himself. This is in the testimony of his relative" Stevens

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this faſhion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thouſand Crownes, and as thou ſaiſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed mee well: and there begins my ſadneſſe: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at ſchoole, and report ſpeakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtaies* me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an Oxe? his horſes are bred better, for beſides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully giues me, the ſomething that nature gaue mee, his countenance ſeemes to take from me: hee Iets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the ſpirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie againſt this ſeruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Maſter, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou ſhalt heare how he will ſhake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then ſir?

Orl. Marry ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idleneſſe.

Oliuer. Marry ſir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are ſir?

Orl. O ſir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom ſir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldeſt brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the firſt borne, but the ſame tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confeſſe your coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongeſt ſonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that ſaies ſuch a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for ſaying ſo, thou haſt raild on thy ſelfe.

Adam. Sweet Maſters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I ſay.

Orl. I will not till I pleaſe: you ſhall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father growes ſtrong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by teſtament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? Well ſir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall haue ſome part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: moſt true, I haue loſt my teeth in your ſeruice: God be with my olde maſter, he would not haue ſpoke ſuch a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it euen ſo, begin you to grow vpon me? I will phyſicke your rankeneſſe, and yet giue no thouſand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraſtler heere to ſpeake with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceſſe to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Mounſier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is baniſhed by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

* Stayes] Warburton proposes to read stys, which Johnson and Stevens approve

Lords haue put themſelues into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind* the Dukes daughter bee baniſhed with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Coſen ſo loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to ſtay behind her; ſhe is at the Court, and no leſſe beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They ſay hee is already in the Forreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they ſay many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time careleſly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wraſtle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I ſir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen ſir ſecretly to vnderſtand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt mee to try a fall: to morrow ſir I wraſtle for my credit, and hee that eſcapes me without ſome broken limbe, ſhall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I muſt for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brooke ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou ſhalt finde I will moſt kindly requite: I had my ſelfe notice of my Brothers purpoſe heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to diſſwade him from it; but he is reſolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the ſtubborneſt yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a ſecret & villanous contriuer againſt mee his naturall brother: therefore vſe thy diſcretion, I had as liefe thou didſt breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert beſt looke to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himſelfe on thee, hee will practiſe againſt thee by poyſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous deuiſe, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by ſome indirect meanes or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with teares I ſpeake it) there is not one ſo young, and ſo villanous this day liuing. I ſpeake but brotherly of him, but ſhould I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I muſt bluſh, and weepe, and thou muſt looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wraſtle for prize more: and ſo God keepe your worſhip. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I ſtirre this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuiſe, of all ſorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my owne people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long, this wraſtler ſhall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Roſalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Roſalind*, ſweet my Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Deere *Cellia*; I ſhow more mirth then I am miſtreſſe of, and would you yet were merrier: vnleſſe you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Heerein I ſee thou lou'ſt mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy baniſhed father had baniſhed thy Vncle the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt beene ſtill with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monſter: therefore my ſweet *Roſe*, my deare *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuiſe ſports: let me ſee, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make ſport withall: but loue no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neyther, then with ſafety of a pure bluſh, thou maiſt in honor come off againe.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let vs ſit and mocke the good houſwife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would wee could doe ſo: for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes faire, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt, & thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very illfauouredly.

Roſ. Nay now thou goeſt from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Roſ. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this Naturall for our whetſtone. for alwaies the dulneſſe of the foole, is the whetſtone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Miſtreſſe, you muſt come away to your farher.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Roſ.

F. Kayman inv.

H. Gravelot. Sculps

As YOU LIKE IT. Act 1. Sc. 6.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honour the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*.

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-iour Monsieur le Beu*, what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princesse,
you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke..

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beu. The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Beu. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moone him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer *Le Beu*.

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ros. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell proofe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be mispriséd: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Ros. The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you.

Cel.

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts deſires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duk. You ſhall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that haue ſo mightilie perſwaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you ſhould not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Roſ. Now Hercules, be thy ſpeede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuiſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the legge. *Wraſtle.*

Roſ. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who ſhould downe. *Shout.*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beſeech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'ſt thou *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongeſt ſonne of Sir *Roland de Boys.*

Duk. I would thou hadſt beene ſon to ſome man elſe,
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him ſtill mine enemie:
Thou ſhould'ſt haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'ſt told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* ſonne,
His yongeſt ſonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke.*

Roſ. My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his ſoule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his ſonne,
I ſhould haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Coſen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and enuious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deſeru'd,
If you doe keepe your promiſes in loue;
But iuſtly as you haue exceeded all promiſe,
Your Miſtris ſhall be happie.

Roſ. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of ſuites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here ſtands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liueleſſe blocke.

Roſ. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wraſtled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Roſ. Haue with you: fare you well. *Exit.*

Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe waights vpō my toong?
I cannot ſpeake to her, yet ſhe vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deſeru'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and loue;
Yet ſuch is now the Dukes condition,
That he miſconſters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More ſuites you to conceiue, then I to ſpeake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vſurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whoſe loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Siſters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers ſake;
And on my life his malice 'gainſt the Lady
Will ſodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I ſhall deſire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoake into the ſmother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly *Roſaline.* *Exit*

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Roſaline.

Cel. Why Coſen, why *Roſaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie,
Not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away vpon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come lame mee with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two Coſens laid vp, when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Coſen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coate, theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wraſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O they take the part of a better wraſtler then my ſelfe.

Cel. O, a good wiſh vpon you: you will trie in time in

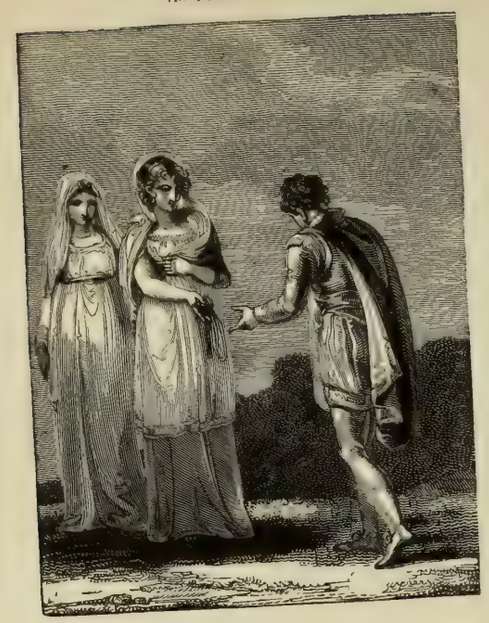
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Engraved by Charles Taylor from a Drawing by Thomas Holland.

ROSALIND giving her Chain to ORLANDO.

Rosalind. *Gentleman wear this for me*
One out of suits with Fortune
Who would give more but that her hand lacks means.

London, Publish'd January 1st 1785, by Charles Taylor No. 8 Dyers Buildings Holborn.



in diſpight of a fall: but turning theſe ieſts out of ſeruice, let vs talke in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſodaine, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongeſt ſonne?

Roſ. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould loue his Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chaſe, I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Roſ. No faith, hate him not for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Roſ. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Becauſe I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Miſtris, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me Vncle.

Duk. You Coſen,
Within theſe ten daies if that thou beeſt found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I doe beſeech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my ſelfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne deſires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe truſt I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer ſo much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highneſſe.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelfe;
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highneſſe baniſht him;
Treaſon is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, miſtake me not ſo much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me ſpeake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we ſtaid her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your owne remorſe,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a Traitor,
Why ſo am I: we ſtill haue ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And whereſoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inſeperable.

Duk. She is too ſubtile for thee, and her ſmoothnes;
Her verie ſilence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, & ſeem more vertuous
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue paſt vpon her, ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your ſelfe,
If you out-ſtay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatneſſe of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore *Roſaline*, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Roſ. I haue more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not Coſen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'ſt thou not the Duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Roſaline* lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part ſweete girle?
No, let my Father ſeeke another heire:
Therefore deuiſe with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not ſeeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your ſelfe, and leaue me out:
For by this heauen, now at our ſorrowes pale;
Say what thou canſt, Ile goe along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whether ſhall we goe?

Cel. To ſeeke my Vncle in the Forreſt of *Arden*.

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth ſo farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues ſooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my ſelfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vmber ſmirch my face,
The like doe you, ſo ſhall we paſſe along,
And neuer ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more then common tall,
That I did ſuite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
A bore-ſpeare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele haue a ſwaſhing and a marſhall outſide,
As manie other manniſh cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?

Roſ. Ile haue no worſe a name then *Ioues* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.
But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Roſ. But Coſen, what if we aſſaid to ſteale
The clowniſh Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuiſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide vs from purſuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to baniſhment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forreſters.

Duk.Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old cuſtome made this life more ſweete

Then

Then that of painted pompe? Are not theſe woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons difference, as the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters windᵉ,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I ſhrinke with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vſes of aduerſitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in euery thing.
Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſſe of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.
Du.Sen. Come, ſhall we goe and kill vs veniſon?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being natiue Burgers of this deſert City,
Should intheir owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.
1.*Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde ſweares you doe more vſurpe
Then doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelfe,
Did ſteale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whoſe anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore ſequeſtred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heau'd forth ſuch groanes
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leatherne coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent noſe
In pitteous chaſe: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.
Du.Sen. But what ſaid *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?
1.*Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping into the needleſſe ſtreame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy ſum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miſerie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a careleſſe Heard
Full of the paſture, iumps along by him
And neuer ſtaies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iuſt the faſhion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meere vſurpers, tyrants, and whats worſe
To fright the Animals, and to kill them vp
In their aſſign'd and natiue dwelling place.
D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?
2.*Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the ſobbing Deere.

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
1.*Lor.* Ile bring you to him ſtrait. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be, ſome villaines of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.
1.*Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did ſee her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreaſur'd of their Miſtris.
2.*Lor.* My Lord, the royniſh Clown, at whom ſo oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is alſo miſſing,
Hiſperia the Princeſſe Centlewoman
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Coſen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraſtler
That did but lately foile the ſynowie *Charles*,
And ſhe beleeues where euer they are gone
That youth is ſurely in their companie.
Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this ſodainly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quaile,
To bring againe theſe fooliſh runawaies. *Exunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?
Ad. What my yong Maſter, oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to ouercome
The bonnie priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not Maſter, to ſeeme kinde of men,
Their graces ſerue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Maſter
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?
Ad. O vnhappie youth,
Come not within theſe doores: within this rooſe
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the ſonne
(Yet not the ſon, I will not call him ſon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vſe to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

* "Here we find two corruptions in one line of the firſt folio, and both corrected in this — again the is neceſſary — and properly adopted by Steevens and Reed notwithſtanding Malone's ſilly attempt to make a Dactyl of Country." —

Printed by W. Hodges.

Engraved by S. Middiman.

SHAKSPEARE.

1st Lord. He day my lord of a Stream, and myself;
Did steal behind him, as he lay along

As you like it;

ACT II. SCENE I.

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.

Published Septr 20th 1786 by J. Boydell at the Shakspeare Gallery Pall Mall & Cheapside.

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practiſes:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.
Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'ſt thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, ſo you come not here. *for* /32
Orl. What, would'ſt thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce
A theeuiſh liuing on the common rode?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will ſubiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not ſo: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I ſaued vnder your Father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe,
When ſeruice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your ſeruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſtie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakneſſe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luſtie winter,
Froſtie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the ſeruice of a yonger man
In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The conſtant ſeruice of the antique world,
When ſeruice ſweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their ſeruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not ſo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages ſpent,
Weele light vpon ſome ſetled low content.
Ad. Maſter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſpe with truth and loyaltie,
From ſeauentie yeeres, till now almoſt foureſcore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At ſeauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes ſeeke
But at foureſcore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchſtone.

Roſ. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits? *weary*
Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legges were not *Theobald & Hea* wearie.
Roſ. I could finde in my heart to diſgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſell, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena.*
Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further. *can* /32
Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I ſhould beare no croſſe if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purſe.
Roſ. Well, this is the Forreſt of *Arden.*
Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers muſt be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Roſ. I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in ſolemne talke.
Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorne you ſtill.
Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do loue her.
Cor. I partly gueſſe: for I haue lou'd ere now.
Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſſe,
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a louer
As euer ſigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine, *ere*
As ſure I thinke did neuer man loue ſo:
How many actions moſt ridiculous,
Haſt thou beene drawne to by thy fantaſie?
Cor. Into a thouſand that I haue forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou didſt then neuer loue ſo hartily,
If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Miſtris praiſe, *wearying* /
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.* *Exeunt* /32 *Exit.*
Roſ. Alas poore Shepheard ſearching of they would, *their wound* /32 *thy Rowe* &c 1803
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.
Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my ſword vpon a ſtone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kiſſing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giuing her them againe, ſaid with weeping teares, weare theſe for my ſake: wee that are true Louers, runne into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, ſo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.
Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer then thou art ware of.
Clo. Nay, I ſhall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my ſhins againſt it.
Roſ. Ioue, Ioue, this Shepherds paſſion,
Is much vpon my faſhion.
Clo. And mine, but it growes ſomething ſtale with mee.
Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almoſt to death.
Clo. Holla; you Clowne.
Roſ. Peace foole, he's not thy kinſman.
Cor. Who cals?
Clo. Your betters Sir.
Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace

Rof. Peace I ſay; good euen to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Rof. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may reſt our ſelues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppreſſed,
And faints for ſuccour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wiſh for her ſake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeue her:
But I am ſhepheard to another man,
And do not ſheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hoſpitalitie.
Beſides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coat now
By reaſon of his abſence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.
Rof. What is he that ſhall buy his flocke and paſture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you ſaw heere but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Rof. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſtie,
Buy thou the Cottage, paſture, and the flocke,
And thou ſhalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waſte my time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The ſoile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right ſodainly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the ſweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere ſhall he ſee no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Monſieur *Iaques*
Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can ſucke melancholly out of a ſong,
As a Weazel ſuckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.
Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.
Iaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me,
I do deſire you to ſing:
Come, more, another ſtanzo: Cal you'em ſtanzo's?
Amy. What you wil Monſieur *Iaques.*
Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you ſing?
Amy. More at your requeſt, then to pleaſe my ſelfe.
Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come ſing; and you that wil not hold your tongues.
Amy. Wel, Ile end the ſong. Sirs, couer the while, the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.
Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too diſputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boaſt of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. *Altogether heere.*
Who doth ambition ſhunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere ſhall he ſee. &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verſe to this note,
That I made yeſterday in deſpight of my Inuention.
Amy. And Ile ſing it.
Amy. Thus it goes.
If it do come to paſſe, that any man turne Aſſe:
Leauing his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborne will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere ſhall he ſee, groſſe fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.
Amy. What's that Ducdame?
Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go ſleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile againſt all the firſt borne of Egypt.
Amy. And Ile go ſeeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Maſter, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And meaſure out my graue. Farwel kinde maſter.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy ſelfe a little.
If this vncouth Forreſt yeeld any thing ſauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee preſently,
And if I bring thee not ſomething to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieſt
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieſt
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Deſert.
Cheerely good *Adam.* *Exeunt*

Scena

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Engraved by Charles Taylor from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

ORLANDO and ADAM

Adam — Dear Master I can go no further
O Farewell kind Master.

Orlando — Why how now Adam — live a little.
Comfort a while, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee.

Act II. Scene VI.

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Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen.& Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1.*Lord.* My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Muſicall,
We ſhall haue ſhortly diſcord in the Spheares:
Go ſeeke him, tell him I would ſpeake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1.*Lord.* He ſaues my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monſieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends muſt woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forreſt,
A motley Foole (a miſerable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good ſet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-luſtre eye,
Sayes, very wiſely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may ſee (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, ſince it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And ſo from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles ſhould be ſo deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du.Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And ſayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braiue,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſeruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du.Sen. Thou ſhalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely ſuite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt haue liberty
Wiithall, as large a Charter as the winde, *writhall/32*
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fooles haue:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why ſir muſt they ſo?
The why is plaine, as way to Pariſh Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart
Seeme ſenſeleſſe of the bob. If not, ^ *Not to seeme Theob.*
The Wiſe-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the ſquandring glances of the foole.
Inueſt me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To ſpeake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Moſt miſcheeuous foule ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelfe haſt bene a Libertine,
As ſenſuall as the brutiſh ſting it ſelfe,
And all th'imboſſed ſores, and headed euils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the generall world.

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I ſay the City woman beares
The coſt of Princes on vnworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I meane her,
When ſuch a one as ſhee, ſuch is her neighbor?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſayes his brauerie is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein ſuites
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies
Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſeru'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diſtres?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in ciuility thou ſeem'ſt ſo emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at firſt, the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſſe, hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nourture: But forbeare, I ſay,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are anſwered.

Iaq. And you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon,
I muſt dye.

Du. Sen. What would you haue?
Your gentleneſſe ſhall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentleneſſe.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you ſo gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin ſauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Vnder the ſhade of melancholly boughes,
Looſe, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer bcene where bels haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer ſate at any good mans feaſt:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentleneſſe my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my Sword.

very very *Malone* 2 1803

Cittie /32

2d then omitted 1803

rude 32

that 32

beene

omitted 32

^ Not to was added by Theobald and adopted in the subs Edns

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Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue ſeene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And ſat at good mens feaſts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that ſacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore ſit you downe in gentleneſſe,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.
Orl. Then but forbeare your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary ſteppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſt with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Sen. Go finde him out.
And we will nothing waſte till you returne.
Orl. I thanke ye, and be bleſt for your good comfort.
Du Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuerſall Theater
Preſents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.
Ia. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being ſeuen ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurſes armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnaile
Vnwillingly to ſchoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Miſtreſſe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Iealous in honor, ſodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iuſtice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes ſeuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wiſe ſawes, and moderne inſtances,
And ſo he playes his part. The ſixt age ſhifts
Into the leane and ſlipper'd Pantaloone,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide,
His youthfull hoſe well ſau'd, a world too wide,
For his ſhrunke ſhanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childiſh trebble pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange euentfull hiſtorie,
Is ſecond childiſhneſſe, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: ſet downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.
Orl. I thanke you moſt for him.
Ad. So had you neede,
I ſcarce can ſpeake to thanke you for my ſelfe.
Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes:
Giue vs ſome Muſicke, and good Cozen, ſing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not ſo vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not ſo keene, becauſe thou art not ſeene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Moſt friendſhip, is fayning; moſt Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is moſt iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that doſt not bight ſo nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy ſting is not ſo ſharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* ſon,
As you haue whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſſe,
Moſt truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderſtand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I ſhould not ſeeke an abſent argument
Of my reuenge, thou preſent: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother whereſoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To ſeeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke againſt thee.
Ol. Oh that your Highneſſe knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.
Duke. More villaine thou. Well puſh him out of dores
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent vpon his houſe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verſe, in witneſſe of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night ſuruey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſpheare aboue
Thy Huntreſſe name, that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe Trees ſhall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forreſt lookes,
Shall ſee thy vertue witneſt euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaſte, and vnexpreſſiue ſhee. *Exit*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this ſhepherds life Mr *Touchſtone*?
Clo.

Clow. Truely Shepheard, in reſpect of it ſelfe, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepheards life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it verie well: but in reſpect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth mee well: but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomacke. Has't any Philoſophie in thee ſhepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That pood paſture makes fat ſheepe: and that a great cauſe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philoſopher: Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roaſted Egge, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer ſaw'ſt good manners: if thou neuer ſaw'ſt good maners, then thy manners muſt be wicked, and wickednes is ſin, and ſinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate ſhepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchſtone*, thoſe that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour of the Countrie is moſt mockeable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſſe your hands; that courteſie would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were ſhepheards.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly: come, inſtance.

Cor. Why we are ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greaſie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands ſweate? and is not the greaſe of a Mutton, as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance I ſay: Come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the ſooner. Shallow agen: a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer with the ſurgery of our ſheepe: and would you haue vs kiſſe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man: Thou wormes meate in reſpect of a good peece of fleſh indeed: learne of the wiſe and perpend: Ciuet is of a baſer birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the inſtance Shepheard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God helpe thee ſhallow man: God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happineſſe: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greateſt of my pride, is to ſee my Ewes graze, & my Lambes ſucke.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a ſhee-Lambe of a tweluemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reaſonable match. If thou bee'ſt not damn'd for this, the diuell himſelfe will haue no ſhepherds, I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt ſcape.

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Miſtriſſes Brother.

Enter Roſalind.

Roſ. From the eaſt to weſterne Inde,
no iewel is like Roſalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Roſalinde.
All the pictures faireſt Linde,
are but blacke to Roſalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Roſalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you ſo, eight yeares together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Roſ. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taſte.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him ſeeke out Roſalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
ſo be ſure will Roſalinde:
Wintred garments muſt be linde,
ſo muſt ſlender Roſalinde:
They that reap muſt ſheafe and binde,
then to cart with Roſalinde.
Sweeteſt nut, hath ſowreſt rinde,
ſuch a nut is Roſalinde.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will finde,
muſt finde Loues pricke, & Roſalinde.

This is the verie falſe gallop of Verſes, why doe you infect your ſelfe with them?

Roſ. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Roſ. Ile graffe it with you, and then I ſhall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue ſaid: but whether wiſely or no, let the Forreſt iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Roſ. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. Why ſhould this Deſert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that ſhall ciuill ſayings ſhoe.
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan,
buckles in his ſumme of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the ſoules of friend, and friend:
But vpon the faireſt bowes,
or at euerie ſentence end;
Will I Roſalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quinteſſence of euerie ſprite,
heauen would in little ſhow.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie ſhould be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature preſently diſtill'd

Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's *Maieſtie*:
Attalanta's *better part,*
ſad Lucrecia's *Modeſtie.*
Thus Roſalinde *of manie parts,*
by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deereſt pris'd.
Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,
and I to liue and die her ſlaue.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your pariſhioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him ſirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didſt thou heare theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more feete then the Verſes would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare y^e verſes.

Roſ. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themſelues without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou heare without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carued vpon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer ſo berim d ſince *Pythagoras* time that I was an Iriſh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Roſ. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moſt wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Roſ. Good my complection, doſt thou think though I am capariſon'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a South-ſea of diſcouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and ſpeake apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraſtlers heeles, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: ſpeake ſadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Roſ. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet & hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him againe? Anſwer me in one vvord.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Gargantuas mouth firſt: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages ſize, to ſay I and no, to theſe particulars, is more then to anſwer in a Catechiſme.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Forreſt, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freſhly, as he did the day he Wraſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atomies as to reſolue the propoſitions of a Louer: but take a taſte of my finding him, and relliſh it with good obſeruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Roſ. It may vvell be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee ſtretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pittie to ſee ſuch a ſight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I muſt ſpeake: ſweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlinke by, and note him.

Iaq I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefe haue beene my ſelfe alone.

Orl. And ſo had I: but yet for faſhion ſake I thanke you too, for your ſocietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-ſongs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verſes with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. Roſalinde is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iuſt.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Iaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Iuſt as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety anſwers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldſmiths wiues, & cond thē out of rings

Orl. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue ſtudied your queſtions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you ſitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile againſt our Miſtris the world, and all our miſerie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my ſelfe againſt

againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Iaq. The worſt fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your beſt vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Iaq. There I ſhal ſee mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good ſignior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monſieur Melancholly.

Roſ. I wil ſpeake to him like a ſawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear Forreſter.

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what i'ſt a clocke?

Orl. You ſhould aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Louer in the Forreſt, elſe ſighing euerie minute and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Roſ. By no meanes ſir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers perſons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemnizd: if the interim be but a ſennight, Times pace is ſo hard, that it ſeemes the length of ſeuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one ſleepes eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other liues merrily, becauſe he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and waſteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinkes himſelfe too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtaies it ſtil withal?

Roſ. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they ſleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Roſ. With this Shepheardeſſe my ſiſter: heere in the skirts of the Forreſt, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natiue of this place?

Roſ. As the Conie that you ſee dwell where ſhee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer, then you could purchaſe in ſo remoued a dwelling.

Roſ. I haue bin told ſo of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vncle of mine taught me to ſpeake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtſhip too well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors againſt it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault ſeeming monſtrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I wil not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſicke. There is a man haunts the Forreſt, that abuſes our yong plants with caruing *Roſalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forſooth) defying the name of *Roſalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him ſome good counſel, for he ſeemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo Loue-ſhak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Roſ. There is none of my Vncles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure you art not priſoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Roſ. A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie and ſunken, which you haue not: an vnqueſtionable ſpirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hoſe ſhould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your ſleeue vnbutton'd, your ſhoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you, demonſtrating a careleſſe deſolation: but you are no ſuch man; you are rather point deuice in your accouſtrements, as louing your ſelfe, then ſeeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue (I Loue.

Roſ. Me beleeue it? You may aſſoone make her that you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do, then to confeſſe ſhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ſtil giue the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the Trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ros. But are you ſo much in loue, as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreſſe how much.

Roſ. Loue is meerely a madneſſe, and I tel you, deſerues as wel a darke houſe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is ſo ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profeſſe curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Miſtris: and I ſet him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, ful of teares, full of ſmiles; for euerie paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moſt part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forſwear him: now weepe for him, then ſpit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, which was to forſweare the ful ſtream of the world, and to liue in a nooke merely Monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to waſh your Liuer as cleane as a ſound ſheepes heart, that there ſhal not be one ſpot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and Ile ſhew it you: and by the way, you ſhal tell me, where in the Forreſt you liue: Wil you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, you muſt call mee *Roſalind*: Come ſiſter, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques:

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet honeſt *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worſe then Ioue in a thatch'd houſe.

Clo. When a mans verſes cannot be vnderſtood, nor a mans good wit ſeconded with the forward childe, vnderſtanding: it ſtrikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honeſt in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the trueſt poetrie is the moſt fayning, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they ſweare in Poetrie, may be ſaid as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue ſome hope thou didſt feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, vnleſſe thou wert hard fauour'd: for honeſtie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a ſawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſtie vppon a foule ſlut, were to put good meate into an vncleane diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods, for thy foulneſſe; ſluttiſhneſſe may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forreſt, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine ſee this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horne-beaſts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neceſſarie. It is ſaid, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen ſo poore men alone: No, no, the nobleſt Deere hath them as huge as the Raſcall: Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by ſo much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you diſpatch vs heere vnder this tree, or ſhal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly ſhe muſt be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your laſt companie, I am verie glad to ſee you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow ſir, the horſe his curb, and the Falcon her bels, ſo man hath his deſires, and as Pigeons bill, ſo wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a buſh like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Prieſt that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainſcot, then one of you wil proue a ſhrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuſe for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counſel thee.

Ol. Come ſweete *Audrey*,
We muſt be married, or we muſt liue in baudrey:
Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O ſweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I ſay, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantaſtical knaue of them all ſhal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Roſalind & Celia.

Roſ. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to conſider, that teares do not become a man.

Roſ. But haue I not cauſe to weepe?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire,
Therefore weepe.

Roſ. His very haire
Is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudaſſes:
Marrie his kiſſes are Iudaſſes owne children.

Roſ. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Cheſſenut was euer the onely colour:

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as ful of ſanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Pubd as the Act directs 1st Feb 1776 by E. Evans at Shakespeare Dec 20 1775. Original.

MAHON, in the Character of **TOUCHSTONE**

come apace, good Audrey, I will fetch up your Goats, Audrey;

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of caſt lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſlie, the very yce of chaſtity is in them.

Roſa. But why did hee ſweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Doe you thinke ſo?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purſe, not a horſe-ſtealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Roſ. You haue heard him ſweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: beſides, the oath of Louer is no ſtronger then the word of a Tapſter, they are both the confirmer of falſe reckonings, he attends here in the foreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, ſo he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verſes, ſpeakes braue words, ſweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his louer, as a puiſny Tilter, y^t^ ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breakes his ſtaffe like a noble gooſe; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miſtreſſe and Maſter, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turph,
Praiſing the proud diſdainfull Shepherdeſſe
That was his Miſtreſſe.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of ſcorne and prowd diſdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Roſ. O come, let vs remoue,
The ſight of Louers feedeth thoſe in loue:
Bring vs to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
Ile proue a buſie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not ſcorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you loue me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſſe; the common executioner
Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
Thou tellſt me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailſt, and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers:
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some ſcarre of it: Leane vpon a ruſh
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palme ſome moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
If euer (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in ſome freſh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inuiſible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I ſhall not pitty thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty
As by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Muſt you be therefore prowd and pittileſſe?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I ſee no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures ſale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke ſhe meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Miſtreſſe, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke ſilke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip:
You fooliſh Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Then ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children:
'Tis not her glaſſe, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can ſhow her:
But Miſtris, know your ſelfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, faſting, for a good mans loue;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is moſt foule, being foule to be a ſcoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulneſſe, & ſhee'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſweres thee with frowning lookes, ile ſauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you ſo vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falſer then vowes made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Sifter? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Siluer: Shepheardeſſe, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as hee.
Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy ſaw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*

Phe. Hah: what ſaiſt thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pitty me.

Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee gentle *Siluius.*

Sil. Where euer ſorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe ſorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue your ſorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were couetouſneſſe:
Siluius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But ſince that thou canſt talke of loue ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkeſome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladneſſe, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my loue,
And I in ſuch a pouerty of grace,
That I ſhall thinke it a moſt plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine harueſt reapes: looſe now and then
A ſcattred ſmile, and that Ile liue vpon.

Phe. Knowſt thou the youth that ſpoke to mee yere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Maſter of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuiſh boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that ſpeakes them pleaſes thoſe that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But ſure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion: and faſter then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſſe in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſtie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iuſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be ſome women *Siluius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cauſe to hate him then to loue him,*
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me:
I maruell why I anſwer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou ſhalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it ſtrait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort;
Goe with me *Siluius.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Roſalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Roſ They ſay you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am ſo: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themſelues to euery moderne cenſure, worſe then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then 'tis good to be a poſte.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Muſitians, which is fantaſticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many obiects, and indeed the ſundrie contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſſe.

Roſ. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reaſon to be ſad: I feare you haue ſold your owne Lands, to ſee other mens; then to haue ſeene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me ſad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happineſſe, deere *Roſalind.*

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verſe.

Roſ. Farewell Mounſieur Trauellor: looke you liſpe, and weare ſtrange ſuites; diſable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natiuitie, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce thinke you haue ſwam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you ſerue me ſuch another tricke, neuer come in my ſight more.

Orl. My faire *Roſalind*, I come within an houre of my promiſe.

Roſ. Breake an houres promiſe in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thouſand parts, and breake but a part of the thouſand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be ſaid of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' ſhoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, and you be ſo tardie, come no more in my ſight, I had as lieſe be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Roſ. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes ſlowly, hee carries his houſe on his head; a better ioyncture I thinke then you make a woman: beſides, he brings his deſtinie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Roſ. Why hornes: which ſuch as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue

* Even Malone admits the propriety of this addition and many other corrections and omissions in this edition

* Here again be properly added. Malone

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Roſalind* is vertuous.

Roſ. And am I your *Roſalind*.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo: but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leere then you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to conſent: What would you ſay to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Roſalind*?

Orl. I would kiſſe before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeake firſt, and when you were gravel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſſe: verie good Orators when they are out, they will ſpit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſſe.

Orl. How if the kiſſe be denide?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Miſtris?

Roſ. Marrie that ſhould you if I were your Miſtris, or I ſhould thinke my honeſtie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuite?

Roſ. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your ſuite:
Am not I your *Roſalind*?

Orl. I take ſome ioy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne perſon, I die.

Roſ. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almoſt ſix thouſand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne perſon (*videlicet*) in a loue cauſe: *Troilous* had his braines daſh'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midſomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the fooli h Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Ceſtos. But theſe are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Roſalind* of this mind, for I proteſt her frowne might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more comming-on diſpoſition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Roſalind*.

Roſ. Yes faith will I, fridaies and ſaterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Roſ. I, and twentie ſuch.

Orl. What ſaieſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Roſalind. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing: Come ſiſter, you ſhall be the Prieſt, and marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you ſay ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Roſalind*?

Orl. I will.

Roſ. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marrie vs.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Roſ. I might aske you for your Commiſſion,
But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Prieſt, and certainely a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue poſſeſt her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

Roſ. Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat againſt raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my deſires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleepe.

Orl. But will my *Roſalind* doe ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Ros. Or elſe ſhee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiſer the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the caſement: ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: ſtop that, 'twill flie with the ſmoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, wit whether wil't?

Roſ. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuſe that?

Roſa. Marry to ſay, ſhe came to ſeeke you there: you ſhall neuer take her without her anſwer, vnleſſe you take her without her tongue: O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occaſion, let her neuer nurſe her childe her ſelfe, for ſhe will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For theſe two houres *Roſalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

Roſ. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Roſ. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no leſſe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, ſweet *Roſalind*.

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promiſe, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the moſt patheticall breake-promiſe, and the moſt hollow louer, and the moſt vnworthy of her you call *Roſalinde*, that may bee choſen out of the groſſe band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſſe religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*: ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the olde Iuſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You haue ſimply miſus'd our ſexe in your loue-

prate: we muſt haue your doublet and hoſe pluckt ouer your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neaſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee ſounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomleſſe, that as faſt as you poure affection in, in runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of ſpleene, and borne of madneſſe, that blinde raſcally boy, that abuſes euery ones eyes, becauſe his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile ſleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forreſters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to ſet the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no ſong Forreſter for this purpoſe?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, ſo it make noyſe enough.

Muſicke, Song.

What ſhall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall beare this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorne to weare the horne,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the luſty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorne. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a clock? And heere much *Orlando.*

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Siluius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To ſleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I gueſſe
By the ſterne brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did vſe, as ſhe was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſſe meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelfe would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee ſaies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leatherne hand,
A freeſtone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huſwiues hand, but that's no matter:
I ſay ſhe neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, tis a boyſterous anda cruell ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers: why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turke to Chriſtian: vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Roſ. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a vvoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*
War'ſt thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorne of your bright eine
Haue power to raiſe ſuch loue in mine,
Alacke, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they worke in milde aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him ſeale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or elſe by him my loue denie,
And then Ile ſtudie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Roſ. Doe you pitty him? No, he deſerues no pitty: wilt thou loue ſuch a woman? what to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtraines vpon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I ſee Loue hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her; That if ſhe loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if ſhe will not, I will neuer haue her, vnleſſe thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit. Sil.*

Enter Oliuer.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know) Where in the Purlews of this Forreſt, ſtands

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Engraved by Charles Taylor from a Drawing by Thomas Hilliard.

The BLOODY NAPKIN shewn to ROSALIND.

Oliver . *Many will swoon when they do look on blood.*

London, Publish'd January 1st 1783, by Charles Taylor, No 8 Dyers Buildings Holborn.

A ſheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.
Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring ſtreame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the houſe doth keepe it ſelfe,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall fauour, and beſtowes himſelfe
Like a ripe ſiſter: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boaſt, being ask'd, to ſay we are.
Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Roſalind*,
He ſends this bloudy napkin; are you he?
Roſ. I am: what muſt we vnderſtand by this?
Oli. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you tell it.
Oli. When laſt the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhat befell: he threw his eye aſide,
And marke vvhat obiect did preſent it ſelfe
Vnder an old Oake, whoſe bows were moſs'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his necke
A greene and guilded ſnake had wreath'd it ſelfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but ſodainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it ſelfe,
And with indented glides, did ſlip away
Into a buſh, vnder which buſhes ſhade
A Lyonneſſe, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtirre; for 'tis
The royall diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing, that doth ſeeme as dead:
This ſeene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O I haue heard him ſpeake of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt vnnaturall
That liu'd amongſt men.
Oli. And well he might ſo doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.
Roſ. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry Lyonneſſe?
Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſſe, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature ſtronger then his iuſt occaſion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonneſſe:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contriue to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my conuerſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by:
When from the firſt to laſt betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had moſt kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Deſert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me freſh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me inſtantly vnto his Caue,
There ſtript himſelfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonneſſe had torne ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon *Roſalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind*.
Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed*.
Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on bloud.
Cel. There is more in it; Coſen *Ganimed*.
Oli. Looke, he recouers.
Roſ. I would I were at home.
Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.
Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.
Roſ. I doe ſo, I confeſſe it:
Ah, ſirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.
Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.
Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Roſ. So I doe: but yfaith, I ſhould haue beene a woman by right.
Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good ſir, goe with vs.
Oli. That will I: for I muſt beare anſwere backe
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind*.
Roſ. I ſhall deuiſe ſomething: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We ſhall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.
Awd. Faith the Prieſt was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans ſaying.
Clow. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a moſt vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forreſt layes claime to you.
Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no intereſt in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to ſee a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William.*

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. William, ſir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forreſt heere?

Will. I ſir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good anſwer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith ſir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but ſo, ſo: Art thou wiſe?

Will. I ſir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſaiſt well. I do now remember a ſaying: The Foole doth thinke he is wiſe, but the wiſeman knowes himſelfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do ſir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No ſir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glaſſe, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is hee: now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he ſir?

Clo. He ſir, that muſt marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the ſocietie: which in the booriſh, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the ſociety of this Female, or Clowne thou periſheſt: or to thy better vnderſtanding, dyeſt; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William.*

Will. God reſt you merry ſir. *Exit*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Maſter and Miſtreſſe ſeekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend, I attend. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould graunt? And will you perſeuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddineſſe of it in queſtion; the pouertie of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſodaine woing, nor ſodaine conſenting: but ſay with mee, I loue *Aliena*: ſay with her, that ſhe loues mee; conſent with both, that we may enioy each other: it ſhall be to your good: for my father's houſe, and all the reuenuew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I eſtate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orl. You haue my conſent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
Heere comes my *Roſalinde.*

Roſ. God ſaue you brother.

Ol. And you faire ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to ſee thee weare thy heart in a ſcarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to ſound, when he ſhew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing ſo ſodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Ceſars* Thraſonicall bragge of I came, ſaw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my ſiſter, no ſooner met, but they look'd: no ſooner look'd, but they lou'd; no ſooner lou'd, but they ſigh'd: no ſooner ſigh'd but they ask'd one another the reaſon: no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedie: and in theſe degrees, haue they made a paire of ſtaires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or elſe bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They ſhall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies: by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauineſſe. by how much I ſhal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wiſhes for.

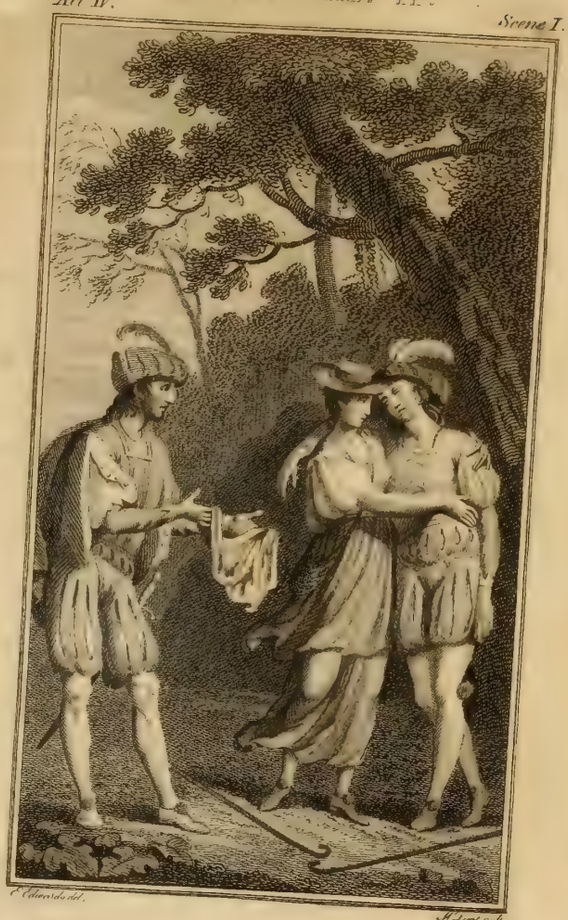
Roſ. Why then to morrow, I cannot ſerue your turne for *Roſalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I ſpeake to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeake not this, that you ſhould beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inſomuch (I ſay) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater eſteeme then may in ſome little meaſure draw a beleefe from you, to do your ſelfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I haue ſince I was three yeare old conuerſt with a Magitian, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Roſalinde* ſo neere the hart, as your geſture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, ſhall you marrie her. I know into what ſtraights of Fortune ſhe is driuen, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to

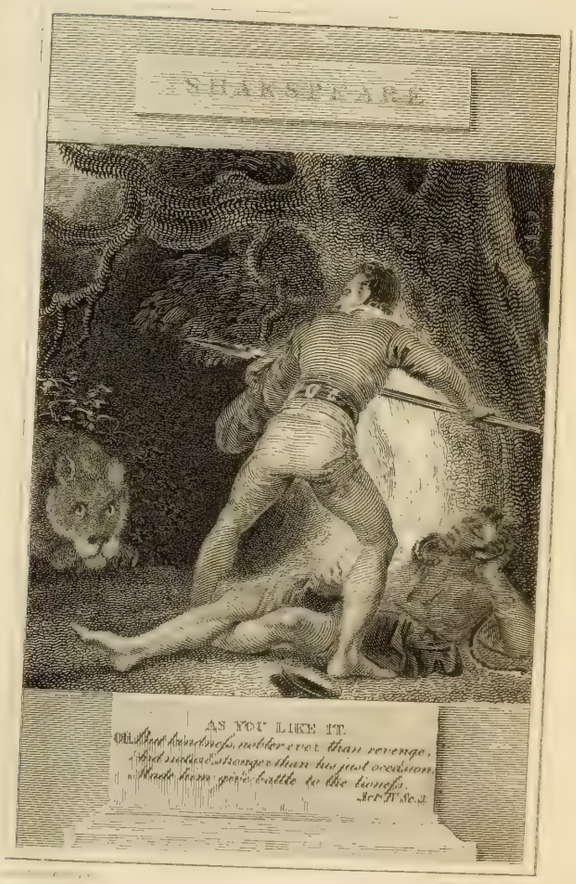
Act IV. AS YOU LIKE IT. Scene I.



T. Stothard del. W. Ford sculp.

Many will swoon when they do look on Blood.

Published according to Act of Parliament March 1. 1773.



Act IV. AS YOU LIKE IT. *Scene 3.*

Burney del *Scriven fec.*

Mrs ABINGTON in ROSALIND.

Was it you he rescu'd?

Printed for John Cawthorn, No. 5 Catherine Street, Strand. May 10, 1806.

to ſet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I ſay I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your beſt aray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall: and to *Roſalind* if you will.

Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentleneſſe,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I haue: it is my ſtudie
To ſeeme deſpightfull and vngentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful ſhepheard,
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighes and teares,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orl. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſeruice,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orl. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, dutie, and obſeruance,
All humbleneſſe, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obſeruance:
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*

Orl. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Roſ. Why do you ſpeake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Iriſh Wolues againſt the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will ſatisfie you, if euer I ſatisfi'd man, and you ſhall bee married to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhal be married to morrow: As you loue *Roſalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: ſo fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of ỹ world?

Heere come two of the baniſh'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1.*Pa.* Wel met honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2.*Pa.* We are for you, ſit i'th middle.

1.*Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2.*Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipſies on a horſe.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his laſſe,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did paſſe,
In the ſpring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the ſpring,
And therefore take the preſent time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In ſpring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
Theſe prettie Country folks would lie.
In ſpring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet ỹ note was very vntunable

1.*Pa.* you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time loſt to heare ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie.*

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.

Du.Sen. Doſt thou beleeue *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orl. I ſometimes do beleeue, and ſomtimes do not,
As thoſe that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Roſalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our cõpact is vrg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalinde*,
You wil beſtow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du.Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Roſ. And you ſay you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Roſ. You ſay, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the houre after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marrie me,
You'l giue your ſelfe to this moſt faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Roſ. You ſay that you'l haue *Phebe* if ſhe will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

Roſ. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,
Or elſe refuſing me to wed this ſhepheard:
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her
If ſhe refuſe me, and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all euen. *Exit Roſ. and Celia.*

Du.Sen. I do remember in this ſhepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the firſt time that I euer ſaw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughrer:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreſt borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies, by his vncle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obſcured in the circle of this Forreſt.

Iaq. There is ſure another flood toward, and theſe couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue ſo often met in the Forreſt: he hath bin a Courtier he ſweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a meaſure, I haue flattred a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the ſeuenth cauſe.

Iaq. How ſeuenth cauſe? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du.Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you ſir, I deſire you of the like: I preſſe in heere ſir, amongſt the reſt of the Country copulatiues to ſweare, and to forſweare, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin ſir, an il-fauor'd thing ſir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: rich honeſtie dwels like a miſer ſir, in a poore houſe, as your Pearle in your foule oyſter.

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very ſwift, and ſententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Iaq. But for the ſeuenth cauſe. How did you finde the quarrell on the ſeuenth cauſe?

Clo. Vpon a lye, ſeuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more ſeeming *Audry*) as thus ſir: I did diſlike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I ſent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold ſend me word he cut it to pleaſe himſelfe: this is call'd the quip modeſt. If againe, it was not well cut, he diſabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churliſh. If againe it was not well cut, he would anſwer I ſpake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold ſay, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelſome: and ſo ro lye circumſtantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further then the lye circumſtantial: nor he durſt not giue me the lye direct: and ſo wee meaſur'd ſwords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip-modeſt: the third, the reply Churliſh: the fourth, he Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelſome: the ſixt, the Lye with circumſtance: the ſeauenth, the Lye direct: all theſe you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when ſeuen Iuſtices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties where met themſelues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you ſaide ſo, then I ſaide ſo: and they ſhooke hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du.Se. He vſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and vnder the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind, and Celia.
Still Muſicke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen,*
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.
Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightſt ioyne his hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſome is.

Roſ. To you I giue my ſelfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my ſelfe, for I am yours.

Du.Se. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight & ſhape be true, why then my loue adieu

Roſ. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not ſhee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confuſion,
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange euents:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no croſſe ſhall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue muſt accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are ſure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we ſing,
Feede your ſelues with queſtioning:
That reaſon, wonder may diminiſh
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O bleſſed bond of boord and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no leſſe degree.

Phe.

Painted by W. Hamilton

Engraved by I. Schiavonetti

SHAKSPEARE.

Ros. *As you like it.* Orl. *If there be truth in sight you are my Rosalind*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.*Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere vvete well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.*Bro.* He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deserued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Se. Stay, *Iaques*, stay.

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

THE
Taming of the Shrew.

In the Marginal remarks N.C. refers to Rivers Mod Ed^n in 21 Vols 8^vo anno 1803 — when no reference is made the first folio is to be understood.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hoſtes, Chriſtophero Sly.

Begger.

I Le pheeze you infaith.

Hoſt. A paire of ſtockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you haue burſt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedie, I muſt go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile anſwere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falles aſleepe.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntſman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imboſt,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldeſt fault,
I would not looſe the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntſ. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meereſt loſſe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent,
Truſt me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would eſteeme him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huntſ. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. Oh monſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathſome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himſelfe?

1. *Hun.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot chooſe.

2. *H.* It would ſeem ſtrange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the ieſt:
Carrie him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme diſtilled waters,
And burne ſweet Wood to make the Lodging ſweete:
Procure me Muſicke readie when he vvakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeake, be readie ſtraight
(And with a lowe ſubmiſſiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor vvil command:
Let one attend him vvith a ſiluer Baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a coſtly ſuite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Ladie mournes at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs,
It wil be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſtie.

1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he ſhall thinke by our true diligence
He is no leſſe then what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.
Sound trumpets.
Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling ſome iourney) to repoſe him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honor, Players
That offer ſeruice to your Lordſhip.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2. *Player.* So pleaſe your Lordſhippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldeſt ſonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I haue forgot your name: but ſure that part

Was

TAMING of the SHREW.

Romberg del. Hornbrook, Sculp.

Mrs WRIGHTEN in KATHARINA.

Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand London Feb 1 1786.

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modeſties,
Leaſt (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into ſome merrie paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.
Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our ſelues,
Were he the verieſt anticke in the world.
Lord. Go ſirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.
Exit one with the Players.
Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himſelfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſeru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft lowe tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe conuei'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a waterie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.
Exit a ſeruingman.
I know the boy will wel vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelues from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
Ile in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the ouer-merrie ſpleene,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, ſome with apparel, Baſon and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.
Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale.
1. *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Lord drink a cup of ſacke?
2. *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Honor taſte of theſe Conſerues?
3. *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordſhip: I ne're drank ſacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conſerues, giue me conſerues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes: no more ſtockings then legges: nor no more ſhooes then feet, nay ſometime more feete then ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.
Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch diſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteeme
Should be infuſed with ſo foule a ſpirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher Slie*, old Sies ſonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by tranſmutation a Beare-heard, and now by preſent profeſſion a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if ſhee know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiiii.d. on the ſcore for ſheere Ale, ſcore me vp for the lyingſt knaue in Chriſten dome. What I am not beſtraught: here's———
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.
2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your ſeruants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhuns your houſe
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy ſeruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Muſicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Muſick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horſes ſhal be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.
2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.
Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.
3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhal ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhee is inferiour to none.
Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauours, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our ſight,
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalleſt Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt pleaſe your mightineſſe to waſh your hands:
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.
Beg. Theſe fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that time.
1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leete,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-Iugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Beg. I, the womans maide of the houſe.
3. *man.* Why ſir you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid
Nor no ſuch men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer ſaw.
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſhalt not looſe by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good-man.
La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords cal Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they ſay that I haue dream'd,
And ſlept aboue ſome fifteene yeare or more.
Lady. I, and the time ſeeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, ſeruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndreſſe you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not ſo, vntill the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſitians haue expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Beg. I, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I wil therefore tarrie in deſpight of the fleſh & the blood

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedie,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comontie, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.
Beg. What, houſhold ſtuffe.
Lady. It is a kinde of hiſtory.
Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Come Madam wife ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, we ſhall nere be yonger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Tranio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee faire *Padua*, nurſerie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truſtie ſeruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij*,
Vincentio's ſonne, brough vp in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudie,
Vertue and that part of Philoſophie
Will I applie, that treats of happineſſe,
By vertue ſpecially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ſacietie ſeekes to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle maſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelfe,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolue,
To ſucke the ſweets of ſweete Philoſophie.
Onely (good maſter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no ſtockes I pray,
Or ſo deuote to *Ariſtotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-caſt quite abiur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
And practiſe Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muſicke and Poeſie vſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphyſickes
Fall to them as you finde your ſtomacke ſerues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleaſure tane:
In briefe ſir, ſtudie what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou aduiſe,
If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put vs in readineſſe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptiſta with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio ſuiter to Bianca. Lucen. Tranio, ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolu d you know:
That is, not to beſtow my yongeſt daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Becauſe

* Balke Logicke may imply reject Logicke or balke may be a different authography of balk i.e. balck Logicke &c

Becauſe I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue ſhall you haue to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortenſio*, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnleſſe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I'faith ſir, you ſhall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtoole,
And paint your face, and vſe you like a foole.
Hor. From all ſuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſht maſter, heres ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtarke mad, or wonderfull froward.
Lucen. But in the others ſilence do I ſee,
Maids milde behauiour and ſobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well ſaid Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoone make good
What I haue ſaid, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the leſſe my girle.
Kate. A pretty peate, it is beſt put finger in the eye, and ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter content you, in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My bookes and inſtruments ſhall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practiſe by my ſelfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maiſt heare *Minerua* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſould:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſicke, Inſtruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaſters will I keepe within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you *Hortenſio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And ſo farewell: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kate. Why, and I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are ſo good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not ſo great *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both ſides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.
Hor. So will I ſignior *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue acceſſe to our faire Miſtris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.
Gre. What's that I pray?
Hor. Marrie ſir to get a husband for her Siſter.
Gre. A husband: a diuell.
Hor. I ſay a husband.
Gre. I ſay, a diuell: Think'ſt thou *Hortenſio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is ſo verie a foole to be married to hell?
Hor. Tuſh *Gremio*: though it paſſe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie croſſe euerie morning.
Hor. Faith (as you ſay) there's ſmall choiſe in rotten apples: but come, ſince this bar in law makes vs friends, it ſhall be ſo farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiſtas* eldeſt daughter to a husband, wee ſet his yongeſt free for a husband, and then haue toot afreſh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes faſteſt, gets the Ring: How ſay you ſignior *Gremio*?
Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the houſe of her. Come on.
Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio
Tra. I pray ſir tel me, is it poſſible
That loue ſhould of a ſodaine take ſuch hold.
Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idely I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idleneſſe,
And now in plainneſſe do confeſſe to thee
That art to me as ſecret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modeſt gyrle:
Counſaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt:
Aſſiſt me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but ſo,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.
Luc Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The reſt wil comfort, for thy counſels ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſt the Cretan ſtrond.
Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe vp ſuch a ſtorme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.
Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtirre him frõ his trance:
I pray awake ſir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it ſtands:
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your Loue muſt liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he cloſely meu'd her vp,

Becauſe

Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuters.
Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he!
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke ſome care
To get her cunning Schoolemaſters to inſtruct her.
Tra. I marry am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchoole-maſter,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* ſonne,
Keepe houſe, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Viſit his Countrimen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Baſta*, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin ſeene in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it followes thus;
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keepe houſe, and port, and ſeruants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio* at once
Vncaſe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him firſt to keepe his tongue.
Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be ſeruiceable to my ſonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I loue *Lucentio*.
Luc. *Tranio* be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a ſlaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whoſe ſodaine ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maiſter, ha's my fellow *Tranio* ſtolne your cloathes, or you ſtolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to ieſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to ſaue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell ſince I came a-ſhore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was deſcried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſaue my life:
You vnderſtand me?
Bion. I ſir, ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.
Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptiſtas* yongeſt daughter. But ſirra, not for my ſake, but your maſters, I aduiſe you vſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio:* but in all places elſe, you maſter *Lucentio*.
Luc. *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelfe execute,
To make one among theſe wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reaſons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. *The Prefenters aboue ſpeakes.*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter ſurely: Comes there any more of it?
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They ſit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloued and approued friend
Hortenſio: & I trow this is his houſe:
Heere ſirra *Grumio*, knocke I ſay.
Gru. Knocke ſir? whom ſhould I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worſhip?
Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me heere ſoundly.
Gru. Knocke you heere ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knocke you heere ſir.
Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.
Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelſome:
I ſhould knocke you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.
Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith ſirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and ſing it.
He rings him by the eares
Gru. Helpe miſtris helpe, my maſter is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: ſirrah villaine.

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray? *Contutti le core bene trobatto*, may I ſay.
Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto multo honorata ſignior mio Petruchio.*
Riſe *Grumio* riſe, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leaue his ſeruice, looke you ſir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him ſoundly ſir. Well, was it fit for a ſeruant to vſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.
Petr. A ſenceleſſe villaine: good *Hortenſio*,
I bad the raſcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: ſpake you not theſe words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduiſe you.
Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſtie pleaſant ſeruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (ſweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such wind as ſcatters yongmen throgh ỹ world,

To

To ſeeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where ſmall experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceaſt,
And I haue thruſt my ſelfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as beſt I may:
Crownes in my purſe I haue, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.
Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thanke me but a little for my counſell:
And yet Ile promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wiſh thee to her.
Petr. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as wee,
Few words ſuffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be ſhe as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curſt and ſhrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worſe:
She moues me not, or not remoues at leaſt
Affections edge in me. Were ſhe is as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriaticke* ſeas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
Gru. Nay looke you ſir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though ſhe haue as manie diſeaſes as two and fiftie horſes. Why nothing comes amiſſe, ſo monie comes withall.
Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in ieſt,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that ſhe is intollerable curſt,
And ſhrow'd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate farre worſer then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
Petr. Hortenſio peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I wil not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you wil accompanie me thither.
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as wel as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaues, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope tricks. Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a little, he wil throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure hir with it, that ſhee ſhal haue no more eies to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhal haue acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curſt, haue got a husband.
Gru. Katherine the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter
Well ſeene in Muſicke, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this deuice at leaſt
Haue leaue and leiſure to make loue to her,
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſelfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio diſguſed.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Maſter, maſter, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue. *Petruchio* ſtand by a while.
Grumio. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderſtand me. Ouer and beſide
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter then perfume it ſelfe
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſefull words
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſcholler ſir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Aſſe it is.
Petru. Peace ſirra.
Hor. Grumio mum: God ſaue you ſignior *Gremio*.
Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortenſio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*,
I promiſt to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolemaſter for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our Miſtris,
So ſhal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, ſo beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds ſhal proue.
Gru. And that his bags ſhal proue.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue a ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhal haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As wil a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem. *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatſoere.
Gremio. And ſo we wil, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: iſt he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be ſir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why ſir, I pray are not the ſtreers as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno,
That ſhe's the choiſe loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Lædaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And ſo ſhe ſhall: *Lucentio* ſhal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortenſio*, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?
Tra. No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modeſtie.
Petr. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderſtand you this of me (inſooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſutors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntill the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed vs all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you breake the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieue the elder: ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to haue her,
Will not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a ſutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I ſhal not be ſlacke, in ſigne whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowſes to our Miſtreſſe health,
And do as aduerſaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. *Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhal be your *Been venuto*. *Exeunt*

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlaue of mee,
That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my ſelfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy ſutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me ſiſter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyeſt: Is't not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me ſo?
Nay then you ieſt, and now I wel perceiue
You haue bnt ieſted with me all this while:
I prethee ſiſter Kate, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her*
Enter

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this inſolence?
Bianca ſtand aſide, poore gyrle ſhe weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame thou Hilding of a diuelliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſſe thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her ſilence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my ſight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not ſuffer me: Nay now I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt haue a husband,
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go ſit and weepe,
Till I can finde occaſion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio:* God ſaue you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good ſir: pray haue you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter ſir, cal'd *Katerina.*

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me ſignior *Gremio*, giue me leaue.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* ſir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and baſhfull modeſtie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,
Am bold to ſhew myſelfe a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſſe
Of that report, which I ſo oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muſicke, and the Mathematickes,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome ſir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I ſee you do not meane to part with her,
Or elſe you like not of my companie.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeake but as I finde,
Whence are you ſir? What may I call your name.

Pet. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio's* ſonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners ſpeake too? *Bacare*, you are meruaylous forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me ſignior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am ſure of it, to expreſſe
The like kindneſſe my ſelfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:
Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long ſtudying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muſicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his ſeruice.

Bap. A thouſand thankes ſignior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio.* But gentle ſir,
Me thinkes you walke like a ſtranger,
May I be ſo bold, to know the cauſe of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me ſir, the boldneſſe is mine owne,
That being a ſtranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my ſelfe a ſuitor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme reſolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſſe and fauour as the reſt.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Piſa* ſir, ſonne to *Vincentio.*

Bap. A mightie man of *Piſa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome ſir:
Take you the Lute, and you the ſet of bookes,
You ſhall go ſee your Pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade theſe Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
Theſe are their Tutors, bid them vſe them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to thinke your ſelues.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſſe asketh haſte,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreaſt,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie ſhall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poſſeſsion twentie thouſand Crownes.

Pet And for that dowrie, Ile aſſure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that ſhe ſuruiue me
In all my Lands and Leaſes whatſoeuer,
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the ſpeciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as ſhe proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do conſume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maiſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed:
But be thou arm'd for ſome vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That ſhakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortenſio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why doſt thou looke ſo pale?

Hor. For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Muſitian?

Hor. I thinke ſhe'l ſooner proue a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moſt impatient diuelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie ſuch vilde tearmes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſvſe me ſo.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſtie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue ſome chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes,
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightinghale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleere
As morning Roſes newly waſht with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe vttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke:
If ſhe denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I ſhall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.

Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.

Pet. Shold be, ſhould: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhal a buzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whoſe tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and ſo farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie. *She ſtrikes him*

Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.

Kate. So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.

Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walke: thou doſt not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did euer *Dian* ſo become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian* ſportfull.
Kate. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witleſſe elſe her ſonne.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry ſo I meane ſweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I muſt, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my
Pet. How but well ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſſe. (dumps?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You haue ſhewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your ſelfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amiſſe of her:
If ſhe be curſt, it is for pollicie,
For ſhee's not froward, but modeſt as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience ſhee will proue a ſecond *Griſſell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chaſtitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed ſo well together,
That vpon ſonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile ſee thee hang'd on ſonday firſt. (firſt.
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, ſhe ſaies ſhee'll ſee thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay thē godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chooſe her for my ſelfe,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt vs twaine being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue
How much ſhe loues me: oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kiſſe on kiſſe
Shee vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twinke ſhe won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to ſee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainſt the wedding day;
Prouide the feaſt father, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katherine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but giue me your hāds.
God ſend you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, ſonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiſſe me *Kate*, we will be married a ſonday.
Exit Petruchio and Katherine.
Gre. Was euer match clapt vp ſo ſodainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a deſperate Mart.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gaine I ſeeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was ſuter firſt.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witneſſe, or your thoughts can gueſſe.
Gre. Yongling thou canſt not loue ſo deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper ſtand backe, 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that floriſheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil cōpound this ſtrife
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapeſtry:
In Iuory cofers I haue ſtuft my crownes:
In Cypres cheſts my arras counterpoints,
Coſtly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cuſhions boſt with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and braſſe, and all things that belongs
To houſe or houſe-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelfe am ſtrooke in yeeres I muſt confeſſe,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'ſt I liue ſhe will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: ſir, liſt to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely ſonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houſes three or foure as good
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Beſides, two thouſand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which ſhall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall haue, beſides an Argoſie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argoſie?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leſſe
Then three great Argoſies, beſides two Galliaſſes
And twelue tite Gallies, theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offreſt next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And ſhe can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, ſhe ſhall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promiſe, *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſſe your offer is the beſt,
And let your father make her the aſſurance,

Shee is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus reſolu'd,
On ſonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the ſonday following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An old Italian foxe is not ſo kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this caſe of woing,
A childe ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſſe of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Muſicke we haue ſpent an houre,
Your Lecture ſhall haue leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſſe that neuer read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the minde of man
After his ſtudies, or his vſuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerue in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare theſe braues of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ſtriue for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife: heere ſit we downe,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt?
Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic eſt ſigeria tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia Celſa ſenis.*
Bian. Conſter them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic eſt*, ſonne vnto Vincentio of Piſa, *Sigeria tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your loue, *hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam, my Inſtrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee ſee if I can conſter it. *Hic ibat ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeria tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtaterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* preſume not, *Celſa ſenis*, deſpaire not.
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the baſe.
Hort. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knaue that iars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald ſo from his grandfather.
Hort. I muſt beleeue my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill vpon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Litio* to you:
Good maſter take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleaſant with you both.
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Muſitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.
Bian. *Gamouth* I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfavt, that loues with all affection:
D ſol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Seruant. Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe, your father prayes you leaue your books,
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweet maſters both, I muſt be gone.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eyes on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that Liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law:
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

No

Act: III. TAMING OF THE SHREW. Scene: 1.

I. K. Sherwin, Invt. et Sculp.

I am Lucentio
disguised thus to get your love.

Published according to Act of Parliament, No. 2, 1795, by J. Bell, at the Strand.

Kate. No ſhame but mine, I muſt forſooth be forſt
To giue my hand oppos'd againſt my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of ſpleene,
Who woo'd in haſte, and meanes to wed at leyſure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter ieſts in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thouſand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now muſt the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And ſay, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptiſta* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune ſtayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honeſt.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.
Exit weeping

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For ſuch an iniurie would vexe a very faint,
Much more a ſhrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter, newes, and ſuch newes as you neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's* (comming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde ruſty ſword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſſe: with two broken points: his horſe hip'd with an olde mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the Lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of Windegalls, ſped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, paſt cure of the Fiues, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, & a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrain'd to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet down in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the world Capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew liſt; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, & not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis ſome od humor pricks him to this faſhion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoere he comes.

Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe

Bion. No ſir, I ſay his horſe comes with him on hi

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horſe and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome ſir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd as I wiſh you were.

Petr. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some Comnet, or vnuſuall prodigie?

Bap. Why ſir, you know this is your wedding day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſadder that you come ſo vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne feſtiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo vnlike your ſelfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in ſome part inforced to digreſſe,
Which at more leyſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in theſe vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile viſit her.

Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marry her. (words,

Pet. Good footh euen thus: therefore ha done with
To me ſhe's married, not vnto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what ſhe will weare in me,
As I can change theſe poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my Bride?
And ſeale the title with a louely kiſſe. *Exit.*

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire,
We will perſwade him be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and ſee the euent of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But ſir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paſſe
As before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater ſummes then I haue promiſed,
So ſhall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolemaſter
Doth watch *Bianca's* ſteps ſo narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to ſteale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
Ile keepe mine owne deſpite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this buſineſſe,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Maſters ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio* came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from ſchoole.
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroome ſay you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the girle ſhall finde.
Tra. Curſter then ſhe, why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why ſhe's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you ſir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should aske if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall the booke,
And as he ſtoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him ſuch a cuffe,
That downe fell Prieſt and booke, and booke and Prieſt,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench when he roſe againe?
Gre. Trembled and ſhooke: for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowſing to his Mates after a ſtorme, quaft off the Muſcadell, and threw the ſops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reaſon, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aske him ſops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kiſt her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, ſuch a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minſtrels play. *Muſicke playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheere,
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?
Pet. I muſt away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſſe,
You would intreat me rather goe then ſtay:
And honeſt company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my ſelfe
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let vs entreat you ſtay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay,
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
Kat. Now if you loue me ſtay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.
Gru. I ſir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horſes.
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canſt, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
The dore is open ſir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marry ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be made a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field, my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhe ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy Miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to ſupply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no iunkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.
Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.
Enter Grumio. *Exeunt.*
Gru.: Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, & all foule waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raide? was euer man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & ſoone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme myſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?
Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no greater

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greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſter and miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtian, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter & miſtris falne out. *Cur.* How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fel, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

Cur. By this reckning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Ioſeph*, *Nicholas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile, till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you muſt meete my maiſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue ſeruingmen.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ioſ. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our maſter?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heare my maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.

Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logger-headed and vnpoliſht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?

Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, ſwain, you horſon malt-horſe drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaues with thee?

Grumio. *Nathaniels* coate ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Pet. Go raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in. *Ex.Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter ſeruants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you muſt kiſſe, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, & welcome heartily:
you horſon villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horſon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* ſit downe, I know you haue a ſtomacke,
Will you giue thankes, ſweete *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meate:
What dogges are theſe? Where is the raſcall Cooke?
How durſt you villaines bring it from the dreſſer
And ſerue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedleſſe iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd ſlaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you ſtraight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not ſo diſquiet,
The meate was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreſſely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did faſt,
Since of our ſelues, our ſelues are chollericke,
Then feede it with ſuch ouer-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow't ſhalbe mended,
And for this night we'l faſt for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seruants ſeuerally.

Nath. Peter didſt euer ſee the like.
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.
Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continencie to her, and railes, and ſweares, and rates, that ſhee (poore ſoule) knowes not which way to ſtand, to looke, to ſpeake, and ſits as one new riſen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſſefully:
My Faulcon now is ſharpe, and paſſing emptie,
And til ſhe ſtoope, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none ſhall eate.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meate, ſome vndeſerued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulſter,
This way the Couerlet, another way the ſheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhal watch all night,
And if ſhe chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her ſtil awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charity to ſhew. *Exit*

Enter Tranio and Hortenſio:

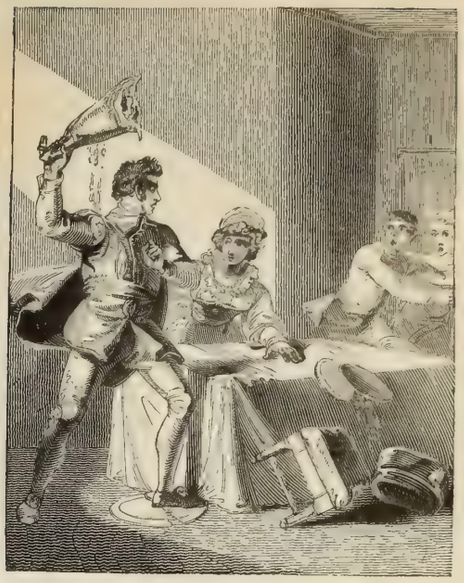
Tra. Is't poſsible friend *Liſio*, that miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I haue ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miſtris, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Maſter reade you firſt, reſolue me that?
Hor. I reade, that I profeſſe the Art to loue.
Bian. And may you proue ſir Maſter of your Art.
Luc. While you ſweet deere ptoue Miſtreſſe of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray, you that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World ſo wel as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh deſpightful Loue, vnconſtant womankind,
I tel thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſitian as I ſeeme to bee,
But one that ſcorne to liue in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am cal'd *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,
I wil with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer ro woo her more, but do forſweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though ſhe would intreate,
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworn
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud diſdainful Haggard,
And ſo farewel ſignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and ſo I take my leaue,
In reſolution, as I ſwore before.
Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a Louers bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forſworne you with *Hortenſio*.
Bian. Tranio you ieſt, but haue you both forſworne mee?
Tra. Miſtris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luſtie Widdow now,
That ſhalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming ſchoole.
Bian. The taming ſchoole: what is there ſuch a place?
Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, maſter I haue watcht ſo long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil ſerue the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*?
Bio. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,



I know not what, but formall in apparrell, only one r in /32
In gate and countenance ſurely like a Father. nobody /32
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
Ile make him glad to ſeeme *Vincentio*,
And giue aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*.
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.
Ped. God ſaue you ſir.
Tra. And you ſir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir at the fartheſt for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And ſo to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua careleſſe of your life.
Ped. My life ſir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas ſir, it is worſe for me then ſo,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and muſt heere deliuer them.
Tra. Wel ſir, to do you courteſie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduiſe you,
Firſt tell me, haue you euer beene at Piſa?
Ped. I ſir, in Piſa haue I often bin,
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father ſir, and ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, & all one.
Tra. To ſaue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his ſake,
And thinke it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credite ſhal you vndertake,
And in my houſe you ſhal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you ſhould,
you vnderſtand me ſir: ſo ſhal you ſtay
Til you haue done your buſineſſe in the Citie:
If this be court'ſie ſir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh ſir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderſtand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To paſſe aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptiſtas* daughter heere:
In all theſe circumſtances Ile inſtruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forſooth I dare not for my life.
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famiſh me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a preſent almes,
If not, elſewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I ſhould intreate,
Am ſtaru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of ſleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which ſpights me more then all theſe wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who ſhould ſay, if I ſhould ſleepe or eate
'Twere deadly ſickneſſe, or elſe preſent death.
I prethee go, and get me ſome repaſt,
I care not what, ſo it be holſome foode.
Gru. What ſay you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis paſsing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate. phlegmatick /32 & mc
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What ſay you to a peece of Beefe and Muſtard?
Kate. A diſh that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I, but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you ſhal haue the Muſtard
Or elſe you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlaue,
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miſery:
Go get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortenſio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what ſweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy ſpirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meate my ſelfe, and bring it thee.
I am ſure ſweet Kate, this kindneſſe merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'ſt it not:
And all my paines is ſorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this diſh.
Kate. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſeruice is repaide with thankes,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Miſtris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortenſio*, if thou loueſt mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houſe,
And reuell it as brauely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes, and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What haſt thou din'd? The Tailor ſtaies thy leaſure, writh /32
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treaſure. the /
Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let vs ſee theſe ornaments.
Enter Haberdaſher.
Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you ſir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worſhip did beſpeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall haue one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kate. Why ſir I truſt I may haue leaue to ſpeake,
And ſpeake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me ſay my minde,
And If you cannot, beſt you ſtop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it ſhall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why thou ſaiſt true, it is paltrie cap,
A cuſtard coffen, a bauble, a ſilken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs ſee't.
Oh mercie God, what maſking ſtuffe is heere?
Whats this? a ſleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'ſt thou this?
Hor. I ſee ſhees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome ſir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.
Kate. I neuer ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tail. She ſaies your Worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. O monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne houſe with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt thinke on prating whil'ſt thou liu'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worſhip is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iuſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it ſhould be done.
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the ſtuffe.
Tail. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?
Gru. Marrie ſir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not requeſt to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.
Tail. I haue.
Gru. Face not mee: thou haſt brau'd manie men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I ſay vnto thee, I bid thy Maſter cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou lieſt.
Tail. Why heere is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.
Pet. Reade it.
Gru. The note lies in's throate if he ſay I ſaid ſo.
Tail. Inprimis, a looſe bodied gowne.
Gru. Maſter, if euer I ſaid looſe-bodied gowne, ſow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I ſaid a gowne.
Pet. Proceede.
Tai. With a ſmall compaſt cape.
Gru. I confeſſe the cape.
Tai. With a trunke ſleeue.
Gru. I confeſſe two ſleeues.
Tai. The ſleeues curiouſly cut.
Pet. I there's the villanie.
Gru. Error i'th bill ſir, error i'th bill? I commanded the ſleeues ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tail. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in place where thou ſhouldſt know it.
Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meat-yard, and ſpare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee ſhall haue no oddes.
Pet. Well ſir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right ſir, 'tis for my miſtris.
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy maſters vſe.
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Miſtreſſe gowne for thy maſters vſe.
Pet. Why ſir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh ſir, the conceit is deeper then you think for: Take vp my Miſtris gowne to his maſters vſe.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the Tailor paide.
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindneſſe of his haſtie words:
Away I ſay, commend me to thy maſter. *Exit Tail.*
Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in theſe honeſt meane habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds,
So honor peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Becauſe his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worſe
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedſt it ſhame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport vs at thy fathers houſe,
Go call my men, and let vs ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's ſee, I thinke 'tis now ſome ſeuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kate. I dare aſſure you ſir, 'tis almoſt two,
And 'twill be ſupper time ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeuen ere I go to horſe:
Looke what I ſpeake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

Painted by T. Stothard R.A. *Engraved by J. Heath A. Historical Engraver to his Majesty*

The Taming of the Shrew.

Pet. *O mercy God! what mashing stuff is here?*
What's this? a sleeve?

Act 4. Scene 3

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You are ſtill croſſing it, ſirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo this gallant will command the ſunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreſt like Vincentio.
Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any caſe
With ſuch auſteritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.
Ped. I warrant you: but ſir here comes your boy,
Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: ſirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduiſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*.
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.
Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped Soft ſon: ſir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cauſe
Of loue betweene your daughter and himſelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him: to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe then I, vpon ſome agreement
Me ſhall you finde readie and willing
With one conſent to haue her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I heare ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well:
Right true it is your ſonne *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and ſhe loueth him,
Or both diſſemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſonne ſhall haue my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thanke you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie ſeruants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And happilie we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele paſſe the buſineſſe priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſeruant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scriuener preſently,
The worſt is this that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I praie the gods ſhe may withall my heart. *Exit.*
Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meſſe is like to be your cheere,
Come ſir, we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You ſaw my Maſter winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his ſignes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull ſonne.
Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.
Luc. And then.
Bio. The old Prieſt at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: take you aſſurance of her, *Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum ſolem*, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clarke, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you looke fot, I haue no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as ſhee went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuffe a Rabit, and ſo may you ſir: and ſo adew ſir, my Maſter hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Prieſt be readie to come againſt you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It ſhall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio
Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moone that ſhines ſo bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers ſonne, and that's my ſelfe,

It

It ſhall be moone, or ſtarre, or what I liſt,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers houſe:
Goe on, and fetch our horſes backe againe,
Euermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt.
Hort. Say as he ſaies, or we ſhall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, ſince we haue come ſo farre,
And be it moone, or ſunne, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it ſhall be ſo for me.
Petr. I ſay it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the bleſſed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun,
But ſunne it is not, when you ſay it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine*.
Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle ſhould run,
And not vnluckily againſt the Bias: (run,
But ſoft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miſtris, where away:
Tell me ſweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What ſtars do ſpangle heauen with ſuch beautie,
As thoſe two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and freſh, & ſweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of ſo faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable ſtars
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.
Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou ſaiſt he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my miſtaking eies,
That haue bin ſo bedazled with the ſunne,
That euery thing I looke on ſeemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.
Petr. Do good old grandſire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauelleſt, if along with vs,
We ſhall be ioyfull of thy companie.
Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaſde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſite
A ſonne of mine, which long I haue not ſeene.
Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. Lucentio gentle ſir.
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy ſonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The ſiſter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, ſhe is of good eſteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeeme
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.
Vinc. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant trauailors to breake a Ieſt
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
Hort. I doe aſſure thee father ſo it is.
Petr. Come goe along and ſee the truth hereof,
For our firſt merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if ſhe froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and ſwiftly ſir, for the Prieſt is ready.
Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*
Biond. Nay faith, Ile ſee the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my miſtris as ſoone as I can.
Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leaue you ſir.
Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*
Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?
Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?
Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.
Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.
Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, hee ſhall neede none ſo long as I liue.
Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was well beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell ſignior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the doore to ſpeake with him.
Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.
Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſaies, if I may beleeue her.
Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you another mans name.
Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to coſen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend 'em good ſhipping: but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brough to nothing.
Vin. Come hither crackhempe.
Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.
Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?
Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.
Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy Miſtris father, *Vincentio*?
Bion. What

Bion. What my old worſhipfull old maſter? yes marie ſir ſee where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Iſt ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe, ſonne, helpe ſignior *Baptiſta.*

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

Vinc. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doubtlet, a veluet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio.*

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie ſonne and heire to the Lands of me ſignior *Vincentio.*

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Maſter; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne, my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that hee be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſaie he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leaſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Naie, I dare not ſweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert beſt ſaie that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forſweare him, or elſe we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as faſt as may be.

Luc. Pardon ſweete father. *Kneele.*

Vin. Liues my ſweete ſonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brau'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Loue wrought theſe miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the laſt
Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did, my ſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweete Father for my ſake.

Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the Iaile.

Bap. But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is doug,hbut Ile in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to ſee the end of this adoe.

Petr. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?

Petr. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Kate. Mo ſir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſſe.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kiſſe, now praie thee Loue ſtaie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate.*
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow: The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfeſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My Banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you ſit downe,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſſe, ſonne *Petruchio.*

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer truſt me if I be affeard.

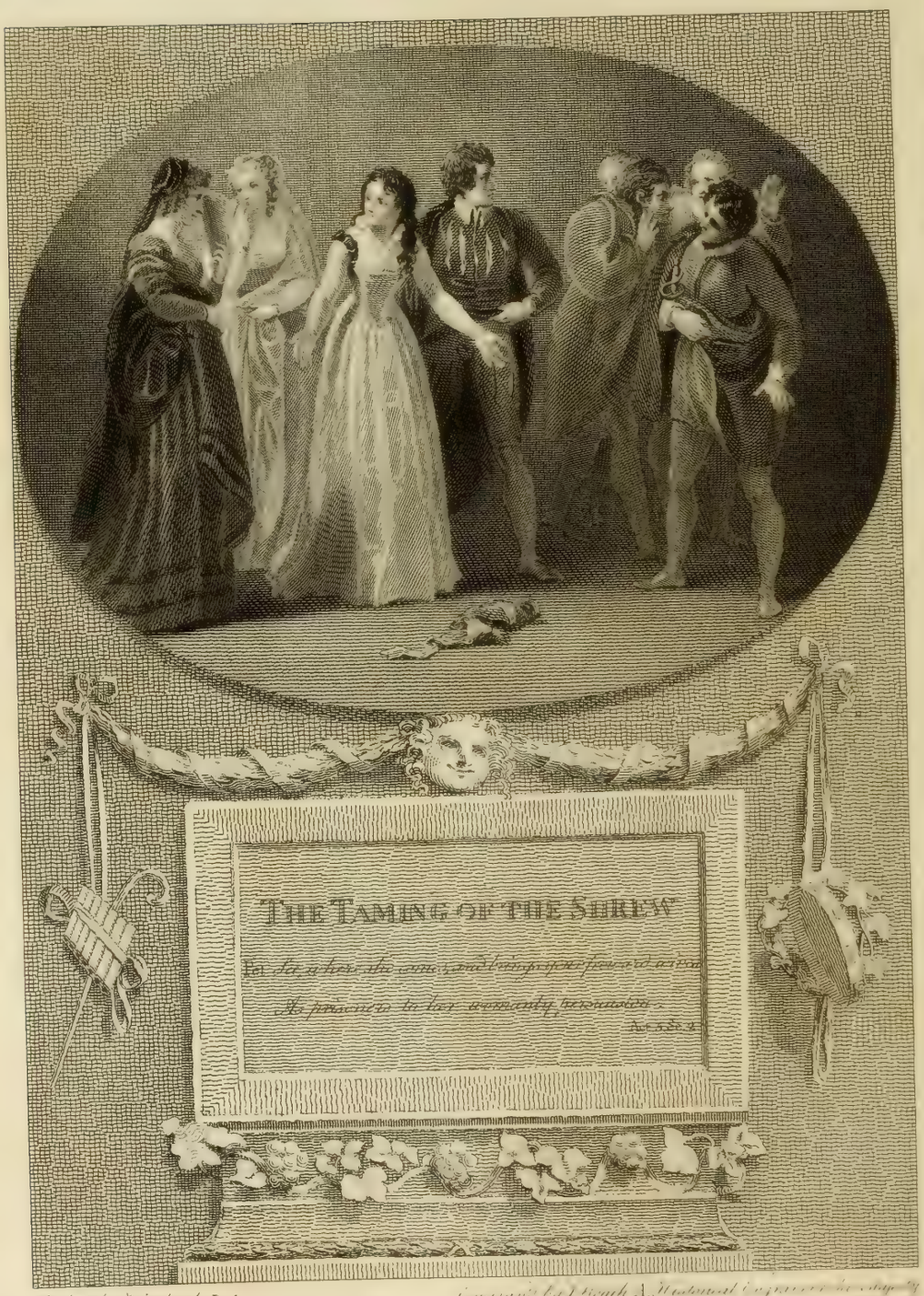
Petr. You are verie ſencible, and yet you miſſe my ſence:
I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Miſtris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow ſaies, thus ſhe conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kiſſe him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that,
Wid. Your housband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my husbands ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeede, reſpecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.
Drinkes to Hortentio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me ſir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and but an baſtie witted bodie,
Would ſay your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Miſtris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile ſleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you ſhall not ſince you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better ieſt or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me, here ſignior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that ſhot and miſt.
Tri. Oh ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himſelfe, and catches for his Maſter.
Petr. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well ſir that you hunted for your ſelfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confeſſe, confeſſe, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confeſſe:
And as the Ieſt did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good ſadneſſe ſonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Petr. Well, I ſay no: and therefore ſir aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend vnto his wife,
And he whoſe wife is moſt obedient,
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture ſo much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times ſo much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Miſtris come to me.
Bio. Igoe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my ſelfe.
Enter Biondello.
How now, what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Miſtris ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and ſhe cannot come.
Petr. How? ſhe's buſie, and ſhe cannot come: is that an anſwere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God ſir your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit.Bion.*
Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then ſhee muſt needes come.
Hor. I am affraid ſir, doe what you can
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſaies you haue ſome goodly Ieſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Petr. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Miſtris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her anſwere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Enter Katerina.
Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*
Kat. What is your will ſir, that you ſend for me?
Petr. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſios* wife?
Kate. They ſit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right ſupremicie:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou haſt won, and I will adde
Vnto their loſſes twentie thouſand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſigne of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.
See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As priſoners to her womanlie perſwaſion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a fillie paſſe.
Bian. Fie what a fooliſh dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath coſt me fiue hundred crownes ſince ſupper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell theſe head-ſtrong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and Huſbands.
Wid. Come,

T. Bellamy sc. Pictures of Shakespeare June 1796.

M.r WOODWARD in the Character of **PETRUCHIO.**
Catherine that Cap of yours becomes you not
off with that Bauble throw it under foot.



Painted by J. Stothard RA

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Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakeneſſe past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiſſe mee *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

Pet. Come *Kate*, weee'le to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

× The correction was made by the Edit. of the 2d folio

Malone

"How often do we meet with this remark in every one of the plays! yet Malone has pronounced the 2d folio to be worth Nothing".. Sherwin

FINIS.

ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Eneer yong Bertram Count of Roſſillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN deliuering my ſonne from me, I burie a ſecond husband.

Roſ. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I muſt attend his maieſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in ſubiection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband Madame, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſitie hold his vertue to you, whoſe worthineſſe would ſtirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maieſties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſitions Madam, vnder whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the proceſſe, but onely the looſing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how ſad a paſſage tis, whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſtie, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would haue made nature immortall, and death ſhould haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings ſake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous ſir in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd ſtil, if knowledge could be ſet vp againſt mortallitie.

Roſ. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord.

Roſ. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His ſole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſſe; ſhe deriues her honeſtie, and atcheeues her goodneſſe.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the tirrany of her ſorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more leaſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, then to haue——

Hell. I doe affect a ſorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſiue greefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the exceſſe makes it ſoone mortall.

Roſ. Maddam I deſire your holie wiſhes.

Laf. How vnderſtand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertrame*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape: thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſſe
Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, truſt a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie
Rather in power then vſe: and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for ſilence,
But neuer tax'd for ſpeech. What heauen more wil,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
'Tis an vnſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduiſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen bleſſe him: Farwell *Bertram*.

Ro. The beſt wiſhes that can be forged in your thoghts be ſeruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miſtris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And theſe great teares grace his remembrance more
Then thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*.
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I ſhould loue a bright particuler ſtarre,
And think to wed it, he is ſo aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,

Muſt

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere;
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it ſelfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Muſt die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To ſee him euerie houre to ſit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his ſweet fauour.
But now he's gone, And my idolatrous fancie
Muſt ſanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, ſolie a coward,
Yet theſe fixt euils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues ſteely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we ſee
Cold wiſedome waighting on ſuperfluous follie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you haue ſome ſtaine of ſouldier in you: Let mee aske you a queſtion. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it againſt him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he aſſailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: Man ſetting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleſſe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your ſelues made, you loſe your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preſerue virginity. Loſſe of Virginitie, is rationall encreaſe, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once loſt, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee ſaide in't, 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeake on the part of virginitie, is to accuſe your Mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it ſelfe, and ſhould be buried in highwayes out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſſe againſt Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelfe to the very payring, and ſo dies with feeding his owne ſtomacke. Beſides, Virginitie is peeuiſh, proud, ydle, made of ſelfe-loue, which is the moſt inhibited ſinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot chooſe but looſe by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it ſelfe two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principall it ſelfe not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do ſir, to looſe it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil loſe the gloſſe with lying: The longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but vnſuteable, iuſt like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There ſhall your Maſter haue a thouſand loues,
A Mother, and a Miſtreſſe, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeſſe, and a Soueraigne,
A Counſellor, a Traitoreſſe, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his diſcord, dulcet:
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendomes
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wiſh well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whoſe baſer ſtarres do ſhut vs vp in wiſhes,
Might vvith effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what vve alone muſt thinke, which neuer
Returnes vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monſieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable ſtarre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

Par. Why vnder *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath ſo kept you vnder, that you muſt needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare propoſes the ſafetie:
But the compoſition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Paroll. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerue to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and vnderſtand what aduice ſhall thruſt vppon thee, elſe thou dieſt in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haſt leyſure, ſay thy praiers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and vſe him as he vſes thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelues do lye,
Which we aſcribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free ſcope, onely doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſignes, when we our ſelues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue ſo hye,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kiſſe like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their paines in ſence, and do ſuppoſe
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer ſtroue
To ſhew her merit, that did miſſe her loue?
(The Kings diſeaſe) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

Flouriſh Cornets.
Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1.*Lo.G.* So tis reported ſir.

King. Nay tis moſt credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Coſin *Auſtria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For ſpeedie ayde: wherein our deereſt friend
Preiudicates the buſineſſe, and would ſeeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1.*Lo.G.* His loue and wiſedome
Approu'd ſo to your Maieſty, may pleade
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſeruice, freely haue they leaue
To ſtand on either part.

2.*Lo.E.* It well may ſerue
A nurſſerie to our Gentrie, who are ſicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1.*Lor.G.* It is the Count *Roſignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haſt
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maiſt thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maieſties.

King. I would I had that corporall ſoundneſſe now,
As when thy father, and my ſelfe, in friendſhip
Firſt tride our ſouldierſhip: he did looke farre
Into the ſeruice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braueſt. He laſted long,
But on vs both did haggiſh Age ſteale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may ieſt
Till their owne ſcorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterneſſe
Were in his pride, or ſharpneſſe; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it ſelfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to theſe yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance ſir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall ſpeech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies ſay,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plauſiue words
He ſcatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Cataſtrophe and heele of paſtime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the ſnuffe
Of yonger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſiue ſenſes
All but new things diſdaine; whoſe iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: this he wiſh'd.
I after him, do after him wiſh too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolued from my hiue
To giue ſome Labourers roome.

L.2.E. You'r loued Sir,
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lacke you firſt.

King. I fill a place I know't: how long iſt Count
Since the Phyſitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix moneths ſince my Lord.

King. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the reſt haue worne me out
With ſeuerall applications: Nature and ſickneſſe
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome Count,
My ſonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maieſty. *Exit*

Flouriſh.

Enter Counteſſe, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what ſay you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wiſh might be found in the Kalender of my paſt endeuours, for then we wound our Modeſtie, and make foule the clearneſſe of our deſeruings, whenof our ſelues we publiſh them.

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone ſirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeue, 'tis my ſlowneſſe that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make ſuch knaueries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well ſir.

Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not ſo well that I am poore, though manie
of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiſhips good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and w will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this caſe.

Cou. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbels* caſe and mine owne: ſeruice is no heritage, and I thinke I ſhall neuer haue the bleſſing of God, till I haue iſſue a my bodie: for they ſay barnes are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen onby the fleſh, and hee muſt needes goe that the diuell driues.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſſe.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, ſpares my teame, and giues mee leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; hee that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loues my fleſh and blood; he that loues my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, how ſomere their hearts are ſeuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I ſpeake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtinie, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*
And gaue this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath'ſong: would God would ſerue the world ſo all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and wee might haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone ſir knaue, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honeſtie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſſe is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit.

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and ſhe her ſelfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as ſhee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more ſhall be paid her then ſheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke ſhee wiſht mee, alone ſhee was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her owne words to her owne eares, ſhee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie ſtranger ſence, her matter was, ſhee loued your Sonne; Fortune ſhee ſaid was no goddeſſe, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poore Knight ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhee deliuer'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie ſpeedily to acquaint you withall, ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concernes you ſomething to know it.

Cou. You haue diſcharg'd this honeſtlie, keepe it to your ſelfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleeue nor miſdoubt: praie you leaue mee, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thanke you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Euen ſo it vvas vvith me when I was yong:
If euer vve are natures, theſe are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Roſe of youth righlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the ſhow, and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loues ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is ſicke on't, I obſerue her now.

Hell. What is your pleaſure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Miſtris.

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſed a mother
Me thought you ſaw a ſerpent, what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often ſeene
Adoption ſtriues vvith nature, and choiſe breedes
A natiue ſlip to vs from forraine ſeedes:
You nere oppreſt me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expreſſe to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) do s it curd thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? vvhat's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
——————Why, that you are my daughter?
Hell. That I am not.
Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother.
Hell. Pardon Madam.
The Count *Roſsillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Maſter, my deere Lord he is, and I
His ſeruant liue, and will his vaſſall die:
He muſt not be my brother.
Ol.Cou. Nor I your Mother.
Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your ſonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his ſiſter, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother.
Old.Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God ſhield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So ſtriue vpon your pulſe; vvhat pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondneſſe! now I ſee
The miſtrie of your loueline ſſe, and finde
Your ſalt teares head, now to all ſence 'tis groſſe:
You loue my ſonne, inuention is aſham'd
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion
To ſay thou dooſt not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo, for looke, thy cheekes
Confeſſe it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies
See it ſo groſely ſhowne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they ſpeake it, onely ſinne
And helliſh obſtinacie tye thy tongue
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected, ſpeake, iſt ſo?
If it be ſo, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forſweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen ſhall worke in me for thine auaile
To tell me truelie.
Hell. Good Madam pardon me.
Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Miſtris.
Cou. Loue you my Sonne?
Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?
Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, diſcloſe:
The ſtate of your affection, for your paſſions
Haue to the full appeach'd.
Hell. Then I confeſſe
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your Sonne:
My friends were poore but honeſt, ſo's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deſerue him,
Yet neuer know how that deſert ſhould be:
I know I loue in vaine, ſtriue againſt hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
I ſtill poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to looſe ſtill; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worſhipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deereſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your ſelfe,
Whoſe aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and giue where ſhe is ſure to looſe;
That ſeekes not to finde that, her ſearch implies,
But riddle like, liues ſweetely where ſhe dies.
Cou. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?
Hell. Madam I had.
Cou. Wherefore? tell true.
Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it ſelfe I ſweare:
You know my Father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For generall ſoueraigntie: and that he wil'd me
In heedefull'ſt reſeruation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedie, approu'd, ſet downe,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.
Cou. This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, ſpeake?
Hell. My Lord, your ſonne, made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuerſation of my thoughts,
Happily beene abſent then.
Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phiſitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how ſhall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it ſelfe.
Hell. There's ſomething in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be ſanctified
Byth'luckieſt ſtars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie ſucceſſe, I'de venture
The well loſt life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By ſuch a day, an houre.
Cou. Doo'ſt thou beleeue't?
Hell. I Madam knowingly.
Cou. Why *Hellen* thou ſhalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court, Ile ſtaie at home
And praie Gods bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be ſure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou ſhalt not miſſe. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for the Florentine warre: Count, Roſſe, and Parrolles. Floriſh Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, theſe warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth ſtretch it ſelfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enoughfor both.
Lord.G. 'Tis our hope ſir,

After

* Sir Thomas Hanmer has the merit of this emendation
Steevens

After well entred ſouldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſſe he owes the mallady
That doth my life beſiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the ſonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt Monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The braueſt queſtant ſhrinkes: finde what you ſeeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ſerue your Maieſty.
King. Thoſe girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They ſay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you ſerue.
Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1.*Lo.G.* Oh my ſweet Lord, & you wil ſtay behind vs.
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the ſpark.
2.*Lo.E.* Oh 'tis braue warres.
Parr. Moſt admirable, I haue ſeene thoſe warres.
Roſſill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde ſtand too't boy,
Steale away bruely.
Roſſill. I ſhal ſtay here the for-horſe to a ſmocke,
Creeking my ſhooes on the plaine Maſonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no ſword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile ſteale away.
1.*Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2.*Lo.E.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewell.
Roſ. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.
1.*Lo.G.* Farewll Captaine.
2.*Lo.E.* Sweet Mounſier *Parolles.*
Parr. Noble *Heroes*; my ſword and yours are kinne, good ſparkes and luſtrous, a word good mettals. You ſhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine *Spurio* his ſicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on his ſiniſter cheeke; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him I liue, and obſerue his reports for me.
Lo.G. We ſhall noble Captaine.
Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his nouices, what will ye doe?
Roſſ. Stay the King.
Parr. Vſe a more ſpacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you haue reſtrain'd your ſelfe within the Liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſiue to them; for they weare themſelues in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate; eat, ſpeake, and moue vnder the influence of the moſt receiu'd ſtarre, and though the deuill leade the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Roſſ. And I will doe ſo.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue moſt finewie ſword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ile ſee thee to ſtand vp.
L.Laf. Then heres a man ſtands that has brought his pardon,
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand vp.
King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a-croſſe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue ſeen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerfull to arayſe King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will ſee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue ſpoke
With one, that in her ſexe, her yeeres, profeſſion,
Wiſedome and conſtancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeneſſe: will you ſee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſſe?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou tookſt it.
Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his ſpeciall nothing euer prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maieſtie, ſay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but ſuch traitors
His Maieſty ſeldome feares, I am *Creſſeds* Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, fare you well. *Exit.*
King. Now faire one, do's your buſines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſſe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me ſtore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue ſo,
And hearing your high Maieſtie is toucht
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, ſtands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſſe.
King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ranſome nature
From her inaydible eſtate: I ſay we muſt not
So ſtaine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malladie
To empericks, or to diſſeuer ſo
Our great ſelfe and our credit, to eſteeme
A ſenceleſſe helpe, when helpe paſt ſence we deeme.
Hel. My

Hell. My dutie then ſhall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modeſt one to beare me backe againe.
King. I cannot giue thee leſſe to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtſt to helpe me, and ſuch thankes I giue,
As one neere death to thoſe that wiſh him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowſt no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.
Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you ſet vp your reſt 'gainſt remedie:
He that of greateſt workes is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement ſhowne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From ſimple ſources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'ſt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpaire moſt ſhifts.
King. I muſt not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is barr'd,
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes:
But moſt it is preſumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare ſir, to my endeauors giue conſent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſtrue, that proclaime
My ſelfe againſt the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſunne ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaſſe
Hath told the theeuiſh minutes, how they paſſe:
What is infirme, from your ſound parts ſhall flie,
Health ſhall liue free, and ſickeneſſe freely dye.
King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venter?
Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a diuulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, ne worſe of worſt extended
With vildeſt torture, let my life be ended.
Kin. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, within an organ weake:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſence, ſence ſaues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate,
Sweet practiſer, thy Phyſicke I will try,
That miniſters thine owne death if I die.
Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, vnpittied let me die,
And well deſeru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promiſe me.
Kin. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it euen?
Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to beſtow.
Kin. Heere is my hand, the premiſes obſeru'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſeru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relye:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Vnqueſtion'd welcome, and vndoubted bleſt.
Giue me ſome helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
Floriſh. *Exit.*

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.
Clown. I will ſhew my ſelfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.
Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?
Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners, hee may eaſilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I haue an anſwere will ſerue all men.
Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anſwere that fits all queſtions.
Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.
Lady. Will your anſwere ſerue fit to all queſtions?
Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* ruſh for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrouetueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a ſcolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.
Lady. Haue you, I ſay, an anſwere of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?
Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.
Lady. It muſt be an anſwere of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.
Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harme to learne.
Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in queſtion, hoping to bee the wiſer by your anſwer.

Lady

La. I pray you ſir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord ſir theres a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Clo. O Lord ſir, thicke, thicke, ſpare not me.

La. I thinke ſir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord ſir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt ſir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord ſir, ſpare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord ſir at your whipping, and ſpare not me? Indeed your O Lord ſir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I nere had worſe lucke in my life in my O Lord ſir: I ſee things may ſerue long, but not ſerue euer.

La. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertaine it ſo merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord ſir, why there't ſerues well agen.

La. And end ſir to your buſineſſe: giue *Hellen* this,
And vrge her to a preſent anſwer backe,
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſonne,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployement for you, you vnderſtand me.

Clo Moſt fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Haſt you agen. *Exeunt*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They ſay miracles are paſt, and we haue our Philoſophicall perſons, to make moderne and familiar things ſupernaturall and cauſeleſſe. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, enſconcing our ſelues into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelues to an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Roſ. And ſo 'tis.

Ol.Laf. To be relinquiſht of the Artiſts.

Par. So I ſay both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus*.

Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right ſo I ſay.

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of a———

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and ſure death.

Par. Iuſt, you ſay well: ſo would I haue ſaid.

Ol.Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in ſhewing, you ſhall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol.Laf. A ſhewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would haue ſaid, the verie ſame.

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luſtier: fore mee I ſpeake in reſpect———

Par. Nay 'tis ſtraunge, 'tis very ſtraunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the———

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, ſo I ſay.

Ol.Laf. In a moſt weake———

Par. And debile miniſter great power, great trancendence, which ſhould indeede giue vs a further vſe to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would haue ſaid it, you ſay well: heere comes the King.

Ol.Laf. Luſtique, as the Dutchman ſaies: Ile like a maide the Better whil'ſt I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen?*

Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke ſo.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preſeruer by thy patients ſide,
And with this healthfull hand whoſe baniſht ſence
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide ſend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, ſtand at my beſtowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vſe; thy franke election make,
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Miſtris;
Fall when loue pleaſe, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then theſe boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a Noble father.

She addreſſes her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, reſtor'd the king to health.

All. We vnderſtand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple Maide, and therein wealthieſt
That I proteſt, I ſimply am a Maide:
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, I haue done already:
The bluſhes in my cheekes thus whiſper mee,
We bluſh that thou ſhouldſt chooſe, but be refuſed;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheeke for euer,
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choiſe and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy loue, ſhuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall loue, that God moſt high
Do my ſighes ſtreame: Sir, wil you heare my ſuite?

1.*Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes ſir, all the reſt is mute.

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choiſe, then throw Ameſ-ace for my life.

Hel. The honor ſir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I ſpeake too threatningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that ſo vviſhes, and her humble loue.

2.*Lo.* No better if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receiue,
Which great loue grant, and ſo I take my leaue.

Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were ſons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would ſend them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne ſake:
Bleſſing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old Laf. Theſe boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue

haue heere: ſure they are baſtards to the Engliſh, the French nere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your ſelfe a ſonne out of my blood.

4.*Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not ſo.

Ol.Lord There's one grape yet, I am ſure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'ſt not an aſſe, I am a youth of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you, but I giue
Me and my ſeruice, euer whilſt I liue
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her ſhee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I ſhal beſeech your highnes
In ſuch a buſines, giue me leaue to vſe
The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'ſt thou not *Bertram* what ſhee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I ſhould marrie her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhee ha's rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Phyſitians daughter my wife? Diſdaine
Rather corrupt me euer.

King. Tis onely title thou diſdainſt in her, the which
I can build vp: ſtrange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction: yet ſtands off
In differences ſo mightie. If ſhe bee
All that is vertuous (ſaue what thou diſlik'ſt)
A poore Phiſitians daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of vertue for the name: but doe not ſo:
From loweſt place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
Where great additions ſwell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropſied honour. Good a lone,
Is good without a name? Vileneſſe is ſo:
The propertie by what is is, ſhould go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wiſe, faire,
In theſe, to Nature ſhe's immediate heire:
And theſe breed honour: that is honours ſcorne,
Which challenges it ſelfe as honours borne,
And is not like the ſire: Honours thriue,
When rather from our acts we them deriue
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a ſlaue
Deboſh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where duſt, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaide?
If thou canſt like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the reſt: Vertue, and ſhee
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will ſtriue to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelfe, if thou ſhold'ſt ſtriue to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd my Lord, I'me glad: Let the reſt go.

King. My Honor's at the ſtake, which to defeate
I muſt produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud ſcornfull boy, vnworthie this good giſt,
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle vp
My loue, and her deſert: that canſt not dreame,
We poizing vs in her defectiue ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We pleaſe to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:
Beleeue not thy diſdaine, but preſentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſſe lapſe
Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate
Looſing vpon thee, in the name of iuſtice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I ſubmit
My fancie to your eies, when I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that ſhe which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, moſt baſe: is now
The praiſed of the King, who ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize: If not to thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King
Smile vpon this Contract: whoſe Ceremonie
Shall ſeeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the ſolemne Feaſt
Shall more attend vpon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lou'ſt her,
Thy loue's to me Religious: elſe, do's erre. *Exeunt*

Parolles and Lafew ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monſieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure ſir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I ſpeake?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to bee vnderſtoode without bloudie ſucceeding My Maſter?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Roſſillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maiſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old ſir: Let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee ſirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wiſe fellow, thou diſt make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might paſſe: yet the ſcarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie diſſwade me from beleeuing thee a veſſell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I looſe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' ourt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy ſelfe too farre in anger, leaſt thou haſten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, ſo my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy caſement I needs not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you giue me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I haue not my Lord deſeru'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. Eu'n as ſoone as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'ſt bound in thy ſkarfe and beaten, thou ſhall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a deſire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy ſake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſonne ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcuruy, old, filthy, ſcuruy Lord: Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of———Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and maſters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Miſtris.

Par. I moſt vnfainedly beſeech your Lordſhippe to make ſome reſeruation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I ſerue aboue is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I ſir.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy maſter. Why dooeſt thou garter vp thy armes a this faſhion? Doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeues? Do other ſeruants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: meethink'ſt thou art a generall offence, and euery man ſhold beate thee: I thinke thou waſt created for men to breath themſelues vpon thee.

Par. This is hard and vndeſerued meaſure my Lord.

Laf. Go too ſir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more ſawcie with Lordes and honourable perſonages, then the Commiſsion of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Roſ. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter ſweet-heart?

Roſsill. Although before the ſolemne Prieſt I haue ſworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what ſweet heart?

Roſ. O my *Parrolles*, they haue married me:
Ile to the *Tuſcan* warres, and neuer bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

Roſ. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy, too'th warres:
He weares his honor in a boxe vnſeene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which ſhould ſuſtaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Marſes* fierie ſteed: to other Regions,
France is a ſtable, wee that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Roſ. It ſhall be ſo, Ile ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeake. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields
Where noble fellowes ſtrike: Warres is no ſtrife
To the darke houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art ſure?

Roſ. Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.
Ile ſend her ſtraight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe bals bound, ther's noiſe in it. Tis hard
A yong man maried, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but huſh 'tis ſo. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health, ſhe's very merrie, but yet ſhe is not well: but thankes be giuen ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be verie wel, what do's ſhe ayle, that ſhe's not verie well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heauen, whether God ſend her quickly: the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſſe you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope ſir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them ſtill. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man: for many a mans tongue ſhakes out his maſters vndoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Clo. You ſhould haue ſaid ſir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth ſir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your ſelfe ſir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The ſearch ſir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A verie ſerrious buſineſſe call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleaſure drowne the brim.
Hel. What's his will elſe?
Par. That you will take your inſtant leaue a'th king,
And make this haſt as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.
Hel. What more commands hee?
Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you preſentlie
Attend his further pleaſure.
Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.
Par. I ſhall report it ſo. *Exit Par.*
Hell. I pray you come ſirrah. *Exit*

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhippe thinkes not him a ſouldier.
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approoſe.
Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.
Ber. And by other warranted teſtimonie.
Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke for a bunting.
Ber. I do aſſure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant.
Laf. I haue then ſinn'd againſt his experience, and tranſgreſt againſt his valour, and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will purſue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done ſir.
Laf. Pray you ſir whoſe his Tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O I know him well, I ſir, hee ſirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.
Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king?
Par. She is.
Ber. Will ſhe away to night?
Par. As you'le haue her.
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treaſure,
Giuen order for our horſes, and to night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.
Laf. A good Trauailer is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vſes a known truth to paſſe a thouſand nothings with, ſhould bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God ſaue you Captaine.
Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monſieur?
Par. I know not how I haue deſerued to run into my Lords diſpleaſure.
Laf. You haue made ſhift to run into't, bootes and ſpurres and all: like him that leapt into the Cuſtard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.
Ber. It may bee you haue miſtaken him my Lord.
Laf. And ſhall doe ſo euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the ſoule of this man is his cloathes: Truſt him not in matter of heauie conſequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monſieur, I haue ſpoken better of you, then you haue or will deſerue at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt euill.
Par. An idle Lord, I ſweare.
Ber. I thinke ſo.
Par. Why do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech Giues him a worthy paſſe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue ſir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For preſent parting, onely he deſires
Some priuate ſpeech with you.
Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not meruaile *Helen* at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſſe, therefore am I found
So much vnſetled: This driues me to intreate you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe then aske why I intreate you,
For my reſpects are better then they ſeeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then ſhewes it ſelfe at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leaue you to your wiſedome.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſeruant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And euer ſhall
With true obſeruance ſeeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ſtarres haue faild
To equall my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe: my haſt is verie great. Farwell: Hie home.
Hel. Pray ſir your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, moſt faine would ſteale
What law does vouch mine owne.
Ber. What would you haue?
Hel. Something, and ſcarſe ſo much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſſe.
Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſt to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monſieur, farwell. *Exit*
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Floreuce, the two Frenchmen, with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The fundamentall reaſons of this warre,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth
And more thirſts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy ſeemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Coſin France
Would in ſo iuſt a buſineſſe, ſhut his boſome
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counſaile frames,
By ſelfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, ſince I haue found
My ſelfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

Fren.G. But I am ſure the yonger of our nature,
That ſurfet on their eaſe, will day by day
Come heere for Phyſicke.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them ſettle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailes they fell,
To morrow to'th the field. *Flouriſh.* *nothing 32*

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, ſaue that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man.

Count. By what obſeruance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke vppon his boote, and ſing: mend the Ruffe and ſing, aske queſtions and ſing, picke his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a ſong.

Lad. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Isbell* ſince I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an old man loues money, with no ſtomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there. *exit*

A Letter.

I haue ſent you a daughter-in-Law, ſhee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and ſworne to make the not eternall. You ſhall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you. *Your vnfortunate ſonne,*
Bertram.

This is not well raſh and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of ſo good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the miſpriſing of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betweene two ſouldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is ſome comfort in the newes, ſome comfort, your ſonne will not be kild ſo ſoone as I thoght he would.

La. Why ſhould he be kili'd?

Clo. So ſay I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in ſtanding too't, that's the loſſe of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your ſonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not ſay ſo.

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt ſo many quirkes of ioy and greeſe,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtart
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my ſonne I pray you?

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to ſerue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Paſport.

When thou canſt get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer ſhall come off, and ſhew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father too, then call me husband: but in ſuch a (then) I write a Neuer.

This is a dreadfull ſentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1. *G.* I Madam, and for the Contents ſake are ſorrie for our paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engroſſeſt, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robſt me of a moity: He was my ſonne,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

La. And to be a ſouldier.

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpoſe, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren.E. I Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,
'Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldneſſe of his hand haply, which his heart was not conſenting too. *happily 32*

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely ſhe, and ſhe deſerues a Lord
That twenty ſuch rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely Miſtris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A ſeruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I haue ſometime knowne.

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſſe,
My ſonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you ſee my ſonne, to tell him that his ſword can neuer winne the honor that he looſes: more Ile intreate you

* "The emendation to sold was first made in the 3d folio. Hold was most likely the authors word, "[hold i.e. estimate] a goodly ~~mans~~ Manner as no better than a song — but sold is certainly better." S—

you written to bearealong.

Fren.G. We ſerue you Madam in that and all your worthieſt affaires.

La. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies,
Will you draw neere? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou ſhalt haue none *Roſſillion*, none in France,
Then haſt thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Countrie, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Of the none-ſparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the ſportiue Court, where thou
Was't ſhot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of ſmoakie Muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride vpon the violent ſpeede of fire,
Fly with falſe ayme, moue the ſtill-peering aire
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Who euer charges on his forward breſt
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: Better 'twere
I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
With ſharpe conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Roſſillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a ſcarre,
As oft it looſes all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I ſtay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To conſolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile ſteale away. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Roſſillion, drum and trumpets, ſoldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horſe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt loue and credence
Vpon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir it
A charge too heauy for my ſtrength, but yet
Wee'l ſtriue to beare it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy proſperous helme
As thy auſpicious miſtris.
Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my ſelfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Counteſſe & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.
I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon
With ſainted vow my faults to haue amended.
Write, write, that from the bloodie courſe of warre,
My deereſt Maſter your deare ſonne, may hie,
Bleſſe him at home in peace. Whilſt I from farre,
His name with zealous feruour ſanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:
I his deſpightfull Iuno ſent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my ſelfe embrace, to ſet him free.

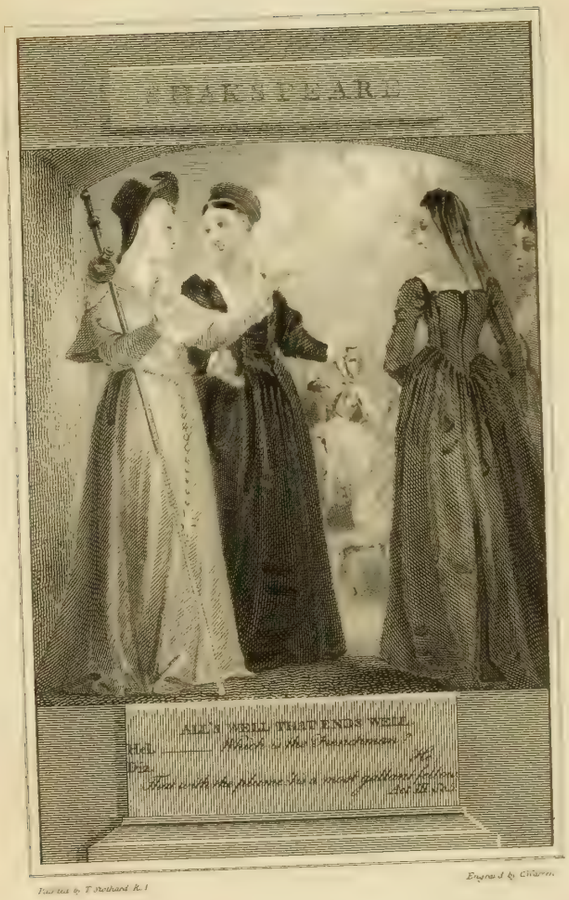
Ah what ſharpe ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice ſo much,
As letting her paſſe ſo: had I ſpoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath preuented.
Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet ſhe writes
Purſuite would be but vaine.
La. What Angell ſhall
Bleſſe this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnleſſe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greateſt Iuſtice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greateſt greefe,
Though little he do feele it, ſet downe ſharpely.
Diſpatch the moſt conuenient meſſenger,
When haply he ſhall heare that ſhe is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that ſhee
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deereſt to me, I haue no skill in ſence
To make diſtinction: prouide this Meſſenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and ſorrow bids me ſpeake.
Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,
We ſhall looſe all the ſight.
Diana. They ſay, the French Count has done
Moſt honourable ſeruice.
Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ſt Commander,
And that with his owne hand he ſlew
The Dukes brother: we haue loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.
Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And ſuffice our ſelues with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is ſo rich
As honeſtie.
Widdow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene ſolicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria



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Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promiſes, entiſements, oathes, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene ſeduced by them, and the miſerie is example, that ſo terrible ſhewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſwade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduiſe you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modeſtie which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope ſo: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know ſhe will lye at my houſe, thither they ſend one another, Ile queſtion her. God ſaue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. *Iaques la grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere beſide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marrie iſt. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hoſteſſe
As ample as my ſelfe.

Hel. Is it your ſelfe?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will ſtay vpon your leiſure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Heere you ſhall ſee a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy ſeruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roſſillion:* know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares moſt nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What ſomere he is
He's brauely taken heere. He ſtole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Thinke you it is ſo?

Hel. I ſurely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that ſerues the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parrolles.*

Hel. Oh I beleeue with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelfe, ſhe is too meane
To haue her name repeated, all her deſeruing
Is a reſerued honeſtie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a deteſting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, whereſoere ſhe is,
Her hart waighes ſadly: this yong maid might do her
A ſhrewd turne if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count ſolicites her
In the vnlawfull purpoſe.

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Roſſillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid elſe.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldeſt ſonne,
That *Eſcalus.*

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a moſt gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honeſter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pitty he is not honeſt: yonds that ſame knaue
That leades him to theſe places: were I his Ladie,
I would poiſon that vile Raſcall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke an-apes with ſcarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Looſe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vext at ſomething. Looke he has ſpyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curteſie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is paſt: Come pilgrim, I wil bring you, Where you ſhall hoſt: Of inioyn'd penitents
There's foure or fiue, to great S. *Iaques* bound,
Alreadie at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Pleaſe it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Roſſillion and the Frenchmen, as at firſt.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordſhippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am ſo farre
Deceiued in him.

Cap. E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeake of him as my kinſman, hee's a moſt notable Coward, an infinite and endleſſe Lyar, an hourely promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordſhips entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, leaſt repoſing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſtie buſineſſe, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him ſo confidently vndertake to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines wil ſodainly ſur-

prize him; ſuch I will haue whom I am ſure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduerſaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his ſoule vpon oath, neuer truſt my iudgement in anie thing.

Cap. G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he ſayes he has a ſtratagem for't: when your Lordſhip ſees the bottome of this ſucceſſe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap. E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his deſigne, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monſieur? This drumme ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Iſt but a drumme? A drum ſo loſt. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horſe vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne ſouldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the ſeruice: it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar* him ſelfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our ſucceſſe: ſome diſhonor wee had in the loſſe of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might haue beene recouered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of ſeruice is ſildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic iacet.*

Ber. Why if you haue a ſtomacke, too't Monſieur: if you thinke your myſterie in ſtratagem, can bring this inſtrument of honour againe into his natiue quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeede well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſſe, euen to the vtmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſſe.

Par. By the hand of a ſouldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this euening, and I will preſently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my ſelfe in my certaintie, put my ſelfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the ſucceſſe wil be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the poſsibility of thy ſouldierſhip,
Will ſubſcribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words. *Exit*

Cap. E. No more then a fiſh loues water. Is not this a ſtrange fellow my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeemes to vndertake this buſineſſe, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himſelfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will ſteale himſelfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke eſcape a great deale of diſcoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that ſo ſeriouſlie hee dooes addreſſe himſelfe vnto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but return with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almoſt imboſt him, you ſhall ſee his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordſhippes reſpect.

Cap. G. Weele make you ſome ſport with the Foxe ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall finde him, which you ſhall ſee this verie night.

Cap. E. I muſt go looke my twigges,
He ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't pleaſe your Lordſhip, Ile leaue you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The Laſſe I ſpoke of.

Cap. E. But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I ſent to her
By this ſame Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which ſhe did reſend,
And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go ſee her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhee,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall looſe the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my eſtate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt giue me truſt, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your ſworne counſaile I haue ſpoken,
Is ſo from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you ſhall borrow,
Erre in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould beleeue you,
For you haue ſhew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton ſiedge before her beautie,
Reſolue to carrie her: let her in fine conſent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis beſt to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That ſhee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe

From

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
Par. Ile ransom, ransom, do not hide mine eyes.
Act 4. scene 3
Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand London Mar.h 30. 1786.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act IV.

E. Edwards del. *P. Mazell sculp.*

This is not the Duke's Letter Sir.

——I pray you Sir put it up again.

Publ.d according to Act of Parliament 1 March 1773. by John Bell, Strand.

From ſonne to ſonne, ſome foure or fiue diſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottome of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere ſhe ſeemes as wonne,
Deſires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,
Her ſelfe moſt chaſtly abſent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thouſand Crownes
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I haue yeelded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſeuer,
That time and place with this deceite ſo lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Muſickes of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her vnworthineſſe: It nothing ſteeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he perſiſts
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let vs aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not ſinne, and yet a ſinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fiue or ſixe other ſouldiers in ambuſh.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you ſallie vpon him, ſpeake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderſtand it not your ſelues, no matter: for we muſt not ſeeme to vnderſtand him, vnleſſe ſome one among vs, whom wee muſt produce for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captaiue, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No ſir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linſie wolſy haſt thou to ſpeake to vs againe.

1. *Sol.* E'n ſuch as you ſpeake to me.

Lo. E. He muſt thinke vs ſome band of ſtrangers, I'th aduerſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we muſt euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we ſpeak one to another: ſo we ſeeme to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you muſt ſeeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a ſleepe, and then to returne & ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within theſe three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What ſhall I ſay I haue done? It muſt bee a very plauſiue inuention that carries it. They beginne to ſmoake mee, and diſgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the firſt truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell ſhould moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt giue my ſelfe ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit: yet ſlight ones will not carrie it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the inſtance. Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my ſelfe another of *Baiazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into theſe perilles.

Lo. E. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ſerue the turne, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Lo. E. We cannot affoord you ſo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lo. E. Hardly ſerue.

Par. Though I ſwore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would ſcarſe make that be beleeued.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would ſweare I recouer'd it.

Lo. E. You ſhall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo E. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ranſome, ranſome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I ſhall looſe my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeake to me,
Ile diſcouer that, which ſhal vndo the Florentine.

Int. Boskos vauvado, I vnderſtand thee, & can ſpeake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* ſir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeuenteene ponyards are at thy boſome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manka reuania dulche.

Lo. E. Oſcorbidulchos voliuorco.

Int. The Generall is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayſt informe
Something to ſaue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,
And all the ſecrets of our campe Ile ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: Nay, Ile ſpeake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou are granted ſpace. *Exit*

A ſhort Alarum within.

L.E. Go tell the Count *Roſſillion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (muſled
Sol. Captaine I will.
L. E. A will betray vs all vnto our ſelues,
Informe on that.
Sol. So I will ſir.
L. E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and ſafely lockt. *Exit*

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell.*
Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddeſſe,
And worth it with addition: but faire ſoule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument.
When you are dead you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now: for you are cold and ſterne,
And now you ſhould be as your mother was
When your ſweet ſelfe was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, ſuch (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not ſtriue againſt my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne ſweet conſtraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of ſeruice.
Dia. I ſo you ſerue vs
Till we ſerue you: But when you haue our Roſes,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our ſelues,
And mocke vs with our bareneſſe.
Ber. How haue I ſworne.
Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine ſingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we ſweare not by,
But take the high'ſt to witneſſe: then pray you tell me,
If I ſhould ſweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To ſweare by him whom I proteſt to loue
That I will worke againſt him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnſeal'd
At leſt in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy ſelfe vnto my ſicke deſires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it beginnes, ſhall ſo perſeuer.
Dia. I ſee that men make rope's in ſuch a ſcarre,×
That wee'l forſake our ſelues. Giue me that Ring.
Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.
Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from manie Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquie i'th world,
In me to looſe.
Dian. Mine Honors ſuch a Ring,
My chaſtities the Iewell of our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquie i'th world,
In mee to looſe. Thus your owne proper wiſedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Againſt your vaine aſſault.
Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My houſe, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother ſhall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor ſpeake to mee:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When backe againe this Ring ſhall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paſt deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.
Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me iuſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart. She ſayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had ſworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſinne,
To coſen him that would vniuſtly winne. *Exit*

Enter the two French Captaines, and ſome two or three Souldiours.

Cap. G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.
Cap E. I haue deliu'red it an houre ſince, there is ſom thing in't that ſtings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.
Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.
Cap. E. Eſpecially, hee hath incurred the euerlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſſe to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap. G. When you haue ſpoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.
Cap. E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown, & this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himſelfe made in the vnchaſte compoſition.
Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our ſelues, what things are we.
Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reueale themſelues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: ſo he that in this action contriues againſt his owne Nobility in his proper ſtreame, ore-flowes himſelfe.
Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We ſhall not then haue his company to night?
Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre.
Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him ſee his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

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×"Rowe has offered an arbitrary alteration of this line which has been adopted. "that men make hopes in ſuch affairs"— the folios give the line as in edition which wants explanation". Sherwin

a meaſure of his owne iudgements, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what heare you of theſe Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I aſſure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Roſſillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid ſir, ſo ſhould I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fledde from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimonie ſhe accompliſht: and there reſiding, the tenderneſſe of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her laſt breath, & now ſhe ſings in heauen.

Cap. E. How is this iuſtified?

Cap. G. The ſtronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her ſtorie true, euen to the poynt of her death: her death it ſelfe, which could not be her office to ſay, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap. E. I am heartily ſorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily ſometimes, we make vs comforts of our loſſes.

Cap. E. And how mightily ſome other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, ſhall at home be encountred with a ſhame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would diſpaire if they were not cheriſh'd by our vertues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? Where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet ſir, of whom hee hath taken a ſolemne leaue: his Lordſhippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They ſhall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Ber. They cannot be too ſweete for the Kings tartneſſe, heere's his Lordſhip now. How now my Lord, i'ſt not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night diſpatch'd ſixteene buſineſſes, a moneths length a peece, by an abſtract of ſucceſſe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene theſe maine parcels of diſpatch, affected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I haue not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the buſineſſe bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſt of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I meane the buſineſſe is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but ſhall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha s deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Propheſier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's ſate i'th ſtockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deſeru'd it, in vſurping his ſpurres ſo long. How does he carry himſelfe?

Cap. E. I haue told your Lordſhip alreadie: The ſtockes carrie him. But to anſwer you as you would be vnderſtood, hee weepes like a wench that had ſhed her milke, he hath confeſt himſelfe to *Morgan*, whom hee ſuppoſes to be a Friar, frō the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th ſtockes: and what thinke you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall bee read to his face, if your Lordſhippe be in't, as I beleeue you are, you muſt haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can ſay nothing of me: huſh, huſh.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you ſay without em.

Par. I will confeſſe what I know without conſtraint, If ye pinch me like a Paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Fiue or ſixe thouſand, but very weake and vnſeruiceable: the troopes are all ſcattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I ſet downe your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paſt-ſauing ſlaue is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounſieur *Parrolles* the gallant militariſt, that was his owne phraſe that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his ſcarfe, and the practiſe in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will neuer truſt a man againe, for keeping his ſword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. Fiue or ſix thouſand horſe I ſed, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet downe, for Ile ſpeake truth.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you ſir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what ſtrength they are a foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth ſir, if I were to liue this preſent houre, I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred &

ſiftie.

fiftie, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Iaques* ſo many: *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, vppon my life amounts not to fifteene thouſand pole, halfe of the which, dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their Caſſockes, leaſt they ſhake themſelues to peeces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him haue thankes. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's ſet downe: you ſhall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſtie, and expertneſſe in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not poſſible with well-waighing ſummes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What ſay you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you let me anſwer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

Cay.G. Nay looke not ſo vpon me: we ſhall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſſe I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, ſhall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter ſir: that is an aduertiſement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Roſſillion*, a fooliſh idle boy: but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you ſir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it firſt by your fauour.

Par. My meaning in't I proteſt was very honeſt in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-ſides rogue.

Int. Let. When he ſweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:
After he ſcores, he neuer payes the ſcore:
Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
He nere payes after-debts, take it before,
And ſay a ſouldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.
For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead. 4/32

Cap. E. This is your deuoted friend ſir, the manifold Linguiſt, and the army-potent ſouldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me. not in 32

Int. I perceiue ſir by your Generals lookes, wee ſhall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life ſir in any caſe: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue ſir in a dungeon, i'th ſtockes, or any where, ſo I may liue.

Int. Wee'le ſee what may bee done, ſo you confeſſe freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you haue anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſtie?

Par. He will ſteale ſir an Egge out of a Cloiſter: for rapes and rauiſhments he paralels *Neſſus*. Hee profeſſes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is ſtronger then *Hercules*. He will lye ſir, with ſuch volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkenneſſe is his beſt vertue, for he will be ſwine-drunke, and in his ſleepe he does little harme, ſaue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I haue but little more to ſay ſir of his honeſty, he ha's euerie thing that an honeſt man ſhould not haue; what an honeſt man ſhould haue, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſtie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſſe in warre?

Par. Faith ſir, ha's led the drumme before the Engliſh Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his ſouldierſhip I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villanie ſo farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat ſtill.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardeeue he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſaluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall ſucceſsion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th ſame neſt: not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſſe, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be ſaued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horſe, Count *Roſſillion*.

Int. Ile whiſper with the Generall, and knowe his pleaſure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to ſeeme to deſerue well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition

The Rowe's edition vol. VIII, p. 360. folio 1803

Act 4. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Scene 4.

M.Brown delin.t Thornthwaite, sculp.t

Mrs. WARREN in the Character of HELENA.

You must know
I am supposed dead. —

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fition of that lafciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue fuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy ſir, but you muſt dye: the Generall ſayes, you that haue ſo traitorouſly diſcouerd the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtifferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerue the world for no honeſt vſe: therefore you muſt dye. Come headeſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord ſir let me liue, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:
So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo. E. God bleſſe you Captaine *Parolles.*

Cap. G. God ſaue you noble Captaine.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew?* I am for *France.*

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Roſſillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are vndone Captaine all but your ſcarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well ſir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeake of you there. *Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burſt at this: Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and ſleepe as ſoft
As Captaine ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue: who knowes himſelfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to paſſe,
That euery braggart ſhall be found an Aſſe.
Ruſt ſword, coole bluſhes, and *Parrolles* liue
Safeſt in ſhame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue;
There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.
Ile after them. *Exit.*

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſuretie: for whoſe throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a deſired office
Deere almoſt as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars boſome would peepe forth,
And anſwer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcellæ*, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy: you muſt know
I am ſuppoſed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a ſeruant to whoſe truſt
Your buſines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Miſtris
Euer a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet vſe make of what they hate,
When ſawcie truſting of the coſin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, ſo luſt doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this heereafter: you *Diana*,
Vnder my poore inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honeſtie
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Vpon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When Briars ſhall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as ſweet as ſharpe: we muſt away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, ſtill the fines the Crowne;
What ere the courſe, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſonne was miſled with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villanous ſaffron wold haue made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this houre, and your ſonne heere at home, more aduanc d by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I ſpeak of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the moſt vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praiſe for creating. If ſhe had pertaken of my fleſh and coſt mee the deereſt groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thouſand ſallets ere wee light on ſuch another hearbe.

Clo. Indeed ſir ſhe was the ſweete Margerom of the ſallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knaue, they are noſe-hearbes.

Clowne. I am no great *Nebuchadnezar* ſir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doeſt thou profeſſe thy ſelfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole ſir at a womans ſeruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your diſtinction.

Clo. I would couſen the man of his wife, and do his ſeruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his ſeruice indeed.

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble ſir to doe her ſeruice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your ſeruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why ſir, if I cannot ſerue you, I can ſerue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whoſe that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith ſir a has an Engliſh maine, but his fiſnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince ſir, alias the prince of darkeneſſe, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purſe, I giue thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt off, ſerue him ſtill.

Clow

Clo. I am a woodland fellow ſir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of euer keeps a good fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: ſome that humble themſelues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horſes be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em ſir, they ſhall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

Laf. A ſhrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himſelfe much ſport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his ſawcineſſe, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſſe: and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your ſonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my maſter to ſpeake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maieſtie out of a ſelfe-gracious remembrance did firſt propoſe, his Highneſſe hath promis'd me to doe it, and to ſtoppe vp the diſpleaſure he hath conceiued againſt your ſonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſſe comes poſt from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldome fail'd.

La. Ir reioyces me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I haue letters that my ſonne will be heere to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your ſonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a ſcar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

Laf. A ſcarre nobly got,
Or a noble ſcarre, is a good liu'rie of honor,
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs go ſee
your ſonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble ſouldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poſting day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But ſince you haue made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do ſo grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maieſties eare,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſaue you ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue ſeene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beene ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodneſſe,
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharpe occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vſe of your owne vertues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that ſtore of power you haue
To come into his preſence.

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere ſir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd laſt night, and with more haſt
Then is his vſe.

Wid. Lord how we looſe our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time ſeeme ſo aduerſe, and meanes vnfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Roſſillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I preſume ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good ſpeede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall finde your ſelfe to be well thankt what e're falles more. We muſt to horſe againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now ſir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with freſher cloathes: but I am now ſir muddied in fortunes mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fiſh of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to ſtop your noſe ſir: I ſpake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed ſir, if your Metaphor ſtinke, I will ſtop my noſe, or againſt any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further. *Par.*

Par. Pray you ſir deliuer me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee ſtand away: a paper from fortunes cloſe-ſtoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himſelfe.

Enter Laſew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes ſir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muſcat, that ha's falne into the vncleane fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and as he ſayes is muddied withall. Pray you ſir, vſe the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knaue. I doe pittie his diſtreſſe in my ſmiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iuſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſſe.

Par. I beſeech your honour to heare mee one ſingle word,

Laf. you begge a ſingle peny more: Come you ſhall ha't, ſaue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles.*

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my paſſion, giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found mee.

Laf. Was I inſooth? And I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in ſome grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, doeſt thou put vpon mee at once both the offiee of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you laſt night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you ſhall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We loſt a Iewell of her, and our eſteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſence to know
Her eſtimation home.

Old La. 'Tis paſt my Liege,
And I beſeech your Maieſtie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too ſtrong for reaſons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoote.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maieſty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelfe
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſuruey
Of richeſt eies: whoſe words all eares tooke captiue,
Whoſe deere perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerue,
Humbly call'd Miſtris.

Kin. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuion we do burie
Th'incenſing reliques of it. Let him approach
A ſtranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall my Liege.

Kin. What ſayes he to your daughter,
Haue you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then ſhall we haue a match. I haue letters ſent me, that ſets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou maiſt ſee a ſun-ſhine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beames
Diſtracted clouds giue way, ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiſeleſſe foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firſt
I ſtucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornfull Perſpectiue did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreſt it ſtolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelfe,
Since I haue loſt, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt loue her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorſefull pardon ſlowly carried
To the great ſender, turnes a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our raſh faults,
Make triuiall price of ſerious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.
Oft our diſpleaſures to our ſelues vniuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weepe their duſt:
Our owne loue waking, cries to ſee what's don,e
While ſhamefull hate ſleepes out the afternoone.
Be this ſweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin,*
The maine conſents are had, and heere wee'l ſtay
To ſee our widdowers ſecond marriage day:
Which better then the firſt, O deere heauen bleſſe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceſſe.

Laf. Come on my ſonne, in whom my houſes name
Muſt be digeſted: giue a fauour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,

That

That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I ſaw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer ſtoode
Neceſſitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue ſeene her weare it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

Laf. I am ſure I ſaw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiu'd my Lord, ſhe neuer ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd . but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of Honour
As ſhe had made the ouerture, ſhe ceaſt
In heauie ſatisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

Kin. Platus himſelfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures myſterie more ſcience,
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelfe,
Confeſſe 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſuretie,
That ſhe would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnleſſe ſhe gaue it to your ſelfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or ſent it vs
Vpon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She neuer ſaw it.

Kin. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely: as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'ſt connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine ſhut out, if it ſhould proue
That thou art ſo inhumane, 'twill not proue ſo:
And yet I know not, thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelfe, could win me to beleeue,
More then to ſee this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-paſt proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in diſmall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come ſhort,
To tender it her ſelfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the faire grace and ſpeech
Of the poore ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her buſineſſe lookes in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highneſſe with her ſelfe.

A Letter.

Vpon his many proteſtations to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I blush to ſay it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Roſſillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee ſtole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iuſtice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies, otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poore Maid is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him.

Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this diſcou'rie, ſeeke theſe ſutors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)
Was fowly ſnatcht.

Old La. Now iuſtice on the doers.

King. I wonder ſir, ſir, wiues are monſters to you,
And that you flye them as you ſweare them Lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My ſuite as I do vnderſtand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know theſe Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke ſo ſtrange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and thoſe are mine:
You giue away my ſelfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you, muſt marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would ſinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What ſaiſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gameſter to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were ſo,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

Act 5. ALLS WELL, that ENDS WELL. *Scene last*

MISS MACKLIN in the Character of HELENA
— 'tis but the shadow of a Wife you see,

Do not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.
Coun. He bluſhes, and 'tis hit:
Of ſixe preceding Anceſtors, that Iemme
Conſer'd by teſtament to'th ſequent iſſue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thouſand proofes.
King. Methought you ſaide
You ſaw one heere in Court could witneſſe it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inſtrument, his names *Parrolles.*
Laf. I ſaw the man to day, if man he bee.
Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.
Roſ. What of him:
He's quoted for a moſt pe fidious ſlaue
With all the ſpots a'th world, taxt and deboſh'd,
Whoſe nature ſickens: but to ſpeake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will ſpeake any thing.
Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.
Roſ. I thinke ſhe has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagerneſſe with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancies courſe
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her inſuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, ſhe got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient:
You that haue turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May iuſtly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will looſe a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.
Roſ. I haue it not.
Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the ſame vpon your finger.
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.
Kin. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a Caſement.
Dia. I haue ſpoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Roſ. My Lord, I do confeſſe the ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle ſhrewdly, euery feather ſtarts you:
Is this the man you ſpeake of?
Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me ſirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter:
Which on your iuſt proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So pleaſe your Maieſty, my maſter hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.
Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpoſe: Did hee loue this woman?
Par. Faith ſir he did loue her, but how.
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did loue her ſir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.
Kin. How is that?
Par. He lou'd her ſir, and lou'd her not.
Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equiuocall Companion is this?
Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maieſties command.
Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie Orator.
Dian. Do you know he promiſt me marriage?
Par. Faith I know more then Ile ſpeake.
Kin. But wilt thou not ſpeake all thou know'ſt?
Par. Yes ſo pleaſe your Maieſty: I did goe betweene them as I ſaid, but more then that he loued her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to ſpeake of, therefore I will not ſpeake what I know.
Kin. Thou haſt ſpoken all alreadie, vnleſſe thou canſt ſay they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore ſtand aſide. This Ring you ſay was yours.
Dia. I my good Lord.
Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?
Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.
Kin. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
Kin. Where did you finde it then?
Dia. I found it not.
Kin. If it were yours by none of all theſe wayes,
How could you giue it him.
Dia. I neuer gaue it him.
Laf. This womans an eaſie gloue my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.
Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his firſt wife.
Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To priſon with her: and away with him,
Vnleſſe thou telſt me where thou hadſt this Ring,
Thou dieſt within this houre.
Dia. Ile neuer tell you.
Kin. Take her away.
Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.
Kin. I thinke thee now ſome common Cuſtomer.
Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.
King. Wherefore haſt thou accuſde him al this while.
Dia. Becauſe he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l ſweare too't:
Ile ſweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no ſtrumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or elſe this old mans wife.
Kin. She does abuſe our eares, to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall ſir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himſelfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himſelfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I ſee?
Hel. No my good Lord,

'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Roſ. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it ſayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Roſ. If ſhe my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce ſtep betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I ſee you liuing?
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make ſport with
thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcuruy ones.

King Let vs from point to point this ſtorie know,
To make the euen truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh vncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou keptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſolduedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
Flouriſh.

THe Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtrift to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeuntomn.

FINIS.

Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Orſino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

IF Muſicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me exceſſe of it: that ſurfetting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. *E*nough, no more,
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantaſticall.
Cu. Will yo go hunt my Lord?
Du. What *Cnrio*?
Cu. The Hart.
Du. Why ſo I do, the Nobleſt that I haue:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Oliuia* firſt,
Me thought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere ſince purſue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this anſwer:
The Element it ſelfe, till ſeuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead loue, which ſhe would keepe freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.
Du. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will ſhe loue, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elſe
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
Theſe ſoueraigne thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweete perfections with one ſelfe king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you ſaylors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelfe were ſaued.
Vio. O my poore brother, and ſo perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelfe, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poore number ſaued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I ſaw your brother
Moſt prouident in perill, binde himſelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practiſe)
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liu'd vpon the ſea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine owne eſcape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place:
Vio. Who gouernes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orſino.*
Vio, Orſino: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the leſſe will prattle of,)
That he did ſeeke the loue of faire *Oliuia.*
Vio. What's ſhee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide ſome tweluemonth ſince, then leauing her
In the protection of his ſonne, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dide: for whoſe deere loue
(They ſay) ſhe hath abiur'd the ſight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is.

Cap. That were hard to compaſſe,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kinde of ſuite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeue thou haſt a minde that ſuites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteouſly)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The forme of my intent. Ile ſerue this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can ſing,
And ſpeake to him in many ſorts of Muſicke,
That will allow me very worth his ſeruice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemie to life.

Mar. By my troth ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlyer a nights: your Coſin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you muſt confine your ſelfe within the modeſt limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my ſelfe no finer then I am: theſe cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and ſo bee theſe boots too: and they be not, let them hang themſelues in their owne ſtraps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yeſterday: and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th'purpoſe?

To. Why he ha's three thouſand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all theſe ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l ſay ſo: he playes o'th Viol-de-ga uboys, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almoſt naturall: for beſides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coyſtrill that will not drinke to my Neece. till his braines turne o'th toe, like a pariſh top. What wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*: for here coms Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now ſir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet ſir *Andrew*.

And. Bleſſe you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too ſir.

Tob. Accoſt ſir *Andrew*, accoſt.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Ma. Good Miſtris accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* ſir.

And. Good miſtris *Mary*, accoſt.

To. You miſtake knight: Accoſt, is front her, boord her, woe her, aſſayle her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoſt?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part ſo Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightſt neuer draw ſword agen.

And. And you part ſo miſtris, I would I might neuer draw ſword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you ſhall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now ſir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (ſweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry ſir.

And. Why I thinke ſo: I am not ſuch an aſſe, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your ieſt?

Ma. A dry ieſt Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of Canarie: when did *I* ſee thee ſo put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnleſſe you ſee Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes ſometimes I haue no more wit then a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeue that does harme to my wit.

To. No queſtion.

An. And I thought that, I'de forſweare it. Ile ride home to morrow ſir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy* my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not coole* my

An. But it becoms we wel enough, doſt not? (nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaffe: & I hope to ſee a huſwife take thee between her legs, & ſpin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow ſir *Toby*, your niece wil not be ſeene, or if ſhe be it's four to one, ſhe'l none of me: the Connt himſelfe here hard by, wooes her.

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, ſhe'l not match aboue hir degree, neither in eſtate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her ſwear t. Tut there's life in't man.

And

* Theobald very ingeniously wrote "curl by nature"

TWELFTH NIGHT
Sir Toby. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.
Mar. My good Sir Toby.
Clown. How now, by this hair, days are wearing done.
Act 2 Sc 3.

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TWELFTH NIGHT.

Burney del.t Thornthwaite fculp.t

MISS FARREN in OLIVIA.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Sept.r 10.th 1785.

Act TWELFTH NIGHT. Scene

Ramberg del.t Scriven fculp.t

MISS FARREN in OLIVIA.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N.o 5 Catherine Street, Strand, Feb.y 10.1806.

And. Ile ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels ſometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at theſe kicke-chawſes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore haue theſe gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take duſt, like miſtris *Mals* picture? Why doſt thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke ſhould be a iigge: I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooeſt thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent conſtitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the ſtarre of a Galliard.

And, I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocke. Shall we ſit about ſome Reuels?

To. What ſhall we do elſe: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is leggs and thighes: let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe fauours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his loue. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his fauours. *Val.* No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Ceſario*,
Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all: I haue vnclaſp'd
To thee the booke euen of my ſecret ſoule.
Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de acceſſe, ſtand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe neuer will admit me.

Du, Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne,

Vio. Say I do ſpeake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the paſsion of my loue,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my deere faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aſpect.

Vio. I thinke not ſo, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeue it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That ſay thou art a man: *Dianas* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblatiue a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affayre: ſome foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my ſelfe am beſt
When leaſt in companie: proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my beſt
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull ſtrife,
Who ere I woe, my ſelfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lippes ſo wide as a briſsle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton anſwer: I can tell thee where y^t^ ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good miſtris *Mary*?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to ſay in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God giue them wiſedome that haue it: & thoſe that are fooles, let them vſe their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let ſummer beare it out.

Ma. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neyther, but I am reſolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if ſir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eues* fleſh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: thoſe wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am ſure I lacke thee, may paſſe for a wiſe man. For what ſaies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a fooliſh wit. God bleſſe thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: beſides you grow diſ-honeſt.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counſell wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerue, ſo: if it will not, vvhat remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, ſo beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I ſay againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to ſay, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterioufly, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouſe of vertue anſwer mee.

Ol. Well ſir, for want of other idleneſſe, Ile bide your proofe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournſt thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his ſoule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his ſoule is in heauen, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers ſoule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity that decaies the wiſe, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God ſend you ſir, a ſpeedie Infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not paſſe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How ſay you to that *Maluolio*?

Mal. I maruel your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcall: I ſaw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a ſtone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt I take theſe Wiſemen, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are ſicke of ſelfe-loue *Maluolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſſe, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne diſcreet man, though hee do nothing but reproue.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Ma I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinſman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſicke, or not at home. What you will, to diſmiſſe it. *Exit Maluo.* Now you ſee ſir, how your fooling growes old, & people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldeſt ſonne ſhould be a foole: whoſe ſcull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.* One of thy kin has a moſt weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Coſin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'theſe pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Coſin, Coſin, how haue you come ſo earely by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith ſay I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the ſecond maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and ſeeke the Crowner, and let him ſitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole ſhall looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſweares hee will ſpeake with you. I told him you were ſicke, he takes on him to vnderſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleepe, he ſeems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeake with you. What is to be ſaid to him Ladie, hee's fortified againſt any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told ſo: and hee ſayes hee'l ſtand at your doore like a Sheriffes poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but hee'l ſpeake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l ſpeake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what perſonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a ſquaſh is before tis a peſcod, or a Codling when tis almoſt an Apple: Tis with him in ſtanding water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he ſpeakes verie ſhrewiſhly: One would thinke his mothers milke were ſcarſe out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face, Wee'l once more heare *Orſinos* Embaſſie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Ol. Speake to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will.

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the houſe, for I neuer ſaw her. I would bee loath to caſt away my ſpeech: for beſides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee ſuſtaine no ſcorne; I am very comptible, euen to the leaſt ſiniſter vſage.

Ol. Whence came you ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more then I haue ſtudied, & that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Ladie of the houſe, that

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TWELFTH NIGHT.

Engraved by Charles Taylor from a Drawing (a) Robert Smirke.

OLIVIA unveiling herself to VIOLA.

Oli. [illegible]

[illegible]

London, Published Nov.r 1.1784 by Charles Taylor, N.o 8 Dyers Buildings Holborn.

may proceede in my ſpeech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I ſweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the houſe?

Ol. If I do not vſurpe my ſelfe, I am.

Vio. Moſt certaine, if you are ſhe, you do vſurp your ſelfe: for what is yours to beſtowe, is, not yours to reſerue. But this is from my Commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to ſtudie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reaſon, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyſt ſayle ſir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweete Ladie; tell me your minde,* I am a meſſenger.

Ol. Sure you haue ſome hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeneſſe that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Giue vs the place alone,
We will heare this diuinitie. Now ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee ſaide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In *Orſinoes* boſome.

Ol. In his boſome? In what chapter of his boſome?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his hart.

Ol. O, I haue read it: it is hereſie. Haue you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Ol. Haue you any Commiſsion from your Lord, to negociate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Looke you ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Iſt not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine ſir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Natures owne ſweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhee aliue,
If you will leade theſe graces to the graue,
And leaue the world no copie.

Ol. O ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers ſcedules of my beautie. It ſhalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtenſile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and maſter loues you: O ſuch loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with ſighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I ſuppoſe him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſſe youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might haue tooke his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my maſters flame,
With ſuch a ſuffring, ſuch a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would finde no ſence,
I would not vnderſtand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my ſoule within the houſe,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And ſing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Goſsip of the aire,
Cry out *Oliuia:* O you ſhould not reſt
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you ſhould pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him ſend no more,
Vnleſſe (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: ſpend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poaſt, Lady; keepe your purſe,
My Maſter, not my ſelfe, lackes recompence.
Loue make his heart of flint, that you ſhal loue,
And let your feruour like my maſters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie. *Exit*

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Aboue my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be ſworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and ſpirit,
Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too faſt: ſoft, ſoft,
Vnleſſe the Maſter were the man. How now?
Euen ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an inuiſible, and ſubtle ſtealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Maluolio.*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your ſeruice.

Ol. Run after that ſame peeuiſh Meſſenger
The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile giue him reaſons for't: hie thee *Maluolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:

Fate

* Mod-Ed- Olivia] tele me your mind
Viola] I am a messenger

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Oliuia?*

Vio. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriu'd but hither.

Mal She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion
Inuites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so, as tis,
Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,
And I (poore monster) fond as much on him:
And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my maisters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Oliuia* breath?
O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke. *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus:* 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence for

for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* noſe is no Whip-ſtocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a ſong.

To. Come on, there is ſixe pence for you. Let's haue a ſong.

An. There's a teſtrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clo. Would you haue a loue-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

To. A loue ſong, a loue ſong.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne ſings.

O Miſtris mine where are you roming?
O ſtay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie ſweeting:
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wiſe mans ſonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is loue, tis not heereafter,*
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill vnſure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kiſſe me ſweet and twentie:
Youths a ſtuffe will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very ſweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three ſoules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

An. Moſt certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knaue* knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the firſt time I haue conſtrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch ſung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer truſt me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios* a Peg-a-ramſie, and *Three merry men be wee.* Am not I conſanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Lalie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. *O the twelfe day of December.*

Mar. For the loue o'God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My maſters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honeſtie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouſe of my Ladies houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time ſir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though ſhe harbors you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelfe and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, and it would pleaſe you to take leaue of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his dayes are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't euen ſo?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby* there thou lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. *Shall I bid him go.*

Clo. *What and if you do?*

To. *Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

To. Out o'tune ſir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Doſt thou thinke becauſe thou art vertuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S.* Anne, and Ginger ſhall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe ſir, rub your Chaine with crums. A ſtope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. *Exit*

Mar. Go ſhake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promiſe with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Poſſeſſe vs, poſſeſſe vs, tell vs ſomething of him.

Mar. Marrie ſir, ſometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquiſite reaſon, deere knight.

An. I haue no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I haue reaſon good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſſe, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſwaded of himſelfe: ſo cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cauſe to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he ſhall finde himſelfe moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I ſmell a deuice.

An. I hau't in my noſe too.

To. He ſhall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop

that

that they come from my Neece, and that ſhee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

An. And your horſe now would make him an Aſſe.

Mar. Aſſe, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phyſicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he ſhall finde the Letter: obſerue his conſtruction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthiſilea.*

An. Before me ſhe's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadſt neede ſend for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou haſt her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer truſt me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne ſome Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Giue me ſome Muſick; Now good morow frends.
Now good *Ceſario*, but that peece of ſong,
That old and Anticke ſong we heard laſt night;
Me thought it did releeue my paſſion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of theſe moſt briske and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not heere (ſo pleaſe your Lordſhippe) that ſhould ſing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte the Ieſter my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Oliuiaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.
Muſicke playes.
Come hither Boy, if euer thou ſhalt loue
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For ſuch as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnſtaid and skittiſh in all motions elſe,
Saue in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the ſeate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou doſt ſpeake maſterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid vpon ſome fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman iſt?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let ſtill the woman take
An elder then her ſelfe, ſo weares ſhe to him;
So ſwayes ſhe leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praiſe our ſelues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirme,
More longing, wauering, ſooner loſt and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy ſelfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roſes, whoſe faire flowre
Being once diſplaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the ſong we had laſt night:
Marke it Ceſario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinſters and Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vſe to chaunt it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee ſing. *Muſicke.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in ſad cypreſſe let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am ſlaine by a faire cruell maide:
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be ſtrewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones ſhall be throwne:
A thouſand thouſand ſighes to ſaue, lay me o where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines ſir, I take pleaſure in ſinging ſir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truely ſir, and pleaſure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of ſuch conſtancie put to Sea, that their buſineſſe might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the reſt giue place: Once more *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſoueraigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, (more noble then the world)
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature prankes her in, attracts my ſoule.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot loue you ſir.

Du. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for *Oliuia*: you cannot loue her:
You tel her ſo: Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Du. There is no womans ſides

Can

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor jun.r from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

MALVOLIO ensnared.

Malvolio

London, Publish'd Nov.r 1.st 1784 by Charles Taylor N.o 8, Dyers Buildings, Holborn.

Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold ſo much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That ſuffer ſurfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Oliuia*.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What doſt thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Du. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: ſhe neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may ſay more, ſweare more, but indeed
Our ſhewes are more then will: for ſtill we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'de thy ſiſter of her loue my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers houſe,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haſte: giue her this Iewell: ſay,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I looſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldſt thou not be glad to haue the niggardly Raſcally ſheepe-biter, come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out o'fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, ſhall we not Sir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practiſing behauiour to his own ſhadow this halfe houre: obſerue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Cloſe in the name of ieaſting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that muſt be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me ſhe did affect me, and I haue heard her ſelf come thus neere, that ſhould ſhee fancie, it ſhould bee one of my complection. Beſides ſhe vſes me with a more exalted reſpect, then any one elſe that followes her. What ſhould I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could ſo beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Maluolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Piſtoll him, piſtoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Hauing beene three moneths married to her, ſitting in my ſtate.

To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left *Oliuia* ſleeping.

To. Fire and Brimſtone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of ſtate: and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they ſhould doe theirs: to aske for my kinſman *Toby*.

To. Boltes and ſhackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my ſomerich Iewell: *Toby* approaches; curtſies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our ſilence be drawne from vs with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

Mal. Saying, Coſine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing caſt me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of ſpeech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſſe.

To. Out ſcab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the ſinewes of our plot?

Mal. Beſides you waſte the treaſure of your time, with a fooliſh knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One ſir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Wooodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the ſpirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: theſe bee her very *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes ſhee her great *P's*. It is in contempt of queſtion her hand.

An. Her *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wiſhes: Her very Phraſes: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe vſes to ſeale: tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.

Mal. Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooue, no man muſt know. No man muſt know. What followes? The numbers alter d: No man muſt know,
If this ſhould be thee *Maluolio?*

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but ſilence like a Lucreſſe knife:
With bloodleſſe ſtroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth ſway my life.

Fa. A fuſtian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, ſay I.

Mal. M.O.A.I. doth ſway my life. Nay but firſt let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee.

Fab. What diſh a poyſon has ſhe dreſt him?

To. And with what wing the ſtallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why ſhee may command me: I ſerue her, ſhe is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obſtruction in this, and the end: What ſhould that Alphabeticall poſition portend, if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? Softly, *M. O. A. I.*

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold ſent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Maluolio, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequell that ſuffers vnder probation: *A.* ſhould follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might ſee more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M,O,A,I. This ſimulation is not as the former: and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of theſe Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes proſe: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my ſtars I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatneſſe: Some are become great, ſome atcheeues greatneſſe, and ſome haue greatneſſe thruſt vppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them, and to inure thy ſelfe to what thou art like to be: caſt thy humble ſlough, and appeare freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſeruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thy ſelfe into the tricke of ſingularitie. Shee thus aduiſes thee, that ſighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee euer croſſe garter'd: I ſay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo: If not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſeruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter ſeruices with thee, tht fortunate vnhappy daylight and champian diſcouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſſe acquaintance, I will be point deuiſe, the very man. I do not now foole my ſelfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhee did praiſe my legge being croſſe-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to theſe habites of her liking. I thanke my ſtarres, I am happy: I will bee ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſſe Garter'd, euen with the ſwiftneſſe of putting on. Ioue, and my ſtarres be praiſed. Heere is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe but know who I am. If thou entertainſt my loue, let it appeare in thy ſmiling, thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, deere my ſweete, I prethee.* Ioue I thanke thee, I will ſmile, I wil do euery thing that thou wilt haue me. *Exit*

Fab. I will not giue my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but ſuch another ieſt.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou ſet thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondſlaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he muſt run mad.

Ma. Nay but ſay true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruites of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhorres, and croſſe garter'd, a faſhion ſhee deteſts: and hee will ſmile vpon her, which will now be ſo vnſuteable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholly, as ſhee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil ſee it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent diuell of wit.

And. Ile make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecnndus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Muſick: doſt thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No ſir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter ſir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my houſe, and my houſe dooth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maiſt ſay the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You haue ſaid ſir: To ſee this age: A ſentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickely the wrong ſide may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my ſiſter had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why ſir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But indeede, words are very Raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon man?

Clo.

SHAKESPEARE

Clo. Troth ſir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne ſo falſe, I am loath to proue reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'ſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience ſir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing ſir, I would it would make you inuiſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Oliuia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed ſir, the Lady *Oliuia* has no folly, ſhee will keepe no foole ſir, till ſhe be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Huſbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Count *Orſino's.*

Clo. Foolery ſir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it ſhines euery where. I would be ſorry ſir, but the Foole ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtris: I thinke I ſaw your wiſedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſſe vpon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, ſend thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almoſt ſicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo Would not a paire of theſe haue bred ſir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* ſir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus.*

Vio. I vnderſtand you ſir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great ſir; begging, but a begger: *Creſſida* was a begger. My Lady is within ſir. I will conſter to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might ſay Element, but the word is ouer-worne. *exit*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
He muſt obſerue their mood on whom he ieſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This isa practice,
As full of labour as a Wiſe-mans Art:
For folly that he wiſely ſhewes, is fit;
But wiſemens folly ſalne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you ſir.

And. Dieu vou guard Monſieur.

Vio. Et vouz ouſie voſtre ſeruiture.

An. I hope ſir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the houſe, my Neece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece ſir, I meane ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

To. Taſte your legges ſir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better vnderſtand me ſir, then I vnderſtand what you meane by bidding me taſte my legs.

To. I meane to go ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne moſt pregnant and vouchſafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be ſhut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand ſir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and moſt humble ſeruice

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſeruants name, faire Princeſſe.

Ol. My ſeruant ſir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
y'are ſeruant to the Count *Orſino* youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
your ſeruants ſeruant, is your ſeruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.
I bad you neuer ſpeake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another ſuite
I had rather heare you, to ſolicit that,
Then Muſicke from the ſpheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelfe, my ſeruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not ſet mine Honor at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is ſhewne, a Cipreſſe, not a boſome,
Hides my heart: ſo let me heare you ſpeake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar proofe
That verie oft we pitty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to ſmile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke ſtrikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waſte of time:
Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harueſt,
your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due Weſt.

Vio. Then Weſtward hoe:
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip:
you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkſt of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke ſo, I thinke the ſame of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of ſcorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt ſhewes not it ſelfe more ſoone,
Then loue that would ſeeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
Ceſario, by the Roſes of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
I loue thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide:
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus, with reaſon fetter;
Loue fought, is good: but giuen vnfought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one boſome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall miſtris be of it, ſaue I alone.
And ſo adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Maſters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayſt moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not ſtay a iot longer:

To. Thy reaſon deere venom, giue thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needes yeelde your reaſon, Sir *Andrew?*

And. Marry I ſaw your Neece do more fauours to the Counts Seruing-man, then euer ſhe beſtow'd vpon mee: I ſaw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did ſhe ſee the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.

And. S'light; will you make an Aſſe o'me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate ſir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reaſon.

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, ſince before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did ſhew fauour to the youth in your ſight, onely to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimſtone in your Liuer: you ſhould then haue accoſted her, and with ſome excellent ieſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould haue bangd the youth into dumbeneſſe: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time waſh off, and you are now ſayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an yſickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnleſſe you do redeeme it, by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And't be any way, it muſt be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece ſhall take note of it, and aſſure thy ſelfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this ſir *Andrew.*

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curſt and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, ſo it bee eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt him with the licenſe of Inke: if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſſe, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy ſheete of paper, although the ſheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, ſet 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where ſhall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby.*

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fa. We ſhall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le not deliuer't.

To. Neuer truſt me then: and by all meanes ſtirre on the youth to an anſwer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde ſo much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the reſt of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſit the youth beares in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleene, and will laughe your ſelues into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Maluolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no chriſtian that meanes to be ſaued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſeneſſe. Hee's in yellow ſtockings.

To. And croſſe garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does ſmile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not ſeene ſuch a thing as tis: I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will ſtrike him: if ſhee doe, hee'l ſmile, and take't for a great fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behinde you: my deſire
(More ſharpe then filed ſteele) did ſpurre me forth,
And not all loue to ſee you (though ſo much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealouſie, what might befall your rrauell,
Being skilleſſe in theſe parts: which to a ſtranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnhoſpitable. My willing loue,
The rather by theſe arguments of feare
Set forth in your purſuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other anſwer make, but thankes,
And thankes: and euer oft good turnes,
Are ſhuffel'd off with ſuch vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conſcience firme,

You

* "Did she see thee the while?" Sherwin

^ and thanks & ever oft good turns are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay But here -

J. Roberts ad vivum del. Publish'd for Bells Edition of Shakspeare Feb.y 14.th 1776.

M.r YATES *in the Character of* MALVOLIO.

—Sweet Lady; ha, ha.

Painted by J. Stothard R.A. Engraved by J. Heath Historical Engraver to his Majesty and R.F.

TWELFTH NIGHT or WHAT YOU WILL

Olivia *Heaven restore thee!*

Malvo *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings*

Oli *Thy yellow stockings*

Mal *And wished to see thee cross gartered*

Oli *Cross gartered*

Act 3 Scene 4

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You ſhould finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the reliques of this Towne?
Ant. To morrow ſir, beſt firſt go ſee your Lodging?
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.
Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke theſe ſtreetes.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Count his gallies,
I did ſome ſeruice, of ſuch note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would ſcarſe be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.
Ant. Th offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue ſince bene anſwer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques ſake
Moſt of our City did. Onely my ſelfe ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay deere.
Seb. Do not then walke too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold ſir, here's my purſe,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there ſhall you haue me.
Seb. Why I your purſe?
Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light vpon ſome toy
You haue deſire to purchaſe: and your ſtore
I thinke is not for idle Markets, ſir.
Seb. Ile be your purſe-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre.
Ant. To th'Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Ol. I haue ſent after him, he ſayes hee'l come:
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is ſad, and ciuill,
And ſuites well for a ſeruant with my fortunes,
Where is *Maluolio*?
Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt Madam.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?
Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but ſmile: your Ladyſhip were beſt to haue ſome guard about you, if hee come, for ſure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If ſad and metry madneſſe equall bee.
How now *Maluolio*?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee vpon a ſad occaſion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad:
This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood:
This croſſe-gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.
Mal. Why how doeſt thou man?
What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds ſhall be executed. I thinke we doe know the ſweet Romane hand.
Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?
Mal. To bed? I ſweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee: Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſſe thy hand ſo oft?
Mar. How do you *Maluolio*?
Maluo. At your requeſt:
Yes Nightingales anſwere Dawes.
Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneſſe before my Lady.
Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſſe: 'twas well writ.
Ol. What meanſt thou by that *Maluolio*?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Some atcheeue greatneſſe.
Ol. What ſayſt thou?
Mal. And ſome haue greatneſſe thruſt vpon them.
Ol. Heauen reſtore thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings.
Ol. Thy yellow ſtockings?
Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſſe garter'd.
Ol. Croſſe garter'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſeruant ſtill.
Ol. Why this is verie Midſommer madneſſe.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orſino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyſhips pleaſure.
Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be lookd too. Where's my Coſine *Toby*, let ſome of my people haue a ſpeciall care of him, I would not haue him miſcarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *exit*
Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worſe man then ſir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appeare ſtubborne to him: for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough ſayes ſhe: be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with ſeruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of ſtate, put thy ſelfe into the tricke of ſingularity: and conſequently ſetts downe the manner how: as a ſad face, a reuerend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habite of ſome Sir of note, and ſo foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres togither, that no dramme of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or vnſafe circumſtance: What can be ſaide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I. is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of ſanctity. If al the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himſelfe poſſeſt him, yet Ile ſpeake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how iſt with you ſir? How iſt with you man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you: let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee muſt deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*? How iſt with you? What man, defie the diuell: conſider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, and you ſpeake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not looſe him for more then ile ſay.

Mal. How now miſtris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not ſee you moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleneſſe, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how doſt u y chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at cherrie-pit with ſathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good ſir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlyneſſe.

Mal. Go hang your ſelues all: you are ydle ſhallowe things, I am not of your element, you ſhall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Iſt poſsible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a ſtage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay purſue him now, leaſt the deuice take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we ſhall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleaſure, and his penance, til our very paſtime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Iſt ſo ſawcy?

And. I, iſt? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatſoeuer thou art, thou art but a ſcuruy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't. (Law

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of y e

To. Thou comſt to the Lady Oliuia, and in my ſight ſhe vſes thee kindly: but thou lyeſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good ſence-leſſe.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilſt me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie ſide of the Law: good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our ſoules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo looke to thy ſelfe. Thy friend as thou vſeſt him, & thy ſworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. Yon may haue verie fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go ſir *Andrew*: ſcout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: ſo ſoone as euer thou ſeeſt him, draw, and as thou draw'ſt, ſweare horrible: for t comes to paſſe oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer proofe it ſelfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for ſwearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leſſe. Therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But ſir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; ſet vpon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuoſitie. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and preſently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while vpon ſome horrid meſſage for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue ſaid too much vnto a hart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's ſomething in me that reproues my fault:
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the ſame hauiour that your paſſion beares,
Goes on my Maſters greeſes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beſeech you come againe to morrow.
What ſhall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (ſau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my maſter.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my ſoule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God ſaue thee.

Vio.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Engraved by Charles Taylor from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

Battle between Viola and Sir Andrew

London Published November 1784 by Charles Taylor N°8 Dyers Buildings Holborn

Vio. And you ſir.

To. That defence thou haſt, betake the too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I knowe not: but thy intercepter full of deſpight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: diſmount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake ſir I am ſure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwiſe I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, skill, and wrath, can furniſh man withall.

Vio. I pray you ſir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet conſideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, ſoules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of ſome kinde of men, that put quarrells purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it ſelfe out of a very computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his deſire. Backe you ſhall not to the houſe, vnleſſe you vndertake that with me, which with as much ſafetie you might anſwer him: therefore on, or ſtrippe your ſword ſtarke naked: for meddle you muſt that's certain, or forſweare to weare iron about you

Vio. This is as vnciuill as ſtrange. I beſeech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

To. I will doe ſo. Signiour *Fabian*, ſtay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenſt againſt you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promiſe to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede ſir, the moſt skilfull, bloudy, & fatall oppoſite that you could poſsibly haue found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with ſir Prieſt, then ſir knight: I care not who knowes ſo much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not ſeen ſuch a firago: I had a paſſe with him, rapier, ſcabberd, and all: and he giues me the ſtucke in with ſuch a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the anſwer, he payes you as ſurely, as your feete hits the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can ſcarſe hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and ſo cunning in Fence, I'de haue ſeene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and Ile giue him my horſe, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: ſtand heere, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the perdition of ſoules, marry Ile ride your horſe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horſe to take vp the quarrell, I haue perſwaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie ſir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now ſcarſe to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vowe, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you ſee him furious.

To. Come ſir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors ſake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promiſed me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put vp your ſword: if this yong Gentleman
Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You ſir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One ſir, that for his loue dares yet do more
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good ſir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray ſir, put your ſword vp if you pleaſe.

And. Marry will I ſir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you eaſily, and raines well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2 *Off. Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Count *Orſino*

An. You do miſtake me ſir.

1. *Off.* No ſir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
Though now you haue no ſea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you:
But there's no remedie, I ſhall anſwer it:
What will you do: now my neceſſitie
Makes me to aske you for my purſe. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my ſelfe: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come ſir away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money ſir?
For the fayre kindneſſe you haue ſhew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you ſomething: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuiſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Is't poſſible that my deſerts to you
Can lacke perſwaſion. Do not tempt my miſery,
Leaſt that it make me ſo vnfound a man
As to vpbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes

That I haue done for you.
Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainneſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.
Ant. Oh heauens themſelues.
2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death, (heere,
Releeu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.
1. *Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.
Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature, ſhame.
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.
1. *Off* The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come ſir.
Ant. Leade me on. *Exit*
Vio. Me thinkes his words do from ſuch paſsion flye
That he beleeues himſelfe, ſo do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.
To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian:* Weel whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.
Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue.
To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his frend heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his cowardſhip aske *Fabian.*
Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in it.
And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.
To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword
And. And I do not.
Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.
To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Sebaſtian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeue, that I am not ſent for you?
Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.
Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neyther: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou know'ſt not me.
Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtrangenes, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?
Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe paiment.
Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good report, after foureteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.
Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?
To Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.
Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.
To. Come on ſir, hold.
An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.
Seb. Let go thy hand.
To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong ſouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.
Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt ^u^y now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.
To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Oliuia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.
To. Madam.
Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, deere *Ceſario*:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſsion ſway
In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe prankes
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:
Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee,
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.
Seb. What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteepe,
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.
Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me
Seb. Madam, I will.
Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleeue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.
Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in ſuch

in ſuch a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Studient: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſkeeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clo. Bonosdies ſir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece of King *Gorboducke*, that that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon, am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas*.

Clo. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Maluolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good ſir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan: I call thee by the moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will vſe the diuell himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranſparant as baricadoes, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Ægyptians in their fogge.

Mal I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe, thou ſhalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

Tob. My moſt exquiſite ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightſt haue done this without thy berd and gowne, he ſees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findſt him: I would we were well ridde of this knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the vppe-ſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deſerue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your fiue witts?

Mall. Foole, there was neuer man ſo notorioufflie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkeneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Aduiſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere. *Maluolio*, *Maluolio*, thy wittes the heauens reſtore: endeauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good Sir Topas: Marry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I ſee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the higheſt degree:
I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to ſuſtaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle ſhe gaue me, I do feel't, and ſee't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madneſſe. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to ſeeke me out,
His councell now might do me golden ſeruice,
For though my ſoule diſputes well with my ſence,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſſe,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am readie to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing
As I perceiue ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Oliuia, and Prieſt.

Ol. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that conſecrated roofe,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt iealious, and too doubtfull ſoule
May liue at peace. He ſhall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you ſay?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing ſworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens ſo ſhine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'ſt me, let me ſee his Letter.

Clo. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence deſire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?

Clo. I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doeſt thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truely ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Du. Iuſt the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clo. No ſir, the worſe.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſſe of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſſe: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelfe, and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth ſir, no: though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counſell.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play, and the olde ſaying is, the third payes for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the belles of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry ſir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-gen. I go ſir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my deſire of hauing is the ſinne of couetouſneſſe: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man ſir, that did reſcue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the ſmoake of warre:
A bawbling Veſſel was he Captaine of,
For ſhallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathfull grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of loſſe
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1 *Offi. Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* loſt his legge;
Heere in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſſe ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou ſalt-water Theefe,
What fooliſh boldneſſe brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes ſo bloudie, and ſo deere
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino: Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſſe, on baſe and ground enough
Orſino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingratefull boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke paſt hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerſe Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purſe,
Which I had recommended to his vſe,
Not halfe an houre before.
Vio. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Towne?
Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.
Enter Oliuia and attendants.
Du. Heere comes the Counteſſe, now heauen walkes on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madneſſe,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Oliuia* may ſeeme ſeruiceable?
Ceſario, you do not keepe promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam:
Du. Gracious *Oliuia*.
Ol. What do you ſay *Ceſario*? Good my Lord.
Vio. My Lord would ſpeake, my dutie hushes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine eare
As howling after Muſicke.
Du. Still ſo cruell?
Ol. Still ſo conſtant Lord.
Du. What to peruerſeneſſe? you vnciuill Ladie
To whoſe ingrate, and vnauſpicious Altars
My ſoule the faithfull'ſt offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Ol. Euen what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhal becom him
Du. Why ſhould I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a ſauage icalouſie,
That ſometime ſauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrewes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-breſted Tirant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I ſweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſters ſpight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in miſchiefe:
Ile ſacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To ſpight a Rauens heart within a Doue.
Vio. And I moſt iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would dye.
Ol. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I loue,
More then I loue theſe eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I ſhall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witneſſes aboue
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my loue.
Ol. Aye me deteſted, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Ol. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelfe? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Du. Come, away.
Ol. Whether my Lord? *Ceſario*, Husband, ſtay.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?
Du. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the baſeneſſe of thy feare,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.
Enter Prieſt.
O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkeneſſe, what occaſion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt, betweene this youth, and me.
Prieſt. A contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres.
Du. O thou diſſembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickely grow,
That thine owne trip ſhall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.
Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt.
Ol. O do not ſweare,
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.
And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, ſend one preſently to ſir *Toby*.
Ol. What's the matter?
And. H'as broke my head a-croſſe, and has giuen Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.
Ol. Who has done this ſir *Andrew*?
And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Ceſario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate.
Du. My Gentleman *Ceſario*?
And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by ſir *Toby*.
Vio. Why do you ſpeake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your ſword vpon me without cauſe,
But I beſpake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.
And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you ſet nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes ſir *Toby* halting, you ſhall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did.
Du. How now Gentleman? how iſt with you?
To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't: Sot, didſt ſee Dicke Surgeon, ſot?
Clo. O he's drunke ſir *Toby* an houre agone: his eyes were ſet at eight i'th morning. above /82
To. Then he's a Rogue, and a paſſy meaſures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.
Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?
And. Ile helpe you ſir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.
To. Will you helpe an Aſſe-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry Madam I haue hurt your kinſman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I muſt haue done no leſſe with wit and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (ſweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons,
A naturall Perſpectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere *Anthonio*,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that *Anthonio*?

Ant. How haue you made diuiſion of your ſelfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian*?

Ol. Moſt wonderfull.

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waues and ſurges haue deuour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of *Meſſaline*: *Sebaſtian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his watery tombe:
If ſpirits can aſſume both forme and ſuite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A ſpirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimenſion groſſely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes euen,
I ſhould my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my ſoule,
He finiſhed indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my ſiſter thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my maſculine vſurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whoſe gentle helpe,
I was preſeru'd to ſerue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene miſtooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſſe ſeemes true,
I ſhall haue ſhare in this moſt happy wracke,
Boy, thou haſt ſaide to me a thouſand times,
Thou neuer ſhould'ſt loue woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings, will I ouer ſweare,
And all thoſe ſwearings keepe as true in ſoule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That ſeuers day ſtom night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy womans weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me firſt on ſhore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon ſome Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* ſuite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He ſhall inlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay poore Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moſt extracting frenſie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly baniſht his.
How does he ſirrah?

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtaues end as well as a man in his caſe may do: has heere writ a letter to you, I ſhould haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epiſiles are no Goſpels, ſo it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madneſſe: and your Ladyſhip will haue it as it ought to bee, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princeſſe, and giue eare.

Ol. Read it you, ſirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: Though you haue put mee into darkeneſſe, and giuen your drunken Coſine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladieſhip. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my ſelfe much right, or you much ſhame: thinke of me as you pleaſe. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and ſpeake out of my iniury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This fauours not much of diſtraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a ſiſter, as a wife,
One day ſhall crowne th'alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Heere at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Du. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Maſter quits you: and for your ſeruice done him,
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex,
So farre beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me Maſter, for ſo long:
Heere is my hand, you ſhall from this time bee
your Maſters Miſtris.

Ol. A ſiſter, you are ſhe.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this ſame: How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phraſe,

Or

Or ſay, tis not your ſeale, not your inuention:
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſtie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me ſuch cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſſe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frowne
Vpon ſir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a darke houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious gecke and gull,
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confeſſe much like the Charracter:
But out of queſtion, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was ſhee
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch formes, which heere were preſuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cauſe.
Fab. Good Madam heare me ſpeake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſſe my ſelfe, and *Toby*
Set this deuice againſt *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon ſome ſtubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at ſir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a ſportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iuſtly weigh'd,
That haue on both ſides paſt.
Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?
Clo. Why ſome are borne great, ſome atchieue greatneſſe, and ſome haue greatneſſe throwne vpon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one ſir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lotd Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcall, and you ſmile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his reuenges.
Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene moſt notoriouſly abus'd.
Du. Purſue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A ſolemne Combination ſhall be made
Of our deere ſoules. Meane time ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are ſeene,
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*

Clowne ſings.

When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans eſtate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainſt Knaues and Theeues men ſhut their gate,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wiue,
with hey ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I neuer thriue,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With toſpottes ſtill had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l ſtriue to pleaſe you euery day.

FINIS.

The Winters Tale.

In the M.S. marginal remarks M-C. refers to Reed's ed. 1803 in 21 Vols 8vo when no reference is made the folio is to be understood - 1623

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

IF you ſhall chance (*Camillo*) to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſeruices are now on-foot, you ſhall ſee (as I haue ſaid) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Viſitation, which hee iuſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment ſhall ſhame vs: we will be iuſtified in our Loues: for indeed---

Cam. 'Beſeech you---

Arch. Verely I ſpeake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence---in ſo rare--I know not what to ſay--- Wee will giue you ſleepie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our inſufficience) may, though they cannot prayſe vs, as little accuſe vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I ſpeake as my vnderſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſtie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Neceſſities, made ſeperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perſonall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embaſſies, that they haue ſeem'd to be together, though abſent: ſhooke hands, as ouer a Vaſt; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greateſt Promiſe, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Phyſicks the Subiect, makes old hearts freſh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe, why they ſhould deſire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would deſire to liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, ſince we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet ſtanding in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thouſands moe,
That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am queſtion'd by my feares, of what may chance,
Or breed vpon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping Winds at home, to make vs ſay,
This is put forth too truly: beſides, I haue ſtay'd
To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that
Ile no gaine-ſaying.

Pol. Preſſe me not ('beſeech you) ſo:
There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th'World
So ſoone as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſitie in your requeſt, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to ſaue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? ſpeake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to ſtay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure
All in *Bohemia's* well: this ſatisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaym'd, ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his Sonne, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him goe;
But let him ſweare ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Diſtaffes.
Yet of your Royall preſence, Ile aduenture
The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commiſſion,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes*,
I loue thee not a Iarre o'th'Clock, behind

What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'le ſtay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would ſeek t'vnſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: Verely
You ſhall not goe; a Ladyes Verely'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt: ſo you ſhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and ſaue your Thanks. How ſay you?
My Priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread Verely,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madame:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me, leſſe eaſie to commit,
Then you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hoſteſſe. Come, Ile queſtion you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th'two?
Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th'Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould haue anſwer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Impoſition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You haue tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations haue ſince then been borne to's: for
In thoſe vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious ſelfe had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no concluſion, leaſt you ſay
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le anſwere,
If you firſt ſinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any, but with vs.
Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. Hee'le ſtay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my requeſt, he would not:
Hermione (my deareſt) thou neuer ſpoak'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once.
Her. What? haue I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſſe,
Slaughters a thouſand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayſes are our Wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft Kiſſe a thouſand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goale:
My laſt good deed, was to entreat his ſtay.
What was my firſt? it ha's an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*.
But once before I ſpoke to th'purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had ſowr'd themſelues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy ſelfe my Loue; then didſt thou vtter,
I am yours for euer.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice:
The one for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for ſome while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendſhip farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartineſſe, from Bountie, fertile Boſome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaſſe; and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th'Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Boſome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycſer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, & the ſhoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Egges; Women ſay ſo,
(That will ſay any thing.) But were they falſe
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: ſweet Villaine,
Moſt dear'ſt, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention ſtabs the Center.
Thou do'ſt make poſſible things not ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-ioyne with ſomething, and thou do'ſt,
(And that beyond Commiſſion) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeemes vnſetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderneſſe? and make it ſelfe a Paſtime
To harder boſomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and ſaw my ſelfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Veluet Coat; My Dagger muzzel'd,
Leaſt it ſhould bite it's Maſter, and ſo proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squaſh, this Gentleman. Mine honeſt Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe ſeeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exerciſe, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my ſworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Paraſite, my Souldier: Stateſ-man; all:
He makes a Iulyes day, ſhort as December,
And with his varying child-neſſe, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your grauer ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'ſt vs, ſhew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy ſelfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would ſeeke vs,
We are yours i'th'Garden: ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents diſpoſe you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.
How ſhe holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldneſſe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and ears a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſſe me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this preſent,
Now, while I ſpeake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinkes ſhe ha's been ſluyc'd in's abſence,
And his Pond fiſh'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and thoſe Gates open'd
(As mine) againſt their will. Should all deſpaire
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themſelues. Phyſick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thouſand on's
Haue the Diſeaſe, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you ſay.

Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honeſt man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your Petitions, made
His Buſineſſe more materiall.

Leo. Didſt perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good ſhould be pertinent,
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderſtanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by ſome Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Meſſes
Perchance are to this Buſineſſe purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſſe, my Lord? I thinke moſt vnderſtand
Bohemia ſtayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſſe, and the Entreaties
Of our moſt gracious Miſtreſſe.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of you Miſtreſſe? Satisfie?
Let that ſuffice. I haue truſted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neereſt things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Prieſt-like) thou
Haſt cleans'd my Boſome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which ſeemes ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honeſt: or
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honeſtie behind, reſtrayning
From Courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent: or elſe a Foole,
That ſeeſt a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'ſt it all for ieaſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearefull,
In euery on of theſe, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if induſtriouſly
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe (my Lord)
Are ſuch allow'd Infirmities, that honeſtie
Is neuer free of. But beſeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Treſpas
By it's owne viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you ſeene *Camillo*?
(But that's paſt doubt: you haue, or your eye-glaſſe
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Viſion ſo apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is ſlipperie? If thou wilt confeſſe,
Or elſe be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe, deſerues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and iuſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Miſtreſſe clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'ſhrew my heart,
You neuer ſpoke what did become you leſſe
Then this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deepe as that, though true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noſes?
Kiſſing with in-ſide Lip? ſtopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a ſigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſtie) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnſeene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I ſay thou lyeſt *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſſe Lowt, a mindleſſe Slaue,
Or elſe a houering Temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not liue
The running of one Glaſſe.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which ſhould vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainely, as Heauen ſees Earth, and Earth ſees Heauen,
How I am gall'd, might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a laſting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly, like Poyſon: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſſe
(So ſoueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee;†
Leo Make that thy queſtion, and goe rot:
Do'ſt thinke I am ſo muddy, ſo vnſetled,
To appoint my ſelfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whiteneſſe of my Sheetes
(Which to preſerue, is Sleepe; which being ſpotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waſpes)
Giue ſcandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt beleeue you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highneſſe
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at firſt,
Euen for your Sonnes ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou do'ſt aduiſe me,
Euen ſo as I mine owne courſe haue ſet downe:
Ile giue no blemiſh to her Honor, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendſhip weares at Feaſts, keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholeſome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplitt'ſt thine owne.
Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.
Leo. I wil ſeeme friendly, as thou haſt aduis'd me. *Exit*
Cam. O miſerable Lady. But for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter; one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelfe, will haue
All that are his, ſo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thouſand's that had ſtruck anoynted Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, Il'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſſe, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it ſelfe forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is ſtrange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not ſpeake?
Good day *Camillo*.
Cam. Hayle moſt Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th'Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himſelfe: euen now I met him
With cuſtomarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th'contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, ſpeedes from me, and
So leaues me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelfe, what you doe know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhewes me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My ſelfe thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a ſickneſſe
Which puts ſome of vs in diſtemper, but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.

I haue

Sobby-horse W. C. & Pope

Sir / Mal. Cone Her / W. C.

nothin / 32

† I haue cowed thee] "There are many notes on these words, leaving it doubtful whether they ought to be the words of Camillo or Leontes. Reade Editors gives them as above." Steevens

I haue look'd on thouſands, who haue ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo,*
As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no leſſe adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whoſe ſucceſſe we are gentle: I beſeech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealement.
Cam. I may not anſwere.
Pol. A Sickneſſe caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Do'ſt thou heare *Camillo,*
I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the leaſt
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'ſt gheſſe of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented, if to be:
If not, how beſt to beare it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counſaile,
Which muſt be eu'n as ſwiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your ſelfe, and me,
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.
Pol. On, good *Camillo.*
Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.
Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he ſweares,
As he had ſeen't, or beene an Inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh then, my beſt blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Beſt:
Turne then my freſheſt Reputation to
A ſauour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt Noſthrill
Where I arriue, and my approch be ſhun'd,
Nay hated too, worſe then the great'ſt Infection
That ere was heard, or read.
Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counſaile) ſhake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whoſe foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his Body.
Pol. How ſhould this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am ſure 'tis ſafer to
Auoid what's growne, then queſtion how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſtie,
That lyes encloſed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whiſper to the Buſineſſe,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeuerall Poſternes,
Cleare them o'th'Citie: For my ſelfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your ſeruice (which are here
By this diſcouerie loſt.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you ſeeke to proue,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution ſworne.
Pol. I doe beleeue thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Iealouſie
Is for a precious Creature: as ſhee's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his Perſon's mightie,
Muſt it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is diſhonor'd by a man, which euer
Profeſs'd to him: why his Reuenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-ſhades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne ſuſpition. Come *Camillo,*
I will reſpect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.
Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Poſternes: Pleaſe your Highneſſe
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, Ile none of you.
Lady. Why (my ſweet Lord?)
Mam. You'le kiſſe me hard, and ſpeake to me, as if
I were a Baby ſtill. I loue you better.
2. *Lady.* And why ſo (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they ſay
Become ſome Women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)
2. *Lady.* Who taught this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue ſeene a Ladies Noſe
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.
Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſeruices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.
2. *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wiſdome ſtirs amongſt you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you ſit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhal't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.
Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, ſit downe, come-on, and doe your beſt,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.
Mam. There

Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come ſit downe: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly,
Yond Crickets ſhall not heare it.
Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.
Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men ſcowre ſo on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my iuſt Cenſure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt? There may be in the Cup
A Spider ſteep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one preſent
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and ſeene the ſpider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot againſt my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's diſcouer'd my Deſigne, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Poſternes
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſſe preuail'd, then ſo,
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him:
Though he do's beare ſome ſignes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelfe
With that ſhee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But I'd ſay he had not;
And Ile be ſworne you would beleeue my ſaying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The iuſtice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty ſhee's not honeſt: Honorable;
Prayſe her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deſerues high ſpeech) and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (theſe Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth vſe; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will ſeare
Vertue it ſelfe) theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue ſaid ſhee's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can ſay ſhee's honeſt: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's moſt cauſe to grieue it ſhould be)
Shee's an Adultreſſe.
Her. Should a Villaine ſay ſo,
(The moſt repleniſh'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but miſtake.
Leo. You haue miſtooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Leaſt Barbariſme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language vſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue ſaid
Shee's an Adultreſſe, I haue ſaid with whom:
More; ſhee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelfe,
But with her moſt vild Principall: that ſhee's
A Bed-ſwaruer, euen as bad as thoſe
That Vulgars giue bold'ſt Titles; I, and priuy
To this their late eſcape.
Her. No (by my life)
Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publiſh'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly, then, to ſay
You did miſtake.
Leo. No: if I miſtake
In thoſe Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he ſpeakes.
Her. There's ſome ill Planet raignes:
I muſt be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aſpect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance ſhall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worſe then Teares drowne: 'beſeech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts ſo qualified, as your Charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The Kings will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you ſee
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cauſe: When you ſhall know your Miſtris
Ha's deſeru'd Priſon, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry, now
I truſt I ſhall: my Women come, you haue leaue.
Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.
Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe call the Queene againe.
Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) leaſt your Iuſtice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queene is ſpotleſſe
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuſe her.)
Antig. If it proue
Shee's otherwiſe, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and ſee her, no farther truſt her:
For euery inch of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Antig. It is for you we ſpeake, not for our ſelues:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damne him: be the honor-flaw'd,
I haue three daughters: the eldeſt is eleuen;
The ſecond, and the third, nine: and ſome fiue:
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my ſelfe, then they
Should not produce faire iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this buſineſſe with a ſence as cold
As is a dead-mans noſe: but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and ſee withall
The Inſtruments that feele.
Antig. If it be ſo,
We neede no graue to burie honeſtly,
There's not a graine of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.
Leo. What? lacke I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your ſuſpition
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull inſtigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counſailes, but our naturall goodneſſe
Imparts this: which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relliſh a truth, like vs: informe your ſelues,
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,
The loſſe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.
Antig. And I wiſh (my Liege)
You had onely in your ſilent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as groſſe, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd ſight onely, nought for approbation
But onely ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made vp to'th deed) doth puſh-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pitteous to be wilde) I haue diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd-ſufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpirituall counſaile had
Shall ſtop, or ſpurre me. Haue I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Though I am ſatisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet ſhall the Oracle
Giue reſt to th' mindes of others; ſuch as he
Whoſe ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confinde,
Leaſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to ſpeake in publique: for this buſineſſe
Will raiſe vs all.
Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.
Paul. The Keeper of the priſon, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.
Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expreſſe commandment.
Pau. Here's a-do, to locke vp honeſty & honour from
Th'acceſſe of gentle viſitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To ſee her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*
Gao. So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your ſelues.
Gao. And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your Conference.
Pau. Well: be't ſo: prethee.
Heere's ſuch a-doe, to make no ſtaine, a ſtaine,
As paſſes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliuer'd.
Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore priſoner,
I am innocent as you,
Pau. I dare be ſworne:
Theſe dangerous, vnſafe Lunes i'th'King, beſhrew them:
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queene,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'le ſhew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th'lowd'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th'Childe:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſwades, when ſpeaking failes.
Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodneſſe is ſo euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot miſſe
A thriuing yſſue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; pleaſe your Ladiſhip
To viſit the next roome, Ile preſenrly
Acquaint the Queene of your moſt noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this deſigne,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour
Leaſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Pau

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile vſe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſome, le't not be doubted
I ſhall do good,
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queene: pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queene to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Hauing no warrant.
Pau. You neede not feare it (ſir)
This Childe was priſoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſſe of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleeue it.
Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſſe
To beare the matter thus: meere weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o'th cauſe,
She, th'Adultreſſe: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe: but ſhee,
I can hooke to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me againe. Whoſe there?
Ser. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good reſt to night: 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceyuing the diſhonour of his Mother.
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leaue me ſolely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himſelfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill a time may ſerue. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me:
Feare you his tyrannous paſsion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent ſoule,
More free, then he is iealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Pau. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleepe. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creepe like ſhadowes by him, and do ſighe
At each his needleſſe heauings: ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That preſſes him from ſleepe.
Leo. Who noyſe there, hoe?
Pau. No noyſe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About ſome Goſsips for your Highneſſe.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures perill, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſtie he can: in this
(Vnleſſe he take the courſe that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When ſhe will take the raine, I let her run,
But ſhee'l not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beſeech you heare me, who profeſſes
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſailor: yet that dares
Leſſe appeare ſo, in comforting your Euilles,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeeme yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I ſay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firſt, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your bleſsing.
Leo. Out:
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt:
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Giue her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroſted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Baſtard,
Take't vp, I ſay: giue't to thy Croane.
Paul. For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt vp the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he ha's put vpon't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Pau. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himſelfe: for he,

The

WINTERS TALE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor jun.r from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

PAULINA bringing the Child to LEONTES

Paulina. I pray you do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe my lord, 'tis yours.

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The ſacred Honor of himſelfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a Curſe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was ſound.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſſe tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes*,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Noſe, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeſſe *Nature*, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leaſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groſſe Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your ſelfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A moſt vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moſt cruell vſage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) ſomething ſauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not puſh me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Ioue* ſend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haſt ſet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o're it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp ſtraight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimonie) or Ile ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-braynes with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
Theſe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleaſe,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly ſeru'd you, and beſeech'
So to eſteeme of vs; and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare ſeruices
Paſt, and to come) that you doe change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foule Iſſue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I liue on, to ſee this Baſtard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curſe it then. But be it: let it liue.
It ſhall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue beene ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To ſaue this Baſtards life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To ſaue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Nobleneſſe impoſe: at leaſt thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To ſaue the Innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: ſeeſt thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, ſhall not onely be
Death to thy ſelfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou beare it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by ſtrange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iuſtice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I ſweare to doe this: though a preſent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit inſtruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolues and Beares, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſauageneſſe aſide) haue done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be proſperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Bleſſing
Againſt this Crueltie, fight on thy ſide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loſſe.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Iſſue. *Enter a Seruant.*

Seru. Pleaſe 'your Highneſſe, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre ſince: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th'Court.

Lord. So pleaſe you (Sir) their ſpeed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene abſent: 'tis good ſpeed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will haue

The

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Seſſion, that we may arraigne
Our moſt diſloyall Lady: for as ſhe hath
Been publikely accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe haue
A iuſt and open Triall. While ſhe liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre moſt ſweet,
Fertile the Iſle, the Temple much ſurpaſſing
The common prayſe it beares.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the Celeſtiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I ſo ſhould terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, ſolemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th'Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,
Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th'euent o'th'Iourney
Proue as ſucceſſefull to the Queene (O be't ſo)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedie,
The time is worth the vſe on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th'beſt: theſe Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Buſineſſe, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine ſeal'd vp)
Shall the Contents diſcouer: ſomething rare
Euen then will ruſh to knowledge. Goe: freſh Horſes,
And gracious be the iſſue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Seſſions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in Iuſtice, which ſhall haue due courſe,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Priſoner.
Officer. It is his Highneſſe pleaſure, that the Queene
Appeare in perſon, here in Court. *Silence.*
Leo. Reade the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queene to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accuſed and arraigned of High Treaſon, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia, and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soueraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly layd open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect didſt counſaile and ayde them, for their better ſafetie, to flye away by Night.*
Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my Accuſation, and
The teſtimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my ſelfe, it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guiltie: mine Integritie
Being counted Falſehood, ſhall (as I expreſſe it)
Be ſo receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſation bluſh, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) beſt know
(Whom leaſt will ſeeme to doe ſo) my paſt life
Hath beene as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Hiſtorie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who pleaſe to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would ſpare:) For Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I ſtand for. I appeale
To your owne Conſcience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo: Since he came,
With what encounter ſo vncurrant, I
Haue ſtrayn'd t'appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'ſt of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Graue.
Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſſe Impudence to gaine-ſay what they did,
Then to performe it firſt.
Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a ſaying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not owne it.
Her. More then Miſtreſſe of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confeſſe
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
With ſuch a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen ſuch,
So, and no other, as your ſelfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Diſobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whoſe Loue had ſpoke,
Euen ſince it could ſpeake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracie,
I know not how it taſtes, though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's abſence.

Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You ſpeake a Language that I vnderſtand not:
My Life ſtands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which I'le lay downe.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: for as
Thy Brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) ſo thou
Shalt feele our Iuſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Looke for no leſſe then death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I ſeeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue loſt, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Ioy,
And firſt Fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd moſt vnluckily) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milke in it moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My ſelfe on euery Poſt
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodeſt hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all faſhion. Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th'open ayre, before
I haue got ſtrength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what bleſſings I haue here aliue,
That I ſhould feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: miſtake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a ſtraw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I ſhall be condemn'd
Vpon ſurmizes (all prooſes ſleeping elſe,
But what your Iealouſies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge. *Enter Dion and Cleomines.* 32
Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether iuſt: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.
Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but ſee
The flatneſſe of my miſerie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.
Officer. You here ſhal ſweare vpon this Sword of Iuſtice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This ſeal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollo's* Prieſt; and that ſince then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Cleo Dio. All this we ſweare.
Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.
Officer. Hermione *is chaſt*, Polixenes *blameleſſe*, Camillo *a true Subiect*, Leontes *a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall liue without an Heire, if that which is loſt, be not found.*
Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo.*
Her. Prayſed.
Leo. Haſt thou read truth?
Offic. I (my Lord) euen ſo as it is here ſet downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:
The Seſſions ſhall proceed: this is meere falſehood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the buſineſſe?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes ſpeed, is gone.
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themſelues
Doe ſtrike at my iniuſtice. How now there?
Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And ſee what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: ſhe will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd my owne ſuſpition:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneneſſe 'gainſt thine Oracle.
I'le reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo* 2/32
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being tranſported by my Iealouſies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poyſon
My friend *Polixenes:* which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueſt
Vnclaſp'd my practiſe, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard certain/32 M.C Stevens*
Of all Incertainties, himſelfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he gliſters
Through my Ruſt? and how his Pietie Dark/
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leaſt my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torment (Tyrant) haſt for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Muſt I receiue? whoſe euery word deſerues every/32
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealouſies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: ſtarke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it. for/32
That thou betrayed'ſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but ſhew thee, of a Foole, inconſtant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt haue poyſon'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter, the
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a groſſe and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy anſwere: but the laſt: O Lords,
When I haue ſaid, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
The

its

* Malone condemns, Stevens approves of the word certain as an amendment of the old copy which Malone says wants the word certain — If it be wanting it escaped me when collating this and the first folio. Sherwin

The ſweet'ſt, deer'ſt creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.
Lord. The higher powres forbid.
Paul. I ſay ſhe's dead: Ile ſwear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile ſerue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can ſtirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but diſpaire. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand yeares together, naked, faſting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and ſtill Winter
In ſtorme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeake too much, I haue deſeru'd
All tongues to talke their bittreſt.
Lord. Say no more;
How ere the buſineſſe goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldneſſe of your ſpeech.
Paul. I am ſorry for't;
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſſe of a woman: he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt helpe
Should be paſt greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beſeech you, rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that haue minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a fooliſh woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile ſpeake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is loſt too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile ſay nothing.
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeake but well,
When moſt the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue ſhall be for both: Vpon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appeare (vnto
Our ſhame perpetuall) once a day, Ile viſit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exerciſe, ſo long
I dayly vow to vſe it. Come, and leade me
To theſe ſorrowes. *Exeunt*

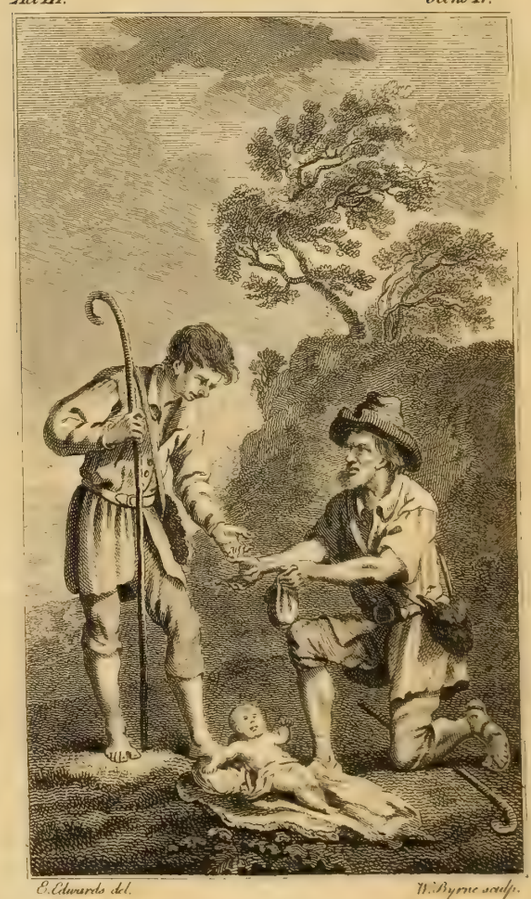
Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-heard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath toucht vpon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia*.
Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.
Ant. Their ſacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.
Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Beſides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.
Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow inſtantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo ridde o'th buſineſſe. *Exit*
Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I neuer ſaw a veſſell of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very ſanctity ſhe did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the furie ſpent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (againſt thy better diſpoſition)
Hath made thy perſon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loſt for euer, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this vngentle buſineſſe
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and ſo, with ſhrieks
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelfe, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do beleeue
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*) it ſhould heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Bloſſome, ſpeed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charracter: there theſe,
Which may if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee (pretty)
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorme beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loſſe, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullabie too rough: I neuer ſaw
The heauens ſo dim, by day. A ſauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer. *Exit purſued by a Beare.*
Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt:
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-
ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, ſtealing,
fighting, hearke you now: would any but theſe boylde-
braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-
ther? They haue ſcarr'd away two of my beſt Sheepe,
which I feare the Wolfe will ſooner finde then the Mai-
ſter; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brou-
zing of Ivy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
one) ſure ſome Scape; Though I am not bookiſh, yet I
can

WINTERS TALE.

Act III. *Scene IV.*



E. Edwards del. *W. Byrne sculp.*

this is fairy Gold Boy.

Publishd according to Act of Parliament March 1.1773. by John Bell N.° 132 Strand.

Painted by W Hamilton R.A. *Engraved by James Heath Historical Engraver to His Majesty and H.R.H the Prince of Wales.*

WINTER'S TALE.

Shep. *This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so.*

Published April 1804 by J Heath, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, and G & J Robinson Paternoster Row.

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has beene ſome ſtaire-worke, ſome Trunke-worke, ſome behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my ſonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo neere? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I haue ſeene two ſuch ſights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the ſhore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moſt pitteous cry of the poore ſoules, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'ld thruſt a Corke into a hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſeruice, to ſee how the Beare tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but firſt, how the poore ſoules roared, and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ſhip ſide, to haue help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now bleſſe thy ſelfe: thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a ſight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue ſo: vp with't, keepe it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecie. Let my ſheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go ſee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayeſt diſcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'ſight of him.

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you ſhall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that pleaſe ſome, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes and vnfolds error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
Ore ſixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one ſelfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Cuſtome. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witneſſe to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th'freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaſſe, and giue my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept betweene: *Leontes* leauing
Th'effects of his fond iealouſies, ſo greeuing
That he ſhuts vp himſelfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a ſonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her inſues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himſelfe doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you neuer may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſſe denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres ſince I ſaw my Country: though I haue (for the moſt part) bin ayred abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might be ſome allay, or I oreweene to thinke ſo) which is another ſpurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſeruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodneſſe hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Buſineſſes, (which none (without thee) can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with thee the very ſeruices thou haſt done: which if I haue not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, ſhall bee my ſtudie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendſhippes. Of that fatall Country Sicillia, prethee ſpeake no more, whoſe very naming, punniſhes me with the remembrance

of that penitent (as thou calſt him) and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſſe of his moſt precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-freſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizell* my ſon? Kings are no leſſe vnhappy, their iſſue, not being gracious, then they are in looſing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (miſsingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is leſſe frequent to his Princely exerciſes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue conſidered ſo much (*Camillo*) and with ſome care, ſo farre, that I haue eyes vnder my ſeruice, which looke vpon his remouednesſe: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is ſeldome from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepheard: a man (they ſay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I haue heard (ſir) of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our ſonne thither. Thou ſhalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue ſome queſtion with the ſhepheard; from whoſe ſimplicity, I thinke it not vneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſonnes reſort thether. 'Prethe be my preſent partner in this buſines, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt diſguiſe our ſelues. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in ℄ *winters pale.*

The white ſheete bleachiug on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a diſh for a King.

The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thruſh and the Iay:
Are Summer ſongs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I haue ſeru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſeruice.

But ſhall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone ſhines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do moſt go right.
If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch-it.

My Trafficke is ſheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to leſſer Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewiſe a ſnapper-vp of vnconſidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Capariſon, and my Reuennew is the ſilly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I ſleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me ſee, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde ſhilling: fifteene hundred ſhorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-ſhearing-Feaſt? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this ſiſter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Miſtris of the Feaſt, and ſhe layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Noſe-gayes for the ſhearers (three-man ſong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moſt of them Meanes and Baſes; but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings Pſalmes to horne-pipes. I muſt haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, ſeuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyſons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off theſe ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore ſoule, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue theſe off.

Aut. Oh ſir, the loathſomneſſe of them offend mee, more then the ſtripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd ſir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and theſe dereſtable things put vpon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (ſweet ſir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horſe-mans Coate, it hath ſeene very hot ſeruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good ſir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore ſoule.

Aut. Oh good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I feare (ſir) my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, deere ſir: good ſir, ſoftly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doeſt lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir: no, I beſeech you ſir: I haue a Kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I ſhall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (ſir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a ſeruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good ſir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainely Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.

Act 4th THE WINTER'S TALE Scene 3d

Rhamberg fec.t

Mr EDWIN as AUTOLICUS

—Prosper you sweet Sir! — — — your
Purse is not hot enough to purchase
your Spice.

Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand London Jan.y 8. 1785

WINTERS TALE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA

London. Published Decr 1st 1786 by I Taylor N.o 56 Holborn, opposite Turnstile.

Clo. His vices you would ſay: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſſe-ſeruer (a Bayliffe) then bee compaſt a Motion of the Prodigall ſonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauiſh profeſſions) he ſetled onely in Rogue: ſome call him *Autolicus.*

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true ſir: he ſir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and ſpit at him, hee'ld haue runne.

Aut. I muſt confeſſe to you (ſir) I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better then I was: I can ſtand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd ſir, no ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then fartheewell, I muſt go buy Spices for our ſheepe-ſhearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you ſweet ſir. Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice: Ile be with you at your ſheepe-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſheerers proue ſheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tyres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopſa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.

Flo. Theſe your vnuſuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdeſſe, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your ſheepe-ſhearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high ſelfe
The gracious marke o'th'Land, you haue obſcur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Moſt Goddeſſe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feaſts
In euery Meſſe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt with a Cuſtome, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attyr'd: ſworne I thinke,
To ſhew my ſelfe a glaſſe.

Flo. I bleſſe the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croſſe
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Ioue affoord your cauſe:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneſſe Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by ſome accident
Should paſſe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to ſee his worke, ſo noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I (in theſe my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The ſternneſſe of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themſelues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The ſhapes of Beaſts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I ſeeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Luſts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it muſt be) by th'powre of the King:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſsities,
Which then will ſpeake, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'ſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th'Feaſt: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue ſworne ſhall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach,
Addreſſe your ſelfe to entertaine them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: ſeru'd all,
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turne: now heere
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing ſhe tooke to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feaſted one: and not
The Hoſteſſe of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent your ſelfe
That which you are, Miſtris o'th'Feaſt. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your ſheepe-ſhearing,
As your good flocke ſhall proſper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I ſhould take on mee
The Hoſteſſeſhip o'th'day: you're welcome ſir.
Giue me thoſe Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keepe
Seeming, and ſauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdeſſe,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayreſt flowres o'th ſeaſon
Are our Carnations, and ſtreak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which ſome call Natures baſtards) of that kind
Our ruſticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For I haue heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſſe ſhares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: ſo ouer that Art,
(Which you ſay addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you ſee (ſweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeſt Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baſer kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it ſelfe, is Nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them baſtards.
Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay 'twer well: and onely therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun,
And with him riſes, weeping: Theſe are flowres
Of middle ſummer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I ſhould leaue graſing, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing.
Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be ſo leane, that blaſts of Ianuary (Friend,
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairſt
I would I had ſome Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'ſt fall
From *Dyſſes* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But ſweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roſes,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength (a Maladie
Moſt incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, theſe I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o're, and ore.
Flo. What? like a Coarſe?
Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarſe: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I haue ſeene them do
In Whitſon-Paſtorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my diſpoſition:
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeake (Sweet)
I'ld haue you do it euer: When you ſing,
I'ld haue you buy, and ſell ſo: ſo giue Almes,
Pray ſo: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue ſtill, ſtill ſo:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So ſingular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the preſent deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.
Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnſtain'd Shepherd
With wiſedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) ſo Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.
Perd. Ile ſweare for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettieſt Low-borne Laſſe, that euer
Ran on the greene-ſord: Nothing ſhe do's, or ſeemes
But ſmackes of ſomething greater then her ſelfe,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tels her ſomething
That makes her blood looke on't: Good footh ſhe is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.
Clo. Come on: ſtrike up.
Dorcas. Mopſa muſt be your Miſtris: marry Garlick
to mend her kiſſing with.
Mop. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we ſtand vpon our manners,
Come, ſtrike vp.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shepheardeſſes.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boaſts himſelfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it:
He lookes like footh: he ſayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke ſo too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l ſtand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kiſſe to chooſe
Who loues another beſt.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So ſhe do's any thing, though I report it
That ſhould be ſilent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Seruant.*
Ser. O Maſter: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee ſinges
ſeuerall Tunes, faſter then you'l tell money: hee vtters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.
Clo. He could neuer come better: hee ſhall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily ſet downe: or a very pleaſant thing indeede, and
ſung lamentably.

Ser.

WINTER'S TALE.

Per. _____ *Reverend sirs*
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long.
Act IV. Sc. 3.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes: No Milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with Gloues: he has the prettieſt Loue-ſongs for Maids, ſo without bawdrie (which is ſtrange,) with ſuch delicate burthens of Dil-do's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd Raſcall, would (as it were) meane miſcheefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to anſwere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*: put's him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, doe mee no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleeue mee, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groſſe: Inckles, Caddyſſes, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he ſings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddeſſes: you would thinke a Smocke were a ſhee-Angell, he ſo chauntes to the ſleeue-hand, and the worke about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You haue of theſe Pedlers, that haue more in them, then youl'd thinke (Sifter.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypreſſe blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as ſweete as Damaske Roſes,
Maskes for faces, and for noſes:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-ſtickes of ſteele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in loue with *Mopſa*, thou ſhouldſt take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to giue him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you ptomis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of ſweet Gloues.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooues men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here

Aut. I hope ſo ſir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vſurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bleſſe me from marrying a Vſurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Miſt. *Tale-Porter*, and fiue or ſix honeſt Wiues, that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's firſt ſee moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other rhings anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fiſh, that appeared vpon the coaſt, on wenſday the foureſcore of April, fortie thouſand fadom aboue water, & ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought ſhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe wold not exchange fleſh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Fiue Iuſtices hands at it, and witneſſes more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's ſcarſe a Maide weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou ſhalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you.

Song *Get you hence, for I muſt goe*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor: *Me too: Let me go thether:*
Mop *Or thou goeſt to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor: *If to either thou doſt ill,*
Aut: *Neither.*
Dor: *What neither?*
Aut: *Neither:*
Dor: *Thou haſt ſworne my Loue to be,*
Mop *Thou haſt ſworne it more to mee.*
Then whether goeſt? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this ſong out anon by our ſelues: My Father, and the Gent. are in ſad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the firſt choice; folow me girles. *Aut:* And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a. *Exit*

Seruant. Mayſter, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that haue made

themſelues all men of haire, they cal themſelues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches ſay is a galley-maufrey of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie thoſe that refreſh vs: pray let's ſee theſe foure-threes of Heardſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worſt of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'ſquire.

Shep. Leaue your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleaſ'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them, He's ſimple, and tels much. How now (faire ſhepheard) Your heart is full of ſomething, that do's take Your minde from feaſting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed loue, as you do; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ranſackt The Pedlers ſilken Treaſury, and haue powr'd it To her acceptance: you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Laſſe Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were ſtraited For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are: The gifts ſhe lookes from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it ſhould ſeeme) Hath ſometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As ſoft as Doues-downe, and as white as it, Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd ſnow, that's bolted By th'Northerne blaſts, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this? How prettily th'yong Swaine ſeemes to waſh The hand, was faire before? I haue put youout, But to your proteſtation: Let me heare What you profeſſe.

Flo. Do, and be witneſſe too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all; That were I crown'd the moſt Imperiall Monarch Thereof moſt worthy: were I the fayreſt youth That euer made eye ſwerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer mans, I would not prize them Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her ſeruice, Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This ſhewes a ſound affection.

Shep. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot ſpeake So well, (nothing ſo well) no, nor meane better By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine; And friends vnknowne, you ſhall beare witneſſe to't: I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that muſt bee I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I ſhall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs fore theſe Witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beſeech you, Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor ſhall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father, Is at the Nuptiall of his ſonne, a gueſt That beſt becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapeable Of reaſonable affayres? Is he not ſtupid With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he ſpeake? heare? Know man, from man? Diſpute his owne eſtate? Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childiſh?

Flo. No good Sir: He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeede Then moſt haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, You offer him (if this be ſo) a wrong Something vnfilliall: Reaſon my ſonne Should chooſe himſelfe a wife, but as good reaſon The Father (all whoſe ioy is nothing elſe But faire poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſaile In ſuch a buſineſſe.

Flo. I yeeld all this; But for ſome other reaſons (my graue Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this buſineſſe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo No, he muſt not.

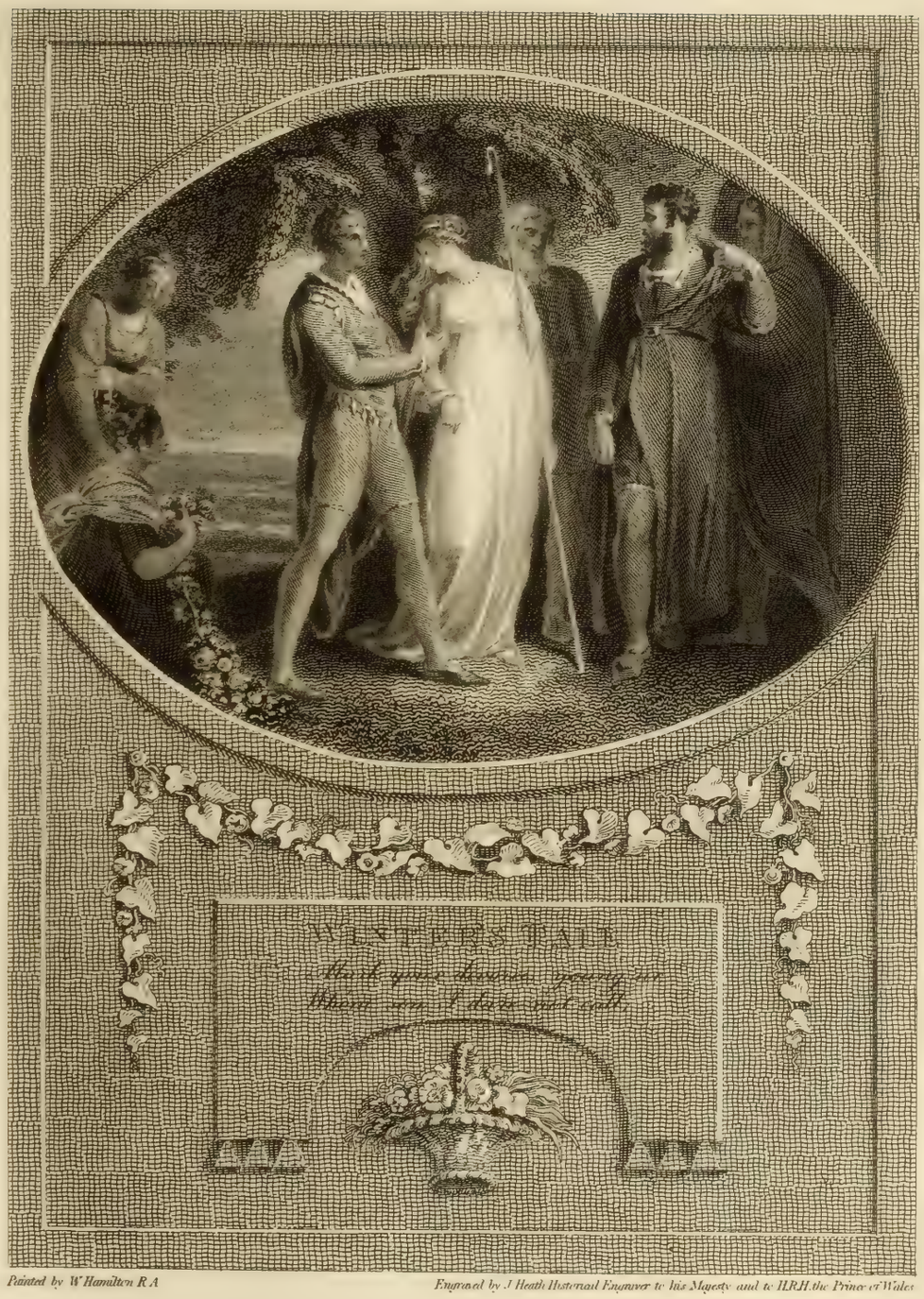
Shep. Let him (my ſonne) he ſhall not need to greeue At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not: Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong ſir) Whom ſonne I dare not call: Thou art too baſe To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a ſheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor, I am ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can but ſhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, freſh peece Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muſt know The royall Foole thou coap'ſt with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty ſcratcht with briers & made More homely then thy ſtate. For thee (fond boy) If I may euer know thou doſt but ſigh, That thou no more ſhalt neuer ſee this knacke (as neuer I meane thou ſhalt) wee'l barre thee from ſucceſſion, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words) Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,



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Worthy enough a Heardſman: yea him too,
That makes himſelfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
Theſe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuiſe a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Perd. Euen heere vndone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeake, and tell him plainely,
The ſelfe-ſame Sun, that ſhines vpon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt pleaſe you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beſeech you
Of your owne ſtate take care: this dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyeſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of foureſcore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhouels-in duſt. Oh curſed wretch,
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt aduenture
To mingle faith him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I deſire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why looke you ſo vpon me?
I am but ſorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leaſh vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech: (which I do gheſſe
You do not purpoſe to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highneſſe ſettle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it:
I thinke *Camillo.*

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid my dignity would laſt
But till 'twer knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th earth together,
And marre the ſeeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reaſon:
If not, my ſences better pleas'd with madneſſe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate (ſir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs muſt thinke it honeſty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombes, or the profound ſeas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſſe me, as (in faith I meane not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſailes
Vpon his paſsion: Let my ſelfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on ſhore:
And moſt opportune to her neede, I haue
A Veſſell rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſigne. What courſe I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for aduice,
Or ſtronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Reſolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ſerue my turne,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchaſe the ſight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſſe, that
I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore ſeruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deſeru'd: It is my Fathers Muſicke
To ſpeake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neereſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled proiect
May ſuffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you ſhall haue ſuch receiuing
As ſhall become your Highneſſe, where you may
Enioy your Miſtris; from the whom, I ſee
There's no diſiunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my beſt endeuours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtriue to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more then man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, ſo we profeſſe
Our ſelues to be the ſlaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpoſe
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there preſent your ſelfe, and your fayre Princeſſe,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;

Shee

She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I ſee
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiueneſſe,
As 'twere i'th'Fathers perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſſe; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindneſſe, and his Kindneſſe: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Viſitation, ſhall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) ſhall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which ſhall point you forth at euery ſitting
What you muſt ſay: that he ſhall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Boſome there,
And ſpeake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſappe in this.

Cam. A Courſe more promiſing,
Then a wild dedication of your ſelues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; moſt certaine,
To Miſeries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: beſides you know,
Proſperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whoſe freſh complexion, and whoſe heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of theſe is true:
I thinke Affliction may ſubdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your Fathers Houſe, theſe ſeuen yeeres
Be borne another ſuch.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th'reare 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pitty
She lacks Inſtructions, for ſhe ſeemes a Miſtreſſe
To moſt that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile bluſh you Thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we ſtand vpon: (*Camillo*)
Preſeruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our Houſe: how ſhall we doe?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor ſhall appeare in *Sicilia*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For inſtance Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honeſtie is? and Truſt (his ſworne brother) a very ſimple Gentleman. I haue ſold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glaſſe, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I ſaw whoſe Purſe was beſt in Picture; and what I ſaw, to my good vſe, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not ſtirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which ſo drew the reſt of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences ſtucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was ſenceleſſe; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purſe: I would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut moſt of their Feſtiuall Purſes: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub againſt his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and ſcar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purſe aliue in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So ſoone as you arriue, ſhall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you ſpeake, ſhewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?
Wee'le make an Inſtrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill: here's nobody will ſteale that from thee: yet for the out-ſide of thy pouertie, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſ-caſe thee inſtantly (thou muſt thinke there's a neceſſitie in't)and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his ſide) be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee diſpatch: The Gentleman is halfe fled already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)

Flo. Diſpatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſſe (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you muſt retire your ſelfe
Into ſome Couert; take your ſweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Diſ-mantle you, and (as you can) diſſliken
The truth of your owne ſeeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndeſcry'd.

Perd. I ſee the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot?

'Prav

'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, ſhall be to tell the King
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo preuaile,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall re-view *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight,
I haue a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed vs:
Thus we ſet on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I vnderſtand the buſineſſe, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good Noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out worke for th'other Sences. I ſee this is the time that the vniuſt man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himſelfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (ſtealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honeſtie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aſide, aſide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Seſſion, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, ſee: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood ha's not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her (thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whiſtle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheſt off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him ſcratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at 'Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Ruſtiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worſhip.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, diſcouer?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradeſ-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with ſtamped Coyne, not ſtabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your ſelfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the ayre of the Court, in theſe enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the meaſure of the Court? Receiues not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baſeneſſe, Court-Contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, at toaze from thee thy Buſineſſe, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther puſh-on, or pluck-back, thy Buſineſſe there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Buſineſſe, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate ha'ſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: ſay you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we, that are not ſimple men?
Yet Nature might haue made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeemes to be the more Noble, in being fantaſticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none muſt know but the King, and which hee ſhall know within this houre, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himſelfe: for if thou bee'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid (Sir:) about his Sonne, that ſhould haue marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faſt, let him flye; the Curſes he ſhall haue, the Tortures he ſhall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monſter.

Clo. Thinke you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) ſhall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is neceſſarie. An old Sheepe-whiſtling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some ſay hee ſhall be ſton'd: but that death is too ſoft for him (ſay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who ſhall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, ſet on the head of a Waſpes Neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or ſome other hot Infuſion: then, raw as he is (and in the hoteſt day Prognoſtication proclaymes) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capitall?

Tell'

* "S^r W. Hamner and Stevens, in their Ed^ns haue altered this to "If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withall I would doo't" this was unnecessary" S—

x "In my M.S. notes ~~I haue~~ p. 97, I haue demonstrated the propriety of the original *at* which is often used by Shakespeare in the sense of *to*"
Sherwin

a/32 / M.C. and / Malone +

Lang/32

Tell me (for you ſeeme to be honeſt plaine men) what you haue to the King: being ſomething gently conſider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man ſhall doe it.

Clow. He ſeemes to be of great authoritie: cloſe with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a ſtubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Noſe with Gold: ſhew the in-ſide of your Purſe to the out-ſide of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ſton'd, and flay'd aliue.

Shep. And't pleaſe you (Sir) to vndertake the Buſineſſe for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I haue done what I promiſed?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Buſineſſe?

Clow. In ſome ſort, Sir: but though my caſe be a pittifull one, I hope I ſhall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Siſter: wee are gone elſe. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Buſineſſe is performed, and remaine (as he ſayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walke before toward the Sea-ſide, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clow. We are bleſs'd, in this man: as I may ſay, euen bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer mee: ſhee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Maſter good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring theſe two Moales, theſe blind-ones, aboord him: if he thinke it fit to ſhoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being ſo farre officious, for I am proofe againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence, then done treſpas: At the laſt
Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,
With them, forgiue your ſelfe.

Leo. Whileſt I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill thinke of
The wrong I did my ſelfe: which was ſo much,
That Heire-leſſe it hath made my Kingdome, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke ſomething good,
To make a perfect Woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be vnparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſſe better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe
Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his moſt Soueraigne Name: Conſider little,
What Dangers, by his Highneſſe faile of Iſſue,
May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſſe the Bed of Maieſtie againe
With a ſweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Reſpecting her that's gone:) beſides the Gods
Will haue fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* ſaid?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not haue an Heire,
Till his loſt Child be found? Which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our humane reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did periſh with the Infant. 'Tis your councell,
My Lord ſhould to the Heauens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for Iſſue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthieſt: ſo his Succeſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O, that euer I
Had ſquar'd me to thy councell: then, euen now,
I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,
Haue taken Treaſure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worſe,
And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe poſſeſſe her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had iuſt ſuch cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murther her I marryed.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the Ghoſt that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then Il'd ſhrieke, that euen your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes elſe, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina*.
Paul. Will you ſweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?
Leo. Neuer (*Paulina*) ſo be bleſs'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witneſſe to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much.
Paul. Vnleſſe another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuſe you a Queene: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former: but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As (walk'd your firſt Queenes Ghoſt) it ſhould take ioy
To ſee her in your armes.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidſt vs.
Paul. That
Shall be when your firſt Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himſelfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princeſſe (ſhe
The faireſt I haue yet beheld) deſires acceſſe
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatneſſe: his approach
(So out of circumſtance, and ſuddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?
Ser. But few,
And thoſe but meane.
Leo. His Princeſſe (ſay you) with him?
Ser. I: the moſt peereleſſe peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As euery preſent Time doth boaſt it ſelfe
Aboue a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Graue
Giue way to what's ſeene now. Sir, you your ſelfe
Haue ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: ſhe had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verſe
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you haue ſeene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almoſt forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when ſhe ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would ſhe begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Profeſſors elſe; make Proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will loue her, that ſhe is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all Women.
Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your ſelfe (aſſiſted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange,
He thus ſhould ſteale vpon vs. *Exit.*
Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) ſeene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.
Leo. 'Prethee no more; ceaſe: thou know'ſt
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: ſure
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Vnfurniſh me of Reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was moſt true to Wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is ſo hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeake of ſomething wildly
By vs perform'd before. Moſt dearely welcome,
And your faire Princeſſe (Goddeſſe) oh: alas,
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loſt
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miſerie) I deſire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can ſend his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath ſomething ſeiz'd,
His wiſh'd Abilitie, he had himſelfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Meaſur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me ſay ſo) more then all the Scepters,
And thoſe that beare them, liuing.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, ſtirre
Afreſh within me: and theſe thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſſe. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull vſage
(At leaſt vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leſſe,
Th'aduenture of her perſon?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.
Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Moſt Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whoſe Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A proſperous South-wind friendly) we haue croſs'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For viſiting your Highneſſe: My beſt Traine
I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores diſmiſs'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not onely my ſucceſſe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in ſafetie
Here, where we are.
Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whileſt you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A graceſull Gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon

(So

(So facred as it is) I haue done ſinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Iſſue-leſſe: and your Father's bleſs'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his Goodneſſe. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe ſo nigh. Pleaſe you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himſelfe, by me:
Deſires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I ſpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Meſſage. To your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chaſe, it ſeemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me;
Whoſe honor, and whoſe honeſtie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I ſpake with him: who now
Ha's theſe poore men in queſtion. Neuer ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneele, they kiſſe the Earth;
Forſweare themſelues as often as they ſpeake:
Bohemia ſtops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen ſets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marryed?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I ſee) will kiſſe the Valleyes firſt:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I ſee) by your good Fathers ſpeed,
Will come-on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as ſorry,
Your Choiſe is not ſo rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though *Fortune*, viſible an Enemie,
Should chaſe vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath ſhe to change our Loues. Beſeech you (Sir)
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your requeſt,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe ſo, I'ld beg your precious Miſtris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in theſe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-anſwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beſeech you (Sir) were you preſent at this Relation?

*Gent.*1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazedneſſe) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard ſay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

*Gent.*1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Buſineſſe; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to teare the Caſes of their Eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſſe, Language in their very geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed: a notable paſſion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th'importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it muſt needs be. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, *Rogero.*

*Gent.*2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: ſuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſſe it. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is ſo like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

*Gent.*3. Moſt true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you heare, you'le ſweare you ſee, there is ſuch vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones:* her Iewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maieſtie of the Creature, in reſemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleneſſe, which Nature ſhewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

*Gent.*2. No.

*Gent.*3. Then haue you loſt a Sight which was to bee ſeene, cannot bee ſpoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was caſting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

Act V. WINTERS TALE. *Scene the last.*

J. Roberts ad Vivam del. *C. Grignion Sculp.*

Mrs. HARTLEY in the Character of HERMIONE.

Publish'd for Bells Edition of Shakespear. October 10th 1775.

Mrs. HARTLEY.

In the Character of HERMIONE in the Winters Tale

Published 1st Feby 1780 by Fielding & Walker Bermondsey Row

Westm.r May.r

Our King being ready to leape out of himſelfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Loſſe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiueneſſe, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which ſtands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of ſuch another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's deſcription to doe it.

*Gent.*2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

*Gent.*3. Like an old Tale ſtill, which will haue matter to rehearſe, though Credit be aſleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which ſeemes much) to iuſtifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

*Gent.*3. Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their Maſters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: ſo that all the Inſtruments which ayded to expoſe the Child, were euen then loſt, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loſſe of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princeſſe from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhee would pin her to her heart, that ſhee might no more be in danger of looſing.

*Gent.*1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

*Gent.*3. One of the prettyeſt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fiſh) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how ſhee came to't, brauely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiueneſſe wounded his Daughter, till (from one ſigne of dolour to another) ſhee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine ſay, bleed Teares; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt Marble, there changed colour: ſome ſwownded, all ſorrowed: if all the World could haue ſeen't, the Woe had beene vniuerſall.

*Gent.*1. Are they returned to the Court?

*Gent.*3. No: The Princeſſe hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian Maſter, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himſelfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cuſtome, ſo perfectly he is her Ape: He ſo neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeake to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither (with all greedineſſe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

*Gent.*2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that remoued Houſe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

*Gent.*1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Acceſſe? euery|winke of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be borne: our Abſence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the daſh of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (ſo he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myſterie remained vndiſcouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue relliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come thoſe I haue done good to againſt my will, and alreadie appearing in the bloſſomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am paſt moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman borne. See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and thinke me ſtill no Gentleman borne: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been ſo any time theſe foure houres.

Shep. And ſo haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother)and the Princeſſe(my Siſter)call'd my Father, Father; and ſo wee wept: and there was the firſt Gentleman-like teares that euer we ſhed.

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to ſhed many more.

Clow. I: or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worſhip, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will ſweare to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſweare it.

Clow. Not ſweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins ſay it, Ile ſweare it.

Shep. How if it be falſe (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile ſweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile ſweare it, and I would thou would'ſt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue ſo (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, truſt me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to ſee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Maſters. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I haue had of thee?

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchſaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and theſe your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore Houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may laſt to anſwere.
Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To ſee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As ſhe liu'd peereleſſe,
So her dead likeneſſe I doe well beleeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To ſee the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and ſay 'tis well.
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhewes-off
Your wonder: but yet ſpeake, firſt you (my Liege)
Comes it not ſomething neere?
Leo. Her naturall Poſture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may ſay indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding: for ſhe was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not ſo much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this ſeemes.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence.
Which lets goe-by ſome ſixteene yeeres, and makes her
As ſhe liu'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood,
Euen with ſuch Life of Maieſtie (warme Life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maieſtie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not ſay 'tis Superſtition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Bleſſing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kiſſe.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too ſore lay'd-on,
Which ſixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: ſcarce any Ioy
Did euer ſo long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it ſelfe much ſooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, haue powre
To take-off ſo much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himſelfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'd not haue ſhew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leaſt your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thoſe veines
Did verily beare blood?
Pol. 'Maſterly done:
The very Life ſeemes warme vpon her Lippe.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almoſt ſo farre tranſported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues.
Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke ſo twentie yeeres together:
No ſetled Sences of the World can match
The pleaſure of that madneſſe. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry (Sir) I haue thus farre ſtir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction ha's a taſte as ſweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſſe her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddineſſe vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kiſſe it; ſtayne your owne
With Oyly Painting: ſhall I draw the Curtaine.
Leo. No: not theſe twentie yeeres.
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quit preſently the Chappell, or reſolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I proteſt againſt) I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to ſpeake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeake, as moue.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all ſtand ſtill:
On: thoſe that thinke it is vnlawfull Buſineſſe
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot ſhall ſtirre.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: deſcend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: ſtirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numneſſe: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue ſhe ſtirres:
Start not: her Actions ſhall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not ſhun her,
Vntill you ſee her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your Hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh ſhe's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law-

London Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand, July 17, 1786.

Mrs POWELL and Mr POPE.

WINTERS TALE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr from a Drawing by Thos Stothard

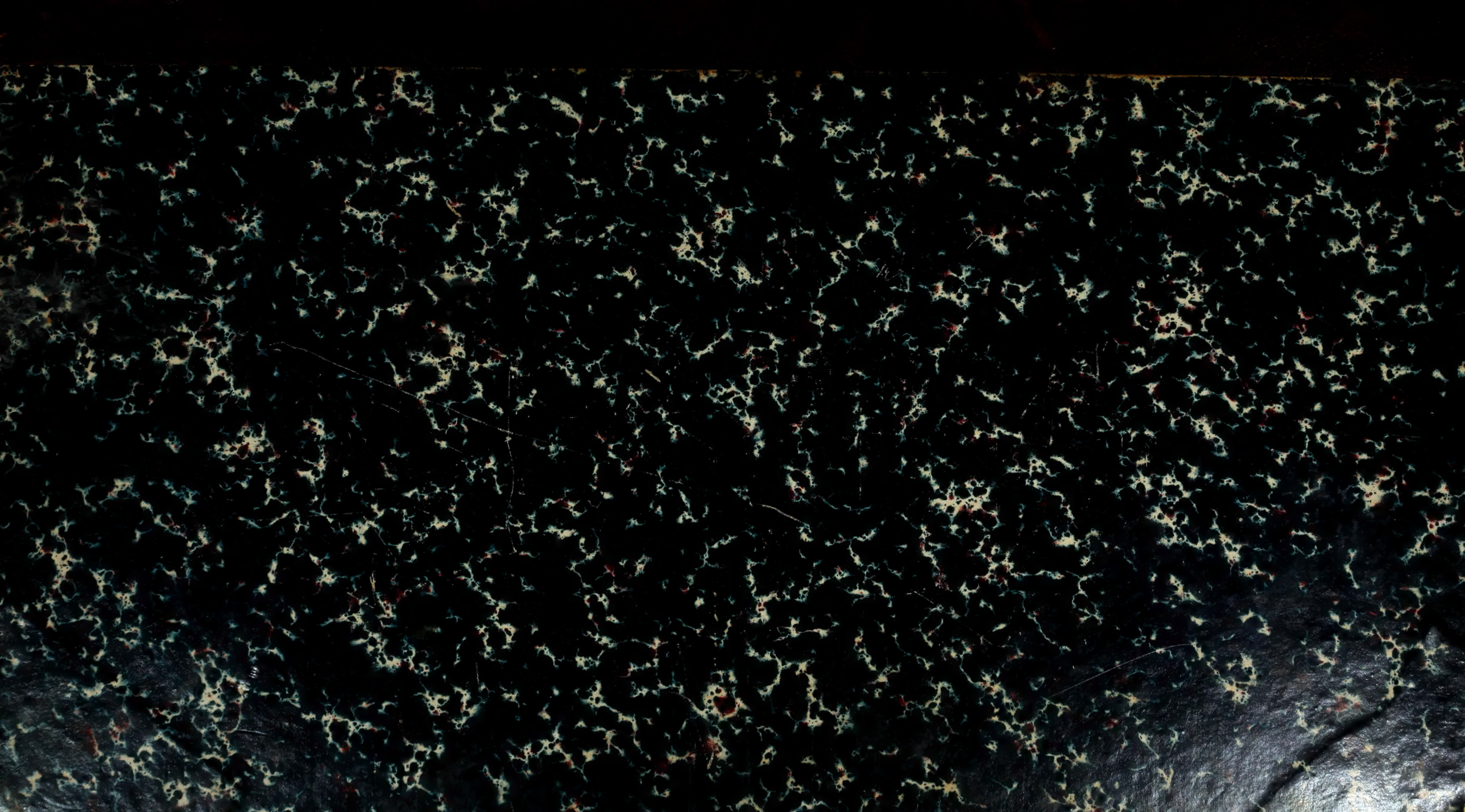
HERMIONE embracing PERDITA.

Herm. [illegible]

London Published Decr 1st 1786 by I Taylor N.° 56 Holborn opposite Turnstile

Lawfull as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If ſhe pertaine to life, let her ſpeake too.
Pol. I, and make it manifeſt where ſhe ha's liu'd,
Or how ſtolne from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is liuing,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares ſhe liues,
Though yet ſhe ſpeake not. Marke a little while:
Pleaſe you to interpoſe (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers bleſſing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.
Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your ſacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where haſt thou bin preſeru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou ſhalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that rhe Oracle
Gaue hope thou waſt in being, haue preſeru'd
My ſelfe, to ſee the yſſue.
Paul. There's ttme enough for that,
Leaſt they deſire (vpon this puſh) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one. I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) ſaid many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not ſeeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty
Is richly noted: and heere iuſtified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill ſuſpition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leyſurely
Each one demand, and anſwere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſeuer'd: Haſtily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomines.
Dion.
} *Foure Lords of Sicillia.*
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shepherddeſſes.

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